Walter

[illegible] Swiftes Mährchen von der Tonne: eine [illegible] Übersetzung mit Anmerkungen. Zürich 1787. 8.

von dem Verfasser der Ursache einer ungemeinen Sammlung.

~~B. d. angl. pag. 185.~~

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A

TALE

OF A

TUB.

Written for the Universal Improvement of MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

To which is added,

An ACCOUNT of a

BATTLE

BETWEEN THE

Antient and Modern BOOKS

in St. *James*'s LIBRARY.

Basima eacabasa eanaa irrauristа, diarba da caeotaba fobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib.* 1. *C.* 18.

——— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. Lucret.

The TWELFTH EDITION.

With the Author's APOLOGY;

And Explanatory Notes, by *W. W-tt-n*, B. D. and others.

LONDON: Printed for CHARLES BATHURST, at the *Cross-Keys* in *Fleet-Street*.

MDCCLI.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

Treatiſes wrote by the ſame Author, moſt of them mentioned in the following Diſcourſes; which will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

A Character of the preſent Set of *Wits* in this Iſland.

A Panegyrical Eſſay upon the Number THREE.

A Diſſertation upon the principal Productions of *Grub-ſtreet.*

Lectures upon a Diſſection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Diſcourſe upon Zeal, *Hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logically* conſidered.

A general Hiſtory of *Ears.*

A modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

A Deſcription of the Kingdom of *Abſurdities.*

A Voyage into *England*, by a Perſon of Quality in *Terra Auſtralis incognita*, tranſlated from the Original.

A Critical Eſſay upon the Art of *Canting* Philoſophically, Phyſically, and Muſically conſidered.

AN

APOLOGY

For the, &c.

IF Good and Ill Nature equally operated upon Mankind, I might have ſaved myſelf the Trouble of this Apology; for it is manifeſt by the Reception the following Diſcourſe hath met with, that thoſe, who approve it, are a great Majority among the Men of Taſte: Yet there have been two or three Treatiſes written expreſly againſt it, beſides many others that have flirted at it occaſionally, without one Syllable having been ever publiſhed in its Defence, or even Quotation to its Advantage, that I can remember, except by the Polite Author of a late Diſcourſe between a Deiſt *and a* Socinian.

THEREFORE, ſince the Book ſeems calculated to live at leaſt as long as our Language, and our Taſte admits no great Alterations, I am content to convey ſome Apology along with it.

THE greateſt Part of that Book was finiſhed about thirteen Years ſince, 1696, *which is eight Years before it was publiſhed. The Author was then young,*

his Invention at the Height, and his Reading freſh in his Head. By the Aſſiſtance of ſome Thinking, and much Converſation, he had endeavoured to ſtrip himſelf of as many real Prejudices as he could; I ſay real ones, becauſe, under the Notion of Prejudices, he knew to what dangerous Height ſome Men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and groſs Corruptions in Religion and Learning might furniſh Matter for a Satyr, that would be uſeful and diverting: He reſolved to proceed in a Manner, that ſhould be altogether new, the World having been already too long nauſeated with endleſs Repetitions upon every Subject. The Abuſes in Religion he propoſed to ſet forth in the Allegory of the Coats, and the three Brothers, which was to make up the Body of the Diſcourſe. Thoſe in Learning he choſe to introduce by Way of Digreſſions. He was then a young Gentleman much in the World, and wrote to the Taſte of thoſe who were like himſelf; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a Liberty to his Pen, which might not ſuit with maturer Years, or graver Characters, and which he could have eaſily corrected with a very few Blots, had he been Maſter of his Papers for a Year or two before their Publication.

NOT that he would have governed his Judgment by the ill-placed Cavils of the Sour, the Envious, the Stupid, and the Taſteleſs, which he mentions with Diſdain. He acknowledges there are ſeveral youthful Sallies, which from the Grave and Wiſe may deſerve a Rebuke. But he deſires to be anſwerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his Faults may not be muliplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable Applications of thoſe who have neither Candor to ſuppoſe good Meanings, nor Palate to diſtinguiſh true ones. After which, he will forfeit his Life, if any one

Opinion

Opinion can be fairly deduced from that Book, which is contrary to Religion or Morality.

WHY should any Clergyman *of our* Church *be angry to see the Follies of Fanaticism and Superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous Manner? Since that is perhaps the most probable Way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading. Besides, though it was not intended for their Perusal; it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least Scurrility upon their Persons or their Functions. It celebrates the* Church *of* England *as the most perfect of all others in Discipline and Doctrine, it advances no Opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the* Clergy's *Resentments lay upon their Hands, in my humble* Opinion, *they might have found more proper Objects to employ them on:* Nondum tibi defuit Hostis; *I mean, those heavy, illiterate Scribblers, prostitute in their Reputations, vicious in their Lives, and ruined in their Fortunes, who, to the Shame of good Sense as well as Piety, are greedily read, merely upon the Strength of bold, false, impious Assertions, mixed with unmannerly Reflections upon the Priesthood, and openly intended against all Religion; in short, full of such Principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those Terrors that Religion tells Men will be the Consequence of immoral Lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this Discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it: And I wish, there were no other Instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that Reverend Body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their Enemies and their Friends.*

HAD the Author's Intentions met with a more candid Interpretation from some whom out of Respect he forbears

bears to name, he might have been encouraged to an Examination of Books written by some of those Authors above described, whose Errors, Ignorance, Dulness, and Villainy, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a Manner, that the Persons, who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon lay them aside and be ashamed: But he has now given over those Thoughts, since the weightiest *Men, in the* weightiest *Stations are pleased to think it a more dangerous Point to laugh at those Corruptions in Religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very Foundations, wherein all Christians have agreed.*

*HE thinks it no fair Proceeding, that any Person should offer it determinately to fix a Name upon the Author of this Discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest Friends: Yet several have gone a farther Step, and pronounced another Book * to have been the Work of the same Hand with this: Which the Author directly affirms to be a thorough Mistake; he having yet never so much as read that Discourse: A plain Instance how little Truth there often is in general Surmises, or in Conjectures drawn from a Similitude of Style, or Way of Thinking.*

HAD the Author writ a Book to expose the Abuses in Law, or in Physic, he believes the Learned Professors, in either Faculty, would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him Thanks for his Pains, especially if he had made an honourable Reservation for the true Practice of either Science: But Religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and, they tell us Truth; yet surely the Corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the triteſt Maxim in the World, that,

* Letter of Enthusiasm.

Religi-

Religion being the beſt of Things, its Corruptions are likely to be the Worſt.

THERE is one Thing which the judicious Reader cannot but have obſerved, that ſome of thoſe Paſſages in this Diſcourſe, which appear moſt liable to Objection, are what they call Parodies, where the Author perſonates the Style and Manner of other Writers, whom he has a Mind to expoſe. I ſhall produce one Inſtance, it is in the 37th Page. Dryden, L'Eſtrange, *and ſome others I ſhall not name, are here levelled at, who having ſpent their Lives in Faction, and Apoſtacies, and all Manner of Vice, pretended to be Sufferers for Loyalty and Religion. So* Dryden *tells us, in one of his Prefaces, of his Merits and Sufferings, thanks* God *that he* poſſeſſes his Soul in Patience; *In other Places he talks at the ſame Rate, and* L'Eſtrange *often uſes the like Style, and, I believe, the Reader may find more Perſons to give that Paſſage an Application: But this is enough to direct thoſe who may have overlooked the Author's Intention.*

THERE are three or four other Paſſages which prejudiced or ignorant Readers have drawn by great Force to hint at ill Meanings; as if they glanced at ſome Tenets in Religion. In Anſwer to all which, the Author ſolemnly proteſts, he is entirely Innocent, and never had it once in his Thoughts that any Thing he ſaid would in the leaſt be capable of ſuch Interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the moſt innocent Book in the World. And it will be obvious to every Reader, that this was not any Part of his Scheme or Deſign, the Abuſes he notes being ſuch as all Church of England *Men agree in; nor was it proper for his Subject to meddle with other Points, than ſuch as have been perpetually controverted ſince the Reformation.*

TO instance only in that Passage about the three wooden Machines mentioned in the Introduction: In the Original Manuscript there was a Description of a Fourth, which those, who had the Papers in their Power, blotted out, as having something in it of Satyr, that I suppose they thought was too particular, and therefore they were forced to change it to the Number Three, *from whence some have endeavoured to squeese out a dangerous Meaning that was never thought on. And indeed the Conceit was half spoiled by changing the Numbers; that of* Four *being much more Cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended Virtue of Numbers, a Superstition there intended to be ridiculed.*

ANOTHER Thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an Irony through the Thread of the whole Book, which the Men of Taste will observe and distinguish, and which will render some Objections, that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

THIS Apology being chiefly intended for the Satisfaction of future Readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any Notice of such Treatises as have been writ against this ensuing Discourse, which are already sunk into waste Paper and Oblivion; *after the usual Fate of common Answerers to Books, which are allowed to have any Merit: They are indeed like Annuals that grow about a young Tree, and seem to vie with it for a Summer, but fall and die with the Leaves in Autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr.* Eachard *writ his Book about the Contempt of the Clergy, Numbers of those Answerers immediately started up, whose Memory, if he had not kept alive by his Replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever answered at all. There is indeed an Exception, when any great Genius thinks it worth*

worth his while to expose a foolish Piece; so we still read Marvel's *Answer to* Parker *with Pleasure, though the Book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of* Orrery's *Remarks will be read with Delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found: But these are no Enterprizes for common Hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an Age. Men would be more cautious of losing their Time in such an Undertaking, if they did but consider that to answer a Book effectually requires more Pains and Skill, more Wit, Learning, and Judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the Author assures those Gentlemen who have given themselves that Trouble with him, that his Discourse is the Product of the Study, the Observation, and the Invention of several Years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and, if his Papers had not been a long Time out of his Possession, they must have still undergone more severe Corrections: And do they think such a Building is to be battered with Dirt-Pellets, however envenomed the Mouths may be that discharge them? He hath seen the Productions but of two Answerers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown Hand, but since avowed by a Person, who upon some Occasions hath discovered no ill Vein of Humour. It is a Pity* any *Occasion should put him under a Necessity of being so hasty in his Productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other Reasons obvious enough for his Miscarriage in this; he writ against the Conviction of his Talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest Attempts in Nature, to turn into Ridicule, by a Week's Labour, a Work which had cost so much Time, and met with so much Success in ridiculing others: The Manner how he handled his* Subject *I have now forgot, having just looked it over when it first came out, as others did, merely for the Sake of the Title.*

THE other Answer is from a Person of a graver Character, and is made up of half Invective, and half Annotation. In the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the Project at that Time was not amiss, to draw in Readers to his Pamphlet, several having appeared desirous, that there might be some Explication of the more difficult Passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the Invective Part, because it is agreed on all Hands, that the Author had given him sufficient Provocation. The great Objection is against his Manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his Function. It was determined by a fair Majority, that this Answerer had, in a Way not to be pardoned, drawn his Pen against a certain great Man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good Quality that could possibly enter into the Composition of the most accomplished Person; it was observed, how he was pleased and affected to have that noble Writer called his Adversary, and it was a Point of Satyr, well directed; for I have been told, Sir W. T. *was sufficiently mortified at the Term. All the Men of Wit and Politeness were immediately up in Arms, through Indignation, which prevailed over their Contempt, by the Consequences they apprehended from such an Example, and it grew* Porsenna's *Case;* Idem trecenti juravimus. *In short, Things were ripe for a general Insurrection, till my Lord* Orrery *had a little laid the Spirit, and settled the Ferment. But, his Lordship being principally engaged with another Antagonist, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the Minds of Men, that this Opposer should receive a Reprimand, which partly occasioned that Discourse of the Battle of the Books, and the Author was farther at the Pains to insert one or two Remarks on him in the Body of the Book.*

THIS

THIS Answerer has been pleased to find Fault with about a dozen Passages, which the Author will not be at the Trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the Reader, that, for the greater Part, the Reflecter is intirely mistaken, and forces Interpretations which never once entered into the Writer's Head; nor will, he is sure, into that of any Reader of Taste and Candor; he allows two or three, at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily, for which he desires to plead the Excuse offered already, of his Youth, and Frankness of Speech, and his Papers being out of his Power at the Time they were published.

BUT this Answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the Design; *what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a Person in* England *who can understand that Book, that ever imagined it to have been any Thing else, but to expose the Abuses and Corruptions in Learning and Religion.*

BUT it would be good to know what Design *this Reflecter was serving, when he concludes his Pamphlet with a Caution to the Reader, to beware of thinking the Author's Wit was intirely his own: Surely this must have had some Allay of Personal Animosity, at least mixt with the* Design *of serving the Public by so useful a Discovery; and it indeed touches the Author in a tender Point, who insists upon it, that through the whole Book, he has not borrowed one single Hint from any Writer in the World; and he thought, of all Criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never disputed to be an Original, whatever Faults it might have. However, this Answerer produces three Instances to prove* this Author's Wit is not his own in many Places. *The first is, that the Names of* Peter, Martin, *and* Jack, *are borrowed from a Letter of the late Duke of* Buckingham. *Whatever Wit*

is

is contained in those three Names, the Author is content to give it up, and desires his Readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that Account; at the same Time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that Letter, except in this Passage of the Answerer: So that the Names were not borrowed, as he affirms, tho' they should happen to be the same, which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack *being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second Instance, to shew* the Author's Wit is not his own, *is* Peter's Banter *(as he calls it in his* Alsatia *Phrase) upon Transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's Conference with an* Irish *Priest, where a Cork is turned into a Horse. This the Author confesses to have seen, about ten Years after his Book was writ, and a Year or two after it was published. Nay, the Answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the* Tale *was writ in* 1697; *and, I think, that Pamphlet was not printed in many Years after. It was necessary, that Corruption should have some Allegory as well as the rest; and the Author invented the propereſt he could, without enquiring what other People had writ; and the commoneſt Reader will find, there is not the leaſt Reſemblance between the two Stories. The third Inſtance is in theſe Words:* I have been assured, that the Battle in St. *James*'s Library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a *French* Book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not. *In which Passage, there are two Clauses obſervable:* I have been assured; *and*, if I misremember not. *I desire first to know, whether, if that Conjecture proves an utter Falshood, those two Clauses will be a sufficient Excuse for this worthy Critic. The Matter is a Trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this Rate upon one of greater Moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a Writer, than the Character of a Plagiary; which he here fixes at a Venture*

ture, and this not for a Paſſage, but a whole Diſcourſe, taken out from another Book, only mutatis mutandis. *The Author is as much in the Dark about this, as the Anſwerer; and will imitate him by an Affirmation at Random; that, if there be a Word of Truth in this Reflection, he is a paultry, imitating Pedant, and the Anſwerer is a Perſon of Wit, Manners, and Truth. He takes his Boldneſs, from never having ſeen any ſuch Treatiſe in his Life, nor heard of it before; and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two Writers of different Times and Countries, to agree in their Thoughts after ſuch a Manner, that two continued Diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only* mutatis mutandis. *Neither will he inſiſt upon the Miſtake in the Title; but let the Anſwerer and his Friend produce any Book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle Particular, where the judicious Reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt Hint; giving only Allowance for the accidental Encountering of a ſingle Thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; tho' he has never yet found it in that Diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any Body elſe.*

SO *that, if ever any* Deſign *was unfortunately executed, it muſt be that of this Anſwerer; who, when he would have it obſerved, that the Author's Wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three Inſtances, two of them mere Trifles, and all three manifeſtly falſe. If this be the Way theſe Gentlemen deal with the World in thoſe* Criticiſms, *where we have not Leiſure to defeat them, their Readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their Credit; and whether this Proceeding can be reconciled to Humanity or Truth, let thoſe, who think it worth their while, determine.*

IT *is agreed, this Anſwerer would have ſucceeded much better, if he had ſtuck wholly to his Buſineſs, as a Commentator upon the* Tale of a Tub, *wherein it cannot*

not be denied, that he hath been of some Service to the Public, and has given very fair Conjectures towards clearing up some difficult Passages; but, it is the frequent Error of those Men (otherwise very commendable for their Labours) to make Excursions, beyond their Talent and their Office, by pretending to point out the Beauties and the Faults; which is no Part of their Trade, which they always fail in, which the World never expected from them, nor gave them any Thanks for endeavouring at. The Part of Minellius, *or* Farnaby, *would have fallen in with his Genius, and might have been serviceable to many Readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser Parts of that Discourse; but* Optat ephippia bos piger: *The dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped Ox would needs put on the Furniture of a Horse, not considering he was born to Labour, to plow the Ground for the Sake of superior Beings, and that he has neither the Shape, Mettle, nor Speed of that noble Animal he would affect to personate.*

IT is another Pattern of this Answerer's fair Dealing, to give us Hints that the Author is dead, and yet to lay the Suspicion upon some body, I know not who, in the Country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his Conjectures; and surely Conjectures are, at best, too light a Pretence to allow a Man to assign a Name in Public. He condemns a Book, and consequently the Author, of whom he is utterly ignorant, yet at the same Time fixes, in Print, what he thinks a disadvantageous Character upon those who never deserve it. A Man, who receives a Buffet in the Dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd Kind of Revenge to go to Cuffs in broad Day with the first he meets with, and lay the last Night's Injury at his Door. Add thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, *and* ingenious *Answerer.*

HOW

HOW the Author came to be without his Papers, is a Story not proper to be told, and of very little Use, being a private Fact, of which the Reader will believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had, however, a blotted Copy by him, which he intended to have writ over, with many Alterations, and this the Publishers were well aware of, having put it into the Book-seller's Preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious Copy, which was to be altered, &c. *This, though not regarded by Readers, was a real Truth, only the surreptitious Copy was rather that which was printed, and they made all the Haste they could, which indeed was needless; the Author not being at all prepared: But he has been told, the Book-seller was in much Pain, having given a good Sum of Money for the Copy.*

IN the Author's Original Copy, there were not so many Chasms as appear in the Book; and why some of them were left, he knows not: Had the Publication been trusted to him, he should have made several Corrections of Passages, against which nothing hath been ever objected. He should likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any Reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest Number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong Interpretations could be made of them.

THE Author observes, at the End of the Book there is a Discourse, called, A Fragment; *which he more wondered to see in Print, than all the rest; having been a most imperfect Sketch, with the Addition of a few loose Hints, which he once lent a Gentleman, who had designed a Discourse of somewhat the same Subject; he never thought of it afterwards, and it was a sufficient Surprize to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the Method and Scheme he had intended; for it was the Ground-*

Ground-work of a much larger Diſcourſe, and he was ſorry to obſerve the Materials ſo fooliſhly employed.

THERE is one farther Objection *made by thoſe who have anſwered this Book, as well as by ſome others, that* Peter *is frequently made to repeat* Oaths *and* Curſes. *Every Reader obſerves it was neceſſary to know that* Peter *did ſwear and curſe. The* Oaths *are not printed out, but only ſuppoſed; and the Idea of an* Oath *is not immoral, like the Idea of a prophane or immodeſt Speech. A Man may laugh at the Popiſh Folly of curſing People to Hell, and imagine them ſwearing without any* Crime; *but lewd Words, or dangerous* Opinions, *though printed by halves, fill the Reader's Mind with ill Ideas; and of theſe the Author cannot be accuſed. For the judicious Reader will find, that the ſevereſt Strokes of Satyr, in his Book, are levelled againſt the modern Cuſtom of employing Wit upon thoſe Topics, of which there is a remarkable Inſtance in the* 111*th* Page, *as well as in ſeveral others, though perhaps once or twice expreſſed in too free a Manner, excuſable only for the Reaſons already alledged. Some Overtures have been made by a third Hand to the Bookſeller for the Author's altering thoſe Paſſages which he thought might require it: But it ſeems the Bookſeller will not hear of any ſuch Thing, being apprehenſive it might ſpoil the Sale of the Book.*

THE Author cannot conclude this Apology, without making this one Reflection; that, as Wit is the nobleſt and moſt uſeful Gift of human Nature, ſo Humour is the moſt agreeable; and where theſe two enter far into the Compoſition of any Work, they will render it always acceptable to the World. Now, the great Part of thoſe who have no Share or Taſte of either, but by their Pride, Pedantry, and ill Manners, lay themſelves bare to the Laſhes of Both, think the Blow is weak, becauſe they

are

are inſenſible; and where Wit hath any Mixture of Raillery, 'tis but calling it Banter, *and the Work is done. This polite Word of theirs was firſt borrowed from the Bullies in* White-Fryars, *then fell among the Footmen, and at laſt retired to the Pedants, by whom it is applied as properly to the Productions of Wit, as if I ſhould apply it to Sir* Iſaac Newton's *Mathematics: But, if this* Bantering, *as they call it, be ſo deſpiſeable a Thing, whence comes it to paſs they have ſuch a perpetual Itch towards it themſelves? To inſtance only in the Anſwerer, already mentioned; it is grievous to ſee him in ſome of his Writings, at every Turn, going out of his Way to be waggiſh, to tell us of a* Cow that prick'd up her Tail; *and, in his Anſwer to this Diſcourſe, he ſays,* it is all a Farce and a Ladle; *with other Paſſages equally ſhining. One may ſay of theſe* Impedimenta Literarum, *that Wit owes them a Shame; and they cannot take wiſer Counſel, than to keep out of Harm's Way, or at leaſt not to come till they are ſure they are called.*

TO conclude; with thoſe Allowances above-required, this Book ſhould be read, after which the Author conceives, few Things will remain, which may not be excuſed in a young Writer. He wrote only to the Men of Wit and Taſte, and he thinks he is not miſtaken in his Accounts, when he ſays they have been all of his Side, enough to give him the Vanity of telling his Name, wherein the World, with all its wiſe Conjectures, is yet very much in the Dark; which Circumſtance is no diſagreeable Amuſement, either to the Public or himſelf.

THE Author is informed, that the Book-ſeller has prevail'd on ſeveral Gentlemen, to write ſome explanatory Notes, for the Goodneſs of which he is not to anſwer, having never ſeen any of them, nor intends it, till they appear in Print, when it is not unlikely he may

have

have the Pleasure to find twenty Meanings, which never entered into his Imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the Writing of this, which was about a Year ago, a Prostitute Book-seller hath published a foolish Paper, under the Name of Notes on the Tale of a Tub, *with some Account of the Author; and with an Insolence, which, I suppose, is punishable by Law, hath presumed to assign certain Names. It will be enough for the Author to assure the World, that the Writer of that Paper is utterly wrong in all his Conjectures upon that Affair. The Author farther asserts, that the whole Work is intirely of one Hand, which every Reader of Judgment will easily discover; The Gentleman, who gave the Copy to the Book-seller, being a Friend of the Author, and using no other Liberties, besides that of expunging certain Passages, where now the Chasms appear under the Name of* Desiderate. *But, if any Person will prove his Claim to three Lines in the whole Book, let him step forth, and tell his Name and Titles, upon which, the Book-seller shall have Orders to prefix them to the next Edition, and the Claimant shall from henceforward, be acknowledged the undisputed Author.*

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN

Lord SOMMERS.

MY LORD,

THO' the Author has written a large Dedication, yet that Being addreſs'd to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the Honour of being known to; a Perſon, beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our preſent Writers; and being wholly free from that Slavery, which Bookſellers uſually lie under, to the Caprices of Authors: I think it a wiſe Piece of Preſumption to inſcribe theſe Papers to your Lordſhip, and to implore your Lordſhip's Protection of them. God, and your Lordſhip, know their Faults, and their Merits; for, as to my own Particular, I am altogether a Stranger to the Matter; and, though every Body elſe ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the Sale of the Book, at all the worſe, upon that Score. Your Lordſhip's Name on the Front,

in Capital Letters, will at any Time get off one Edition: Neither would I desire any other Help, to grow an Alderman, than a Patent for the sole Privilege of Dedicating to your Lordship.

I SHOULD NOW, in Right of a Dedicator, give your Lordship a List of your own Virtues, and, at the same Time, be very unwilling to offend your Modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your Liberality towards Men of great Parts and small Fortunes, and give you broad Hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on in the usual Method, to peruse a hundred or two of Dedications, and transcribe an Abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; but, I was diverted by a certain Accident: For, upon the Covers of these Papers, I casually observed written in large Letters, the two following Words, *DETUR DIGNISSIMO*; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important Meaning. But, it unluckily fell out, that none of the Authors I employ understood *Latin*; (tho' I have them often in Pay, to translate out of that Language) I was therefore compelled to have Recourse to the Curate of our Parish, who Englished it thus, *Let it be given to the Worthiest*: And his Comment was, that the Author meant his Work should be Dedicated to the sublimest Genius of the Age, for Wit, Learning, Judgment, Eloquence, and Wisdom. I called at a Poet's Chamber (who works for my Shop) in an Alley hard by, shewed him the Translation, and desired his Opinion, who it was that the Author could mean: He told me, after some Consideration, that Vanity was a Thing he abhorred; but, by the Description, he thought himself to be the Person aimed at; and, at the same Time, he very kindly offered his own Assistance *gratis*, towards penning a Dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second Guess; why then,

then, ſaid he, it muſt be I, or my Lord *Sommers*. From thence I went to ſeveral other Wits of my Acquaintance, with no ſmall Hazard and Wearineſs to my Perſon, from a prodigious Number of dark, winding Stairs; but found them all in the ſame Story, both of your Lordſhip and themſelves. Now, your Lordſhip is to underſtand, that this Proceeding was not of my own Invention; for, I have ſomewhere heard, it is a Maxim, that thoſe, to whom every Body allows the ſecond Place, have an undoubted Title to the firſt.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordſhip was the Perſon intended by the Author. But, being very unacquainted in the Style and Form of Dedications, I employed thoſe Wits aforeſaid, to furniſh me with Hints and Materials, towards a Panegyric upon your Lordſhip's Virtues.

In two Days they brought me ten Sheets of Paper, filled up on every Side. They ſwore to me, that they had ranſacked whatever could be found in the Characters of *Socrates*, *Ariſtides*, *Epaminondas*, *Cato*, *Tully*, *Atticus*, and other hard Names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have Reaſon to believe, they impoſed upon my Ignorance, becauſe, when I came to read over their Collections, there was not a Syllable there, but what I, and every Body elſe, knew as well as themſelves: Therefore, I grievouſly ſuſpect a Cheat; and, that theſe Authors of mine ſtole and tranſcribed every Word, from the univerſal Report of Mankind. So that I look upon myſelf, as fifty Shillings out of Pocket, to no Manner of Purpoſe.

If, by altering the Title, I could make the ſame Materials ſerve for another Dedication (as my Betters have done) it would help to make up my Loſs; but,

but, I have made ſeveral Perſons dip here and there in thoſe Papers, and, before they read three Lines, they have all aſſured me, plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any Perſon beſides your Lordſhip.

I EXPECTED, indeed, to have heard of your Lordſhip's Bravery, at the Head of an Army; of your undaunted Courage, in mounting a Breach, or ſcaling a Wall; or, to have had your Pedigree traced in a Lineal Deſcent from the Houſe of *Auſtria*; or, of your wonderful Talent at Dreſs and Dancing; or, your profound Knowledge in *Algebra*, *Metaphyſics*, and the Oriental Tongues. But to ply the World with an old beaten Story of your Wit, and Eloquence, and Learning, and Wiſdom, and Juſtice, and Politeneſs, and Candor, and Evenneſs of Temper in all Scenes of Life; of that great Diſcernment in Diſcovering, and Readineſs in Favouring deſerving Men; with forty other common Topics: I confeſs, I have neither Conſcience, nor Countenance to do it. Becauſe, there is no Virtue, either of a Public or Private Life, which ſome Circumſtances of your own have not often produced upon the Stage of the World; and thoſe few, which, for want of Occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſſed unſeen or unobſerved by your *Friends*, your *Enemies* have at length brought to Light.

IT is true, I ſhould be very loth, the bright Example of your Lordſhip's Virtues ſhould be loſt to After-Ages, both for their Sake and your own; but chiefly, becauſe they will be ſo very neceſſary to adorn the Hiſtory of a *late Reign*; and that is another Reaſon, why I would forbear to make a Recital of them here; becauſe, I have been told by wiſe Men, that, as Dedications have run for ſome Years paſt, a good

Hiſtorian will not be apt to have Recourſe thither, in Search of Characters.

THERE is one Point, wherein I think we Dedicators would do well to change our Meaſures; I mean, inſtead of running on ſo far, upon the Praiſe of our Patrons *Liberality*, to ſpend a Word or two, in admiring their *Patience*. I can put no greater Compliment on your Lordſhip's, than by giving you ſo ample an Occaſion to exerciſe it at preſent. Though, perhaps, I ſhall not be apt to reckon much Merit to your Lordſhip upon that Score, who having been formerly uſed to tedious Harangues, and ſometimes to as little Purpoſe, will be the readier to pardon this; eſpecially, when it is offered by one, who is with all Reſpect and Veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

and moſt Faithful Servant,

The Bookſeller.

The *Bookseller* to the *Reader*.

IT is now six Years since these Papers came first to my Hand, which seems to have been about a Twelvemonth after they were writ: For, the Author tells us in his Preface to the first Treatise, that he hath calculated it for the Year 1697, *and in several Passages of that Discourse, as well the second, it appears, they were written about that Time.*

AS to the Author, I can give no Manner of Satisfaction; however, I am credibly informed that this Publication is without his Knowledge; for he concludes the Copy is lost, having lent it to a Person, since dead, and being never in Possession of it after: So that, whether the Work received his last Hand, or, whether be intended to fill up the defective Places, is like to remain a Secret.

IF I should go about to tell the Reader, by what Accident I became Master of these Papers, it would, in this unbelieving Age, pass for little more than the Cant, or Jargon of the Trade. I, therefore, gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a Trouble. There yet remains a difficult Question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two Accounts: First, because I thought I had better Work upon my Hands; and Secondly, because I was not without some Hope of hearing from the Author, and receiving his Directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with Intelligence of a surreptitious Copy, which a certain great Wit had new polished and refined, or as our present Writers express themselves, fitted to the Humour of the Age; *as they have already done, with great Felicity, to* Don Quixot, Boccalini, la Bruyere, *and other Authors. However, I thought it fairer Dealing, to offer the whole Work in its Naturals. If any Gentleman will please to furnish me with a Key, in order to explain the more difficult Parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the Favour, and print it by itself.*

THE

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO

His Royal Highneſs

Prince POSTERITY.

SIR,

I HERE preſent *Your Highneſs* with the Fruits of a very few leiſure Hours, ſtolen from the ſhort Intervals of a World of Buſineſs, and of an Employment quite alien from ſuch Amuſements as this: The poor Production of that Refuſe of Time which has

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The Citation out of Irenæus *in the* Title-Page, *which ſeems to be all* Gibberiſh, *is a Form of Initiation uſed anciently by the* Marcoſian *Heretics.* W. Wotton.

It is the uſual Style of decryed Writers to appeal to Poſterity, *who is here repreſented as a Prince in his*

 Nonage,

has lain heavy upon my Hands, during a long Prorogation of Parliament, a great Dearth of Foreign News, and a tedious Fit of rainy Weather: For which, and other Reasons, it cannot chuse extreamly to deserve such a Patronage as that of *Your Highness*, whose numberless Virtues, in so few Years, make the World look upon You as the future Example to all Princes: For, although *Your Highness* is hardly got clear of Infancy, yet has the universal learned World already resolved upon appealing to your future Dictates with the lowest and most resigned Submission; Fate having decreed You sole Arbiter of the Productions of human Wit, in this polite and most accomplished Age. Methinks, the Number of Appellants were enough to shock and startle any Judge of a Genius less unlimited than Yours: But, in order to prevent such glorious Trials, the *Person* (it seems) to whose Care the Education of *Your Highness* is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost an universal Ignorance of our Studies, which it is your inherent Birth-right to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this *Person* should have Assurance in the Face of the Sun, to go about persuading *Your Highness*, that our Age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one Writer upon any Subject. I know very well, that when *Your Highness* shall come to riper Years, and have gone through the Learning of Antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the Authors of the very Age

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Nonage, and Time *as his Governor; and the Author begins in a Way very frequent with him, by personating other Writers, who sometimes offer such Reasons and Excuses for publishing their Works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be asham'd of.*

before

before You: And to think that this *Insolent*, in the Account he is preparing for your View, designs to reduce them to a Number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my Zeal and my Spleen for the Honour and Interest of our vast flourishing Body, as well as of myself, for whom I know by long Experience, he has professed, and still continues a peculiar Malice.

IT is not unlikely, that, when *Your Highness* will one Day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with Your *Governor* upon the Credit of what I here affirm, and command Him to shew You some of our Productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his Designs) by asking *Your Highness*, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a Demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found: Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the Abyss of Things? It is certain, that in their own Nature they were *light* enough to swim upon the Surface for all Eternity. Therefore the Fault is in him, who tied Weights so heavy to their Heels, as to depress them to the Center. Is their very Essence destroyed? Who has annihilated them; were they drowned by *Purges*, or martyred by *Pipes?* Who administred them to the Posteriors of———? But that it may no longer be a Doubt with *Your Highness*, who is to be the Author of this universal Ruin; I beseech You to observe that large and terrible *Scythe* which Your *Governor* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the Length and Strength, the Sharpness and Hardness of his *Nails* and *Teeth:* Consider his baneful abominable *Breath*, Enemy to Life and Matter, infectious and corrupting: And then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal Ink and

Paper

Paper of this Generation to make a ſuitable Reſiſtance. Oh! that *Your Highneſs* would one Day reſolve to diſarm his Uſurping * *Maitre du Palais*, of his furious Engines, and bring Your Empire † *hors de Page*.

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral Methods of Tyranny and Deſtruction, which Your *Governor* is pleaſed to practiſe upon this Occaſion. His inveterate Malice is ſuch to the Writings of our Age, that of ſeveral Thouſands produced Yearly from this renowned City, before the next Revolution of the Sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy Infants, many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learnt their *Mother Tongue* to beg for Pity. Some he ſtifles in their Cradles, others he frights into Convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die: Some he flays alive, others he tears Limb from Limb. Great Numbers are offered to *Moloch*, and the reſt, tainted by his Breath, die of a languiſhing Conſumption.

But the Concern I have moſt at Heart, is for our Corporation of *Poets*, from whom I am preparing a Petition to *Your Highneſs*, to be ſubſcribed with the Names of one hundred thirty-ſix of the firſt Rate, but whoſe immortal Productions are never likely to reach your Eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earneſt Appellant for the Laurel, and has large comely Volumes ready to ſhew for a Support to his Pretenſions. The *never-dying* Works of theſe illuſtrious Perſons, your *Governor*, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable Death; and *Your Highneſs* is to be made believe, that our Age has never arrived at the Honour to produce one ſingle Poet.

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* *Comptroller*, † *Out of Guardianſhip*.

WE confeſs *Immortality* to be a great and powerful Goddeſs, but in vain we offer up to her our Devotions and our Sacrifices, if *Your Highneſs*'s *Governor*, who has uſurped the *Prieſthood*, muſt by an unparalleled Ambition and Avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our Age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of Writers in any Kind, ſeems to be an Aſſertion ſo bold and ſo falſe, that I have been ſometime thinking, the Contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable Demonſtration. It is true, indeed, that although their Numbers be vaſt, and their Productions numerous in Proportion, yet are they hurried ſo haſtily off the Scene, that they eſcape our Memory, and delude our Sight. When I firſt thought of this Addreſs, I had prepared a copious Liſt of *Titles* to preſent *Your Highneſs*, as an undiſputed Argument for what I affirm. The Originals were poſted freſh upon all Gates and Corners of Streets; but, returning in a very few Hours to take a Review, they were all torn down, and freſh ones in their Places: I enquired after them among Readers and Bookſellers, but I enquired in vain, the *Memorial of them was loſt among Men, their Place was no more to be found:* And I was laughed to Scorn, for a *Clown* and a *Pedant*, without all Taſte and Refinement, little verſed in the Courſe of *preſent* Affairs, and that knew nothing of what had paſſed in the beſt Companies of Court and Town. So that I can only avow in general to *Your Highneſs*, that we do abound in Learning and Wit; but to fix upon Particulars, is a Taſk too ſlippery for my ſlender Abilities. If I ſhould venture, in a windy Day, to affirm to *Your Highneſs*, that there is a large Cloud near the *Horizon* in the Form of a *Bear*, another in the *Zenith* with the Head of an *Aſs*, a third to the Weſt-

ward

ward with Claws like a *Dragon*; and *Your Highneſs* ſhould in a few Minutes think fit to examine the Truth, it is certain, they would all be changed in Figure and Poſition, new ones would ariſe, and all we could agree upon would be, that Clouds there were, but that I was groſly miſtaken in the *Zoography* and *Topography* of them.

But your *Governor*, perhaps, may ſtill inſiſt, and put the Queſtion: What is then become of thoſe immenſe Bales of Paper, which muſt needs have been employed in ſuch Numbers of Books? Can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in Return of ſo invidious an Objection? It ill befits the Diſtance between *Your Highneſs* and Me, to ſend you for ocular Conviction to a *Jakes*, or an *Oven*; to the Windows of a *Bawdy-Houſe*, or to a ſordid *Lanthorn*. Books, like Men their Authors, have no more than one Way of coming into the World, but there are ten Thouſand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profeſs to *Your Highneſs*, in the Integrity of my Heart, that what I am going to ſay is literally true this Minute I am writing: What Revolutions may happen before it ſhall be ready for your Peruſal, I can by no Means warrant: However, I beg You to accept it as a Specimen of our Learning, our Politeneſs, and our Wit, I do therefore affirm upon the Word of a ſincere Man, that there is now actually in being a certain Poet, called *John Dryden*, whoſe Tranſlation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large Folio, well bound, and if diligent Search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be ſeen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make Oath that he has cauſed many Reams of Verſe to be publiſhed, whereof both himſelf and his Bookſeller (if lawfully required)

quired) can ſtill produce authentic Copies, and therefore wonders why the World is pleaſed to make ſuch a Secret of it. There is a third, known by the Name of *Tom Durfey*, a Poet of a vaſt Comprehenſion, an univerſal Genius, and moſt profound Learning. There are alſo one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, moſt profound Critics. There is a Perſon ſtyled Dr. *B--tl--y*, who has written near a thouſand Pages of immenſe Erudition, *giving a full and true Account* of a certain *Squabble* of wonderful Importance between himſelf and a Bookſeller: He is a Writer of infinite Wit and Humour; no Man rallies with a better Grace, and in more ſprightly Turns. Farther I avow to *Your Highneſs*, that with theſe Eyes I have beheld the Perſon of *William W—tt—n*, B. D. who has written a good ſizeable Volume againſt *a Friend of your Governor* (from whom, alas! he muſt therefore look for little favour) in a moſt gentlemanly Stile, adorned with the utmoſt Politeneſs and Civility; replete with Diſcoveries, equally valuable for their Novelty and Uſe; and embelliſhed with *Traits* of Wit ſo poignant and ſo appoſite, that he is a worthy Yokemate to his fore-mentioned *Friend*.

WHY ſhould I go upon farther Particulars, which might fill a Volume with the juſt Elogies of my contemporary Brethren? I ſhall bequeath this Piece of Juſtice to a larger Work; wherein I intend to write a Character of the preſent Set of *Wits* in our Nation: Their Perſons I ſhall deſcribe particularly, and at Length, their Genius and Underſtandings in *Miniature*.

IN the mean Time, I do here make bold to preſent *Your Highneſs* with a faithful Abſtract drawn from the Univerſal Body of all Arts and Sciences, intended wholly for your Service and Inſtruction? Nor do I doubt

I doubt in the leaſt, but *Your Highneſs* will peruſe it as carefully, and make as conſiderable Improvements, as *other* young *Princes* have already done by the many Volumes of late Years written for a Help to their Studies.

THAT *Your Highneſs* may advance in Wiſdom and Virtue, as well as Years, and at laſt out-ſhine all your Royal Anceſtors, ſhall be the daily Prayer of,

SIR,

Decemb. 1697.

Your Highneſs's

Moſt Devoted, &c.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Wits of the preſent Age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems, the Grandees of *Church* and *State* begin to fall under horrible Apprehenſions, leſt theſe Gentlemen, during the Intervals of a long Peace, ſhould find Leiſure to pick Holes in the weak Sides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much Thought employed of late upon certain Projects for taking off the Force and Edge of thoſe formidable Enquirers, from canvaſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate Points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome Time as well as Coſt to perfect. Mean while the Danger hourly encreaſing, by new Levies of Wits all appointed (as there is Reaſon to fear) with Pen, Ink, and Paper, which may at an Hour's Warning be drawn out into Pamphlets, and other offenſive Weapons, ready for immediate Execution: It was judged of abſolute Neceſſity, that ſome preſent Expedient be thought on, till the main Deſign can be brought to Maturity. To this End, at a grand Committee, ſome Days ago, this important Diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined Obſerver: That Seamen have a Cuſtom, when they meet a *Whale*, to fling him out an empty Tub by way of Amuſement, to divert him from laying violent Hands upon the Ship. This Parable was immediately

mediately mythologiſed: The *Whole* was interpreted to be *Hobbes*'s *Leviathan*, which toſſes and plays with all Schemes of Religion and Government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noiſy, and wooden, and given to Rotation: This is the *Leviathan* from whence the terrible Wits of our Age are ſaid to borrow their Weapons. The *Ship* in Danger, is eaſily underſtood to be its old Antitype the *Commonwealth*. But, how to analyſe the *Tub*, was a Matter of Difficulty: When, after long Enquiry and Debate, the literal Meaning was preſerved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent theſe *Leviathans* from toſſing and ſporting with the *Commonwealth* (which of itſelf is too apt to *fluctuate*) they ſhould be diverted from that Game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And, my Genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that Way, I had the Honour done me to be engaged in the Performance.

THIS is the ſole Deſign in publiſhing the following Treatiſe, which I hope will ſerve for an *Interim* of ſome Months to employ thoſe unquiet Spirits, until the perfecting of that great Work: Into the Secret of which, it is reaſonable the courteous Reader ſhould have ſome little Light.

IT is intended that a large Academy be erected, capable of containing nine thouſand ſeven hundred forty and three Perſons: Which by modeſt Computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current Number of *Wits* in this Iſland. Theſe are to be diſpoſed into the ſeveral Schools of this Academy, and there purſue thoſe Studies to which their Genius moſt inclines them. The Undertaker himſelf will publiſh his Propoſals with all convenient Speed, to which I ſhall refer the curious Reader for a more particular Account, mentioning at preſent only a few of the

principal

principal Schools: There is, firſt, a large *Pederaſtic* School, with *French* and *Italian* Maſters. There is, alſo, the *Spelling* School, *a very ſpacious Building*: The School of *Looking-Glaſſes*: The School of *Swearing*: The School of *Critics*: The School of *Salivation*: The School of *Hobby-Horſes*: The School of *Poetry*: * The School of *Tops*: The School of *Spleen*: The School of *Gaming*: With many others, too tedious to recount. No Perſon to be admitted Member into any of theſe Schools, without an Atteſtation under two ſufficient Perſons Hands, certifying him to be a *Wit*.

But, to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal Duty of a Preface, if my Genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my Imagination to make the *Tour* of my Invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the Latter having been wholly drained by the following Treatiſe. Not ſo, my more ſucceſsful Brethren, the *Moderns*, who will by no means let ſlip a Preface or Dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing Stroke, to ſurprize the Reader at the Entry, and kindle a wonderful Expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious Poet, who, ſolliciting his Brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the *Hangman*, and his Patron to the *Patient*: This was † *Inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio*. When I went through that neceſſary

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* *This I think the Author ſhould have omitted, it being of the very ſame Nature with the* School *of* Hobby-Horſes, *if one may venture to cenſure one who is ſo ſevere a Cenſurer of others, perhaps with too little Diſtinction.*

† Hor. *Something extraordinary new, and never hit upon before.*

and noble * Courſe of Study, I had the Happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious Touches, which I ſhall not injure the Authors by tranſplanting: Becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a *Modern* Piece of Wit, which is apt to ſuffer ſo much in the Carriage. Some Things are extreamly witty *to-day*, or *faſting*, or *in this Place*, or *at eight a Clock*, or *over a Bottle*, or *ſpoke by Mr.* Whatd'y'call'm, or *in a Summer's Morning*. Any of the which, by the ſmalleſt Tranſpoſal or Miſapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *Wit* has its Walks and Purlieus, out of which it may not ſtray the Breadth of an Hair, upon Peril of being loſt. The *Moderns* have artfully fixed this *Mercury*, and reduced it to the Circumſtances of Time, Place, and Perſon. Such a Jeſt there is, that will not paſs out of *Covent-Garden*; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at *Hyde-Park* Corner. Now, though it ſometimes tenderly affects me to conſider, that all the towardly Paſſages I ſhall deliver, in the following Treatiſe, will grow quite out of Date and Reliſh with the firſt Shifting of the preſent Scene; yet I muſt needs ſubſcribe to the Juſtice of this Proceeding; becauſe, I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at Expence to furniſh Wit for ſucceeding Ages, when the Former have made no Sort of Proviſion for ours: Wherein I ſpeak the Sentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt Orthodox Refiners, as well as my own. However, being extreamly ſollicitous, that every accompliſhed Perſon who has got into the Taſte of Wit, calculated for this preſent Month of *Auguſt*, 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very *Bottom* of all the *Sublime* throughout this Treatiſe; I hold fit to lay down this general Maxim:

* *Reading Prefaces, &c.*

Whatever Reader desires to have a thorough Comprehension of an Author's Thoughts, cannot take a better Method, than by putting himself into the Circumstances and Postures of Life, that the Writer was in upon every important Passage, as it flowed from his Pen; for this will introduce a Parity and strict Correspondence of Ideas between the Reader and the Author. Now, to assist the diligent Reader in so delicate an Affair, as far as Brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest Pieces of this Treatise were conceived in Bed, in a Garret: At other Times, (for a Reason best known to myself) I thought fit to sharpen my Invention with Hunger; and in general, the whole Work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long Course of Physic, and a great Want of Money. Now, *I* do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid Peruser to go along with me in a great many bright Passages, unless, upon the several Difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these Directions. And this I lay down as my principal *Postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted Servant of all *Modern* Forms, I apprehend some curious *Wit* may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a Preface, without declaiming according to the Custom, against the Multitude of Writers, whereof the whole Multitude of Writers most reasonably complains. I am just come from perusing some Hundreds of Prefaces, wherein the Authors do, at the very Beginning, address the gentle Reader concerning this enormous Grievance. Of these I have preserved a few Examples, and shall set them down as near as my Memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus;

FOR a Man to ſet up for a Writer, when the Preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

THE Tax upon Paper does not leſſen the Number of Scriblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another;

WHEN every little Would-be-wit takes Pen in Hand, it is in vain to enter the Liſts, &c.

Another;

TO obſerve what Traſh the Preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

SIR, *It is meerly in Obedience to your Commands, that I venture into the Public; for who upon a leſs Conſideration would be of a Party with ſuch a Rabble of Scriblers*, &c.

Now, I have two Words in my own Defence, againſt this Objection. Firſt, I am far from granting the Number of Writers a Nuiſance to our Nation, having ſtrenuouſly maintained the Contrary in ſeveral Parts of the following Diſcourſe. Secondly, I do not well underſtand the Juſtice of this Proceeding, becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite Prefaces, to be not only from the ſame Hand, but from thoſe who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral Productions. Upon which, I ſhall tell the Reader a ſhort Tale:

A Mountebank, in Leiceſter-Fields, *had drawn a huge Aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unweildy Fellow,*

Fellow, half ſtifled in the Preſs, would be every Fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Croud is here? Pray, good People, give way a little, Bleſs me! what a Devil has raked this Rabble together: Z——ds, what Squeezing is this! Honeſt Friend, remove your Elbow. At laſt, a Weaver *that ſtood next him could hold no longer: A Plague confound you* (ſaid he) *for an overgrown Sloven; and who (in the Devil's Name) I wonder, helps to make up the Croud half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider (with a Pox) that you take up more Room with that Carcaſs that any five here? Is not the Place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reaſonable Compaſs (and be d—n'd) and then I'll engage we ſhall have Room enough for us all.*

THERE are certain common Privileges of a Writer, the Benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no Reaſon to doubt; particularly, that where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is couched underneath: And again, that whatever Word or Sentence is printed in a different Character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary either of *Wit* or *Sublime*.

As for the Liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing myſelf, upon ſome Occaſions or none; I am ſure it will need no Excuſe, if a Multitude of great Examples be allowed ſufficient Authority: For it is here to be noted, that *Praiſe* was originally a Penſion paid by the World; but the *Moderns*, finding the Trouble and Charge too great in collecting it, have lately brought out the *Fee-Simple*; ſince which Time, the Right of Preſentation is wholly in ourſelves. For this Reaſon it is, that, when an Author makes his own Elogy, he uſes a certain Form to declare and inſiſt upon his Title, which is commonly in theſe or

the like Words, *I ſpeak without Vanity*; which I think plainly ſhews it to be a Matter of Right and Juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every Encounter of this Nature, through the following Treatiſe, the Form aforeſaid is implied; which I mention, to ſave the Trouble of repeating it on ſo many Occaſions.

It is a great Eaſe to my Conſcience, that I have writ ſo elaborate and uſeful a Diſcourſe without one Grain of Satyr intermixed; which is the ſole Point wherein I have taken Leave to diſſent from the famous Originals of our Age and Country. I have obſerved ſome Satyriſts to uſe the Public much at the Rate that Pedants do a naughty Boy ready horſed for Diſcipline: Firſt, expoſtulate the Caſe, then plead the Neceſſity of the Rod, from great Provocations, and conclude every Period with a Laſh. Now, if I know any thing of Mankind, theſe Gentlemen might very well ſpare their Reproof and Correction: For there is not, through all Nature, another ſo callous and inſenſible a Member as the *World's Poſteriors*, whether you apply it to the *Toe* or the *Birch*. Beſides, moſt of our late Satyriſts ſeem to lie under a Sort of Miſtake, that, becauſe *Nettles* have the Prerogative to ſting, therefore all *other Weeds* muſt do ſo too. I make not this Compariſon out of the leaſt Deſign to detract from theſe worthy Writers: For it is well known among *Mythologiſts*, that *Weeds* have the Preheminence over all other Vegetables; and therefore the firſt *Monarch* of this Iſland, whoſe Taſte and Judgment were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root out the *Roſes* from the Collar of the *Order*, and plant the *Thiſtles* in their Stead, as the nobler Flower of the two. For which Reaſon it is conjectured, by profounder Antiquaries, that the Satyrical Itch, ſo

prev-

prevalent in this Part of our Iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the *Tweed*. Here may it long flouriſh and abound: May it ſurvive and neglect the Scorn of the World, with as much Eaſe and Contempt, as the World is inſenſible to the Laſhes of it. May their own Dulneſs, or that of their Party, be no Diſcouragement for the Authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *Wits* as with *Razors*, which are never ſo apt to *cut* thoſe they are employed on, as when they have *loſt their Edge*. Beſides thoſe, whoſe Teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt, of all others, qualified to revenge that Defect with their Breath.

I AM not like other Men, to envy or undervalue the Talents I cannot reach; for which Reaſon, I muſt needs bear a true Honour to this large eminent Sect of our *Britiſh* Writers. And I hope, this little Panegyric will not be offenſive to their Ears, ſince it has the Advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, Nature herſelf has taken Order, that Fame and Honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better Penny-worth by Satyr, than by any other Productions of the Brain, the World being ſooneſt provoked to *Praiſe* by *Laſhes*, as Men are to *Love*. There is a Problem in an ancient Author, why Dedications, and other Bundles of Flattery, run all upon ſtale muſty Topics, without the ſmalleſt Tincture of any thing New; not only to the Torment and Nauſeating of the *Chriſtian* Reader, but if (not ſuddenly prevented) to the univerſal Spreading of that peſtilent Diſeaſe, the Lethargy, in this Iſland: Whereas, there is very little Satyr, which has not ſomething in it untouched before. The Defects of the Former are uſually imputed to the Want of Invention among thoſe who are Dealers in that Kind: But, I think, with a great Deal of Injuſtice; the Solution being eaſy and natural. For, the Materials of Panegyric, being very few in Number, have been long ſince exhauſted: For, as

Health is but one Thing, and has been always the ſame, whereas Diſeaſes are by Thouſands, beſides new and daily Additions; ſo, all the Virtues that have been ever in Mankind, are to be counted upon a few Fingers; but his Follies and Vices are innumerable, and Time adds hourly to the Heap. Now the utmoſt a poor Poet can do, is to get by heart a Liſt of the Cardinal Virtues, and deal them with his utmoſt Liberality to his Hero or his Patron: He may ring the Changes as far as it will go, and vary his Phraſe till he has talked round: But the Reader quickly finds it is all * *Pork*, with a little Variety of Sauſe. For there is no inventing Terms of Art beyond our Ideas; and, when our Ideas are exhauſted, Terms of Art muſt be ſo too.

But, tho' the Matter for Panegyric were as fruitful as the Topics of Satyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a ſufficient Reaſon, why the latter will be always better received than the firſt. For, this being beſtowed only upon one, or a few Perſons at a Time, is ſure to raiſe Envy, and conſequently ill Words from the reſt, who have no Share in the Bleſſing: But Satyr, being levelled at all, is never reſented for an Offence by any, ſince every individual Perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular Part of the Burthen upon the Shoulders of the World, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this Purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the Difference between *Athens* and *England*, with reſpect to the Point before us. In the † *Attic* Commonwealth, it was the Privilege and Birth-right of every Citizen and Poet, to rail aloud, and in Public, or to expoſe upon the Stage, by Name, any Perſon they pleaſed, tho' of the greateſt Figure, whether a *Creon*, an *Hyperbolus*, an *Alcibiades*, or a *Demoſthenes*: But, on the other Side,

* *Plutarch.* † *Vid. Zen.*

the leaſt reflecting Word let fall againſt the *People* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the Authors, however conſiderable for their Quality or their Merits. Whereas, in *England*, it is juſt the reverſe of all this. Here, you may ſecurely diſplay your utmoſt *Rhetoric* againſt Mankind, in the Face of the World; tell them, "*That all are gone aſtray; That there is* "*none that doth good, no, not one; That we live in the* "*very Dregs of Time; That Knavery and Atheiſm are* "*Epidemic as the Pox: That Honeſty is fled with Aſ-*" træa;" with any other common Places, *equally* new and eloquent, which are furniſhed by the * *Splendida bilis.* And when you have done, the whole Audience, far from being offended, ſhall return you Thanks, as a Deliverer of precious and uſeful Truths. Nay, farther, it is but to venture your Lungs, and you may preach in *Covent-Garden* againſt Foppery and Fornication, and *ſomething elſe:* Againſt Pride, and Diſſimulation, and Bribery, at *White-Hall:* You may expoſe Rapine and Injuſtice in the *Inns* of *Courts* Chapel: And, in a *City* Pulpit, be as fierce as you pleaſe, againſt Avarice, Hypocriſy, and Extortion. 'Tis but a *Ball* bandied to and fro, and every Man carries a *Racket* about him, to ſtrike it from himſelf, among the reſt of the Company. But, on the other Side, whoever ſhould miſtake the Nature of Things ſo far, as to drop but a ſingle Hint in public, how *ſuch a one* ſtarved half the Fleet, and half poiſoned the reſt: How *ſuch a one*, from a true Principle of *Love* and *Honour*, pays no Debts but for *Wenches* and *Play*; How *ſuch a one* has got a Clap, and runs out of his Eſtate: † How *Paris*, bribed by *Juno* and *Venus*, loth to offend either Party, ſlept out

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* *Hor. Spleen.*

† Juno *and* Venus, *are Money and a Miſtreſs; very power-*

out the whole Cauſe on the Bench: Or, how *ſuch an Orator* makes long Speeches in the Senate with much Thought, little Senſe, and to no Purpoſe; whoever, I ſay, ſhould venture to be thus particular, muſt expect to be impriſoned for *Scandalum Magnatum*; to have *Challenges* ſent him; to be ſued for *Defamation*, and to be *brought before the Bar of the Houſe*.

BUT I forget that I am expatiating on a Subject wherein I have no Concern, having neither a Talent nor an Inclination for Satyr! On the other Side, I am ſo intirely ſatisfied with the whole preſent Procedure of human Things, that I have been ſome Years preparing Materials towards *A Panegyric upon the World*; to which I intended to add a Second Part, entitled, *A Modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages*. Both theſe I had Thoughts to publiſh, by Way of Appendix to the following Treatiſe; but, finding my Common-Place Book fill much ſlower than I had Reaſon to expect, I have choſen to defer them to another Occaſion. Beſides, I have been unhappily prevented in that Deſign, by a certain Domeſtic Misfortune, in the Particulars whereof, tho' it would be very ſeaſonable, and much in the *Modern* Way, to inform the *gentle Reader*, and would alſo be of great Aſſiſtance towards extending this Preface into the Size now in Vogue, which, by Rule, ought to be *large*, in Proportion, as the ſubſequent Volume is *ſmall*; yet I ſhall now diſmiſs our impatient Reader from any farther Attendance at the *Porch*; and, having duly prepared his Mind by a Preliminary Diſcourſe, ſhall gladly introduce him to the ſublime Myſteries that enſue.

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powerful Bribes to a Judge, if Scandal ſays true. I remember ſuch Reflections were caſt about that Time, but I cannot fix the Perſon intended here.

A TALE

A

TALE

OF A

TUB, &c.

SECT. I.

The INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an Ambition to be heard in a Crowd, muſt preſs, and ſqueeſe, and thruſt, and climb, with indefatigable Pains, till he has exalted himſelf to a certain Degree of Altitude above them. Now in all Aſſemblies, though you wedge them

them ever ſo cloſe, we may obſerve this peculiar Property, That over their Heads there is Room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult Point; it being as hard to get quit of *Number*, as of *Hell*.

* ——— *Evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.

To this End, the Philoſopher's Way in all Ages has been, by erecting certain *Edifices in the Air*; but, whatever Practice and Reputation theſe Kind of Structures have formerly poſſeſſed, or may ſtill continue in, not excepting even that of *Socrates*, when he was ſuſpended in a Baſket to help Contemplation; I think, with due Submiſſion, they ſeem to labour under two Inconveniences. *Firſt*, That the Foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *Sight*, and ever out of *Hearing*. *Secondly*, That the Materials, being very tranſitory, have ſuffered much from Inclemencies of Air, eſpecially in theſe North-Weſt Regions.

THEREFORE, towards the juſt Performance of this great Work, there remain but three Methods that I can think on; whereof the Wiſdom of our Anceſtors being highly ſenſible, has, to encourage all aſpiring Adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden Machines, for the Uſe of thoſe Orators who deſire to talk much without Interruption. Theſe are, the *Pulpit*, the *Ladder*, and the *Stage-Itinerant*. For, as to the *Bar*, though it be compounded of the ſame Matter, and deſigned for the ſame Uſe, it cannot, however, be

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* *But to return, and view the cheerful Skies;*
In this the Taſk and mighty Labour lies.

well

well allowed the Honour of a fourth, by Reaſon of its level or inferior Situation, expoſing it to perpetual Interruption from Collaterals. Neither can the *Bench* itſelf, though raiſed to a proper Eminency, put in a better Claim, whatever its Advocates inſiſt on. For, if they pleaſe to look into the original Deſign of its Erection, and the Circumſtances or Adjuncts ſubſervient to that Deſign, they will ſoon acknowledge the preſent Practice exactly correſpond to the Primitive Inſtitution, and both to anſwer the Etymology of the Name, which, in the *Phœnician* Tongue, is a Word of great Signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *The Place of Sleep*; but in common Acceptation, *A Seat well bolſtered and cuſhioned, for the Repoſe of old and gouty Limbs: Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*. Fortune being indebted to them this Part of Retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long *Talked*, whilſt others *Slept*, ſo now they may *Sleep* as long, whilſt others *Talk*.

But if no other Argument could occur to exclude the *Bench* and the *Bar* from the Liſt of Oratorial Machines, it were ſufficient, that the Admiſſion of them would overthrow a Number which I was reſolved to eſtabliſh, whatever Argument it might coſt me; in Imitation of that prudent Method obſerved by many other Philoſophers and great Clerks, whoſe chief Art, in Diviſion, has been to grow fond of ſome proper myſtical Number, which their Imaginations have rendered Sacred, to a Degree, that they force common Reaſon to find Room for it in every Part of Nature; reducing, including, and adjuſting every *Genius* and *Species* within that Compaſs, by coupling ſome againſt their Wills, and baniſhing others at any Rate. Now, among all the reſt, the profound Number

THREE

THREE is that which hath moſt employed my ſublimeſt Speculations, nor ever without wonderful Delight. There is now in the Preſs (and will be publiſhed next Term) a Panegyrical Eſſay of mine upon this Number, wherein I have, by moſt convincing Proofs, not only reduced the *Senſes* and the *Elements* under its Banner, but brought over ſeveral Deſerters from its two great Rivals, *SEVEN* and *NINE*.

Now, the firſt of theſe Oratorial Machines, in Place as well as Dignity, is the *Pulpit*. Of *Pulpits*, there are, in this Iſland, ſeveral Sorts; but I eſteem only that made of Timber from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our Climate. If it be upon its Decay, it is the better, both for Conveyance of Sound, and for other Reaſons to be mentioned by and by. The Degree of Perfection in Shape and Size, I take to conſiſt in being extreamly narrow, with little Ornament, and beſt of all without a Cover (for, by antient Rule, it ought to be the only uncovered *Veſſel* in every Aſſembly where it is rightfully uſed) by which Means, from its near Reſemblance to a Pillory, it will ever have a mighty Influence on human Ears.

Or *Ladders* I need ſay nothing: It is obſerved by Foreigners themſelves, to the Honour of our Country, that we excel all Nations in our Practice and Underſtanding of this Machine. The aſcending Orators do not only oblige their Audience in the agreeable Delivery, but the whole World in their *early* Publication of theſe Speeches; which I look upon as the choiceſt Treaſury of our *Britiſh* Eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy Citizen and Bookſeller, Mr. *John Dunton*, hath made a faithful and a painful Collection, which he ſhortly

deſigns

Introd. Pa

deſigns to publiſh in Twelve Volumes in Folio, illuſtrated with Copper-Plates. A Work highly uſeful and curious, and altogether worthy of ſuch a Hand.

THE laſt Engine of Orators is the * *Stage Itinerant*, erected with much Sagacity, † *ſub Jove pluvio, in triviis & qua driviis.* It is the great Seminary of the two former, and its Orators are ſometimes preferred to the One, and ſometimes to the Other, in Proportion to their Deſervings, there being a ſtrict and perpetual Intercourſe between all three.

FROM this accurate Deduction, it is manifeſt, that, for obtaining Attention in Public, there is of Neceſſity required a *ſuperior Poſition of Place.* But, although this Point be generally granted, yet the Cauſe is little agreed in; and it ſeems to me, that very few Philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural Solution of this *Phænomenon.* The deepeſt Account, and the moſt fairly digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this, that Air being a heavy Body, and therefore (according to the Syſtem of ‡ *Epicurus*) continually deſcending, muſt needs be more ſo, when loaden and preſſed down by Words; which are alſo Bodies of much Weight and Gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep *Impreſſions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due Altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good Aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient Force.

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* *Is the* Mountebank's Stage, *whoſe Orators the Author determines either to the* Gallows *or a* Conventicle.

† *In the open Air, and in Streets where the greateſt Reſort is.*

‡ *Lucret.* Lib. 2.

* Cor-

* *Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,*
Et ſonitum, quoniam poſſunt impellere Senſus.
Lucr. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this Conjecture, from a common Obſervation; that, in the ſeveral Aſſemblies of theſe Orators, Nature itſelf hath inſtructed the Hearers, to ſtand with their Mouths open, and erected parallel to the Horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicular Line from the Zenith to the Center of the Earth. In which Poſition, if the Audience be well compact, every one carries Home a Share, and little or nothing is loſt.

I confeſs, there is ſomething yet more refined in the Contrivance and Structure of our Modern Theatres. For, Firſt; the Pit is ſunk below the Stage with due Regard to the Inſtitution above deduced; that whatever *weighty* Matter ſhall be delivered thence (whether it be *Lead* or *Gold*) may fall plum into the Jaws of certain *Critics* (as I think they are called) which ſtand ready opened to devour them. Then, the Boxes are built round, and raiſed to a Level with the Scene, in Deference to the Ladies: becauſe, that large Portion of Wit, laid out in raiſing Pruriences and Protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a Line, and ever in a Circle. The whining Paſſions, and little ſtarved Conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme Levity, to the middle Region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid Underſtandings of the Inhabitants. Bombaſtry and Buffoonry, by Nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all, and would be loſt in the Roof, if the prudent Architect had not with much

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* *'Tis certain then, that* Voice *that thus can wound,*
Is all Material; Body *every* Sound.

Fore-

Foreſight contrived for them a fourth Place, called *the Twelve-Penny-Gallery*, and there planted a ſuitable Colony, who greedily intercept them in their Paſſage.

Now this Phyſico-logical Scheme of Oratorial Receptacles of Machines contains a great Myſtery, being a Type, a Sign, an Emblem, a Shadow, a Symbol, bearing Analogy to the ſpacious Commonwealth of Writers, and to thoſe Methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain Eminency above the inferior World. By the *Pulpit* are adumbrated the Writings of our *Modern Saints* in *Great-Britain*, as they have ſpiritualiſed and refined them from the Droſs and Groſſneſs of *Senſe* and *Human Reaſon*. The Matter, as we have ſaid, is of rotten Wood, and that upon two Conſiderations; becauſe it is the Quality of rotten Wood to give *Light* in the Dark: And, Secondly, Becauſe its Cavities are full of Worms; which is a * Type with a Pair of Handles, having a Reſpect to the two principal Qualifications of the Orator, and the two different Fates attending upon his Works.

THE *Ladder* is an adequate Symbol of *Faction*, and of *Poetry*, to both of which ſo noble a Number of Authors are indebted for their Fame. † Of *Faction*, becauſe * * *

tors do *perorare* with a Song; and becauſe, climbing up by ſlow Degrees, Fate is ſure to turn them off before they can Reach within many Steps of the Top: And becauſe it is a Preferment attained by transferring of Propriety, and a confounding of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

UNDER the *Stage Itinerant* are couched thoſe Productions deſigned for the Pleaſure and Delight of mortal Man; ſuch as, *Six-penny-worth of Wit*, Weſtminſter *Drolleries*, *Delightful Tales*, *Compleat Jeſters*, and the like; by which the Writers of and for *GRUB-STREET*, have in theſe latter Ages ſo nobly triumphed over *Time*; have clipped his Wings, pared his Nails, filed his Teeth, turned back his Hour-Glaſs, blunted his Scythe, and drawn the Hob Nails out of his Shoes. It is under this Claſſis, I have preſumed to liſt my preſent Treatiſe, being juſt come from having the Honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a Member of that illuſtrious Fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the Productions of the *Grub-ſtreet* Brotherhood, have of late Years fallen under many Prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual Employment of two *Junior* ſtart-up Societies, to ridicule them and their Authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed Poſt in the Commonwealth of Wit and Learning. Their own Conſciences will eaſily inform them, whom I mean; Nor has the World been ſo negligent a Looker on, as not to obſerve the continual Efforts made by the Societies of *Greſham* and of

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this is very frequent with our Author, either when he thinks he cannot ſay any Thing worth Reading, or when he has no Mind to enter on the Subject, or when it is a Matter of little Moment, or perhaps to amuſe his Reader (whereof he is frequently very fond) or, laſtly, with ſome Satyrical Intention.

* Will's

* *Will's*, to edify a Name and Reputation upon the Ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling Grief to Us, upon the Regards of Tenderneſs as well as of Juſtice, when we reflect on their Proceedings, not only as unjuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For, how can it be forgot by the World or themſelves (to ſay nothing of our own Records, which are full and clear in the Point) that they both are Seminaries, not only of our *Planting*, but our *Watering* too? I am informed, Our two *Rivals* have lately made an Offer to enter into the Liſts with united Forces, and challenge us to a Compariſon of Books, both as to *Weight* and *Number*. In Return to which (with Licence from our *Preſident*) I humbly offer two Anſwers: Firſt, We ſay, the Propoſal is like that which *Archimedes* made upon a † *ſmaller* Affair, including an Impoſſibility in the Practice; for, where can they find Scales of *Capacity* enough for the Firſt, or an Arithmetician of *Capacity* enough for the Second. Secondly, We are ready to accept the Challenge, but with this Condition, that a third indifferent Perſon be aſſigned, to whoſe impartial Judgment it ſhould be left to decide, which Society, each Book, Treatiſe or Pamphlet do moſt properly belong to. This Point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at preſent: For, We are ready to produce a Catalogue of ſome Thouſands, which in all common Juſtice ought to be Entitled to our Fraternity, but, by the revolted and new-fangled Writers, moſt perfidiouſly aſcribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our Prudence, that the Determina-

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* Will's Coffee-Houſe, *was formerly the Place where the Poets uſually met, which, though it be yet freſh in Memory, yet in ſome Years may be forgot, and want this Explanation.*

† Viz. *About moving the Earth.*

tion ſhould be remitted to the Authors themſelves; when our Adverſaries, by Briguing and Caballing, have cauſed ſo univerſal a Defection from us, that the greateſt Part of our Society hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt Friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half-aſhamed to own Us.

THIS is the utmoſt I am authoriſed to ſay upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a Subject; becauſe We are extreme unwilling to inflame a Controverſy, whoſe Continuance may be ſo fatal to the Intereſts of Us all, deſiring much rather that Things be amicably compoſed; and we ſhall ſo far advance on our Side, as to be ready to receive the two *Prodigals* with open Arms, whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their *Huſks* and their *Harlots*; which, I think, from the * preſent Courſe of their Studies, they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent Parent, continue to them our Affection and our Bleſſing.

BUT the greateſt Maim given to that general Reception, which the Writings of our Society have formerly received (next to the tranſitory State of all ſublunary Things) hath been a ſuperficial Vein among many Readers of the preſent Age, who will by no means be perſuaded to inſpect beyond the Surface and the Kind of Things; whereas, *Wiſdom* is a *Fox*, who, after long Hunting, will at laſt coſt you the Pains to dig out: It is a *Cheeſe* which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarſer Coat; and whereof to a judicious Palate, the *Maggots* are the beſt. It is a *Sack-Poſſet*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter. *Wiſdom*

* *Virtuoſo Experiments, and Modern Comedies.*

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is a *Hen*, whose *Cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *Egg*: But, then lastly, it is a *Nut*, which, unless you chuse with Judgment, may cost you a Tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *Worm*. In Consequence of these momentous Truths the *Grubæan* Sages have always chosen to convey their Precepts and their Arts, shut up within the Vehicles of Types and Fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these Vehicles, after the usual Fate of Coaches over finely painted and gilt; that the transitory Gazers have so dazzled their Eyes, and filled their Imaginations with the outward Lustre, as neither to regard or consider the Person or the Parts of the Owner within. A Misfortune we undergo with somewhat less Reluctancy, because it has been common to us with *Pythagoras*, *Æsop*, *Socrates*, and other of our Predecessors.

However, that neither the World, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such Misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much Importunity from my Friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious Dissertation upon the prime Productions of our Society, which, besides their beautiful Externals for the Gratification of superficial Readers, have, darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined Systems of all Sciences and Arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by Untwisting or Unwinding, and either to draw up by Exantlation, or display by Incision.

This great Work was entered upon some Years ago, by one of our most eminent Members: He began with the History of † *Reynard* the *Fox*, but neither

† *The Author seems here to be mistaken, for I have seen*

ther lived to publiſh his Eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an Attempt, which is very much to be lamented, becauſe the Diſcovery he made, and communicated with his Friends, is now univerſally received; nor, do I think, any of the Learned will diſpute, that famous Treatiſe to be a compleat Body of Civil Knowledge, and the *Revelation* or rather the *Apocalypſe* of all State *Arcana*. But the Progreſs I have made is much greater, having already finiſhed my Annotations upon ſeveral Dozens; from ſome of which, I ſhall impart a few Hints to the candid Reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the Concluſion at which I aim.

THE firſt Piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whoſe Author was a *Pythagorean* Philoſopher. This dark Treatiſe contains the whole Scheme of one *Metempſychoſis*, deducing the Progreſs of the Soul through all her Stages.

THE next is Dr. *Fauſtus*, penned by *Artephius*, an Author *bonæ notæ*, and an *Adeptus*; he publiſhed it in the * nine-hundred-eighty-fourth Year of his Age; this Writer proceeds wholly by *Reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: And the Marriage between *Fauſtus* and *Helen*, does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucidate the Fermenting of the *Male* and *Female Dragon*.

WHITTINGTON and his Cat, is the Work of that Myſterious *Rabbi*, *Jehuda Hannaſi*, containing a Defence of the *Gemara* of the *Jeruſalem Miſna*, and its

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ſeen a Latin *Edition of* Reynard *the Fox*, *above a hundred Years old, which I take to be the Original; for the reſt, it has been thought by many People to contain ſome Satyrical Deſign in it.*

* *He lived a thouſand.*

juſt

juſt Preference to that of *Babylon*, contrary to the vulgar Opinion.

THE *Hind and Panther*. This is the Maſter-piece of a famous * Writer now living, intended for a compleat Abſtract of ſixteen thouſand School-men from *Scotus* to *Bellarmin*.

TOMMY POTS. Another Piece ſuppoſed by the ſame Hand, by Way of Supplement to the former.

THE *Wiſe Men of* Goatham, *cum Appendice*. This is a Treatiſe of immenſe Erudition, being the great Original and Fountain of thoſe Arguments, bandied about both in *France* and *England*, for a juſt Defence of the *Moderns* Learning and Wit, againſt the Preſumption, the Pride, and the Ignorance of the *Antients*. This unknown Author hath ſo exhauſted the Subject that a penetrating Reader will eaſily diſcover whatever hath been written ſince upon that Diſpute, to be little more than Repetition. † An Abſtract of this Treatiſe hath been lately publiſhed by a *worthy Member* of our Society.

THESE Notices may ſerve to give the Learned Reader an Idea as well as a Taſte of what the whole Work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumſcribed my Thoughts and my Studies; and, if I can bring it to a Perfection before I die, ſhall reckon I have well employed the ‡ poor Remains of

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* Viz. *In the Year* 1698.

† *This I ſuppoſe to be underſtood of Mr.* W-tt-n's *Diſcourſe of Antient and Modern Learning.*

‡ *Here the Author ſeems to perſonate* L'Eſtrange, Dryden, *and ſome others, who, after having paſt their Lives in Vices, Faction and Falſhood, have the Impudence to talk of Merit and Innocence and Sufferings.*

an unfortunate Life. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a Quill worn to the Pith in the Service of the State, in *Pro*'s and *Con*'s upon *Popiſh Plots*, and ‖ *Meal Tubs*, and *Excluſion Bills, and Paſſive Obedience*, and *Addreſſes of Lives and Fortunes*; and *Prerogative*, and *Property*, and *Liberty of Conſcience*, and *Letters to a Friend*: From an Underſtanding and a Conſcience, thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a Head broken in a hundred Places, by the Malignants of the oppoſite Factions; and from a Body ſpent with Poxes ill cured, by truſting to Bawds and Surgeons, who (as it afterwards appeared) were profeſſed Enemies to Me and the Government, and revenged their Party's Quarrel upon my Noſe and Shins. Fourſcore and Eleven Pamphlets have I written under three Reigns, and for the Service of ſix and thirty Factions. But, finding the State has no farther Occaſion for me and my Ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into Speculations more becoming a Philoſopher; having, to my unſpeakable Comfort, paſſed a long Life, with a Conſcience void of Offence.

But to return. I am aſſured from the Reader's Candor, that the brief Specimen I have given, will eaſily clear all the reſt of our Society's Productions from an Aſperſion grown, as it is manifeſt, out of Envy and Ignorance: That they are of little farther Uſe or Value to Mankind beyond the common Entertainments of their Wit and their Style; for theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt Adverſaries: In both which, as well as the more

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‖ *In King* Charles *the Second's Time, there was an Account of a* Preſbyterian *Plot, found in a Tub, which then made much Noiſe.*

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profound and myſtical Part, I have throughout this Treatiſe cloſely followed the moſt applauded Originals. And to render all compleat, I have with, much Thought and Application of Mind, ſo ordered, that the chief Title prefixed to it (I mean, that under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the Common Converſations of Court and Town) is modelled exactly after the Manner peculiar to *Our* Society.

I CONFESS to have been ſomewhat liberal in the Buſineſs of * Titles, having obſerved the Humour of multiplying them, to bear great Vogue among certain Writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed, it ſeems not unreaſonable, that Books, the Children of the Brain, ſhould have the Honour to be chriſtened with variety of Names, as well as other Infants of Quality. Our famous *Dryden* has ventured to proceed a Point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a Multiplicity of † *God-fathers*; which is an Improvement of much more Advantage, upon a very obvious Account. It is a Pity this admirable Invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this Time into general Imitation, when ſuch an Authority ſerves it for a Precedent. Nor have my Endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an Example: But it ſeems, there is an unhappy Expence uſually annexed to the Calling of a God-father, which was clearly out of my Head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the Pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a World of Thoughts

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* *The Title Page in the Original was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral Titles which the Author here ſpeaks of.*

† *See* Virgil *tranſlated*, &c.

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and Pains, to ſplit my Treatiſe into forty Sections, and having intreated forty Lords of my Acquaintance, that they would do me the Honour to ſtand, they all made it a Matter of Conſcience, and ſent me their Excuſes.

SECTION II.

ONCE upon a Time, there was a Man who had Three * Sons by one Wife, and all at a Birth, neither could the Mid-Wife tell certainly which was the Eldeſt. Their Father died while they were young, and upon his Death-Bed, calling the Lads to him, ſpoke thus:

SONS; *becauſe I have purchaſed no Eſtate nor was born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good Legacies to bequeath You; and at laſt, with much Care as well as Expence, have provided each of you* (here they are) *a new* † Coat. *Now, you are to underſtand, that theſe Coats have two Virtues contained in them: One is, that, with good Wearing, they will laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live: The other is, that they will*

* *By theſe three Sons,* Peter, Martin, *and* Jack, Popery, *the* Church *of* England, *and our* Proteſtant Diſſenters *are deſigned.* W. Wotton.

† *By his Coats which he gave his Sons, the Garment of the* Iſraelites. W. Wotton.

An Error (with Submiſſion) of the learned Commentator; for by the Coats are meant the Doctrine and Faith of Chriſtianity, *by the Wiſdom of the Divine Founder fitted to all Times, Places, and Circumſtances.* Lambin.

grow

grow in the same Proportion with your Bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die. So, very well; pray Children wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my ‡ *Will* (here it is) *full Instructions in every Particular concerning the Wearing and Management of your Coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the Penalties I have appointed for every Transgression or Neglect, upon which your future Fortunes will intirely depend. I have also commanded in my Will, that you should live together in one House like Brethren and Friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.*

HERE the Story says, this good Father died, and the three Sons went altogether to seek their Fortunes.

I SHALL not trouble you with recounting what Adventures they met for the first seven Years, any farther than by taking Notice, that they carefully observed their Father's Will, and kept their Coats in very good Order: That they travelled through several Countries, encountered a reasonable Quantity of Giants, and slew certain Dragons.

BEING now arrived at the proper Age for producing themselves, they came up to Town, and fell in love with the Ladies, but especially three, who about that Time were in chief Reputation: The ‖

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† *The New Testament.*

‖ *Their Mistresses are the* Dutchess d' Argent, Madamoiselle de Grands Titres, *and the* Countess d' Orgueil, *i. e.* Covetousness, Ambition, *and* Pride; *which were the three great Vices that the ancient Fathers inveighed against, as the first Corruptions of Christianity.* W. Wotton.

Dutchess

Dutcheſs *d' Argent*, *Madame de Grands Titres*, and the Counteſs *d' Orgueil*. On their firſt Appearance, our three Adventurers met with a very bad Reception; and ſoon with great Sagacity gueſſing out the Reaſon, they quickly began to improve in the good Qualities of the Town: They Writ and Raillied, and Rhymed, and Sung, and Said, and Said Nothing: They Drank, and Fought, and Whored, and Slept, and Swore, and took Snuff: They went to new Plays on the firſt Night, haunted the *Chocolate* Houſes, beat the Watch, lay on Bulks, and got Claps: They bilked Hackney Coachmen, ran in Debt with Shopkeepers, and lay with their Wives: They killed Bayliffs, kicked Fidlers down Stairs, eat at *Locket*'s, loitered at *Will*'s: They talked of the Drawing-Room, and never came there: Dined with Lords they never ſaw: Whiſpered a Dutcheſs, and ſpoke never a Word: Expoſed the Scrawls of their Laundreſs for Billet-doux of Quality: Came ever juſt from Court, and were never ſeen in it: Attended the Levee *ſub dio*: Got a Liſt of Peers by Heart in one Company, and with great Familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe Committee of Senators who are ſilent in the *Houſe*, and loud in the *Coffee-Houſe*, where they nightly adjourn to chew the Cud of Politics, and are encompaſſed with a Ring of Diſciples, who lie in wait to catch up their Droppings. The three Brothers had acquired forty other Qualifications of the like Stamp, too tedious to recount, and, by Conſequence, were juſtly reckoned the moſt accompliſhed Perſons in the Town: But all would not ſuffice, and the Ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible. To clear up which Difficulty, I muſt, with the Reader's good Leave and Patience, have Recourſe to ſome Points of Weight, which

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the Authors of that Age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

For, * about this Time it happened a Sect aroſe whoſe Tenents obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the *Grand Monde*, and among every Body of good Faſhion. They worſhipped a Sort of ‖ *Idol*, who, as their Doctrine delivered, did daily create Men, by a Kind of Manufactory Operation. This *Idol* they placed in the higheſt Parts of the Houſe, on an Altar erected about three Feet: He was ſhewn in the Poſture of a *Perſian* Emperor, ſitting on a *Superficies*, with his Legs interwoven under him. This God had a *Gooſe* for his Enſign; whence it is, that ſome learned Men pretend to deduce his Original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his Left-hand, beneath the Altar, *Hell* ſeemed to be open, and catch at the Animals the *Idol* was creating; to prevent which, certain of his Prieſts hourly flung in Pieces of the uninformed Maſs, or Subſtance, and ſometimes whole Limbs already enlivened, which that horrid Gulph inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The *Gooſe* was alſo held a ſubaltern Divinity, or *Deus Minorum Gentium*, before whoſe Shrine was ſacrificed that Creature, whoſe hourly Food is human Gore, and who is in ſo great Renown abroad, for being the Delight and Favourite of the ‡ *Ægyptian Cercopithecus*. Millions of theſe Animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every Day to appeaſe the Hunger of that con-

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* *This an occaſional Satyr upon Dreſs and Faſhion in order to introduce what follows.*

‖ *By this* Idol *is meant a Taylor.*

‡ *The* Ægyptians *worſhipped a Monkey, which Animal is very fond of eating Lice, ſtyled here Creatures that feed on human Gore.*

ſuming Deity. The chief *Idol* was alſo worſhipped as the Inventor of the *Yard* and *Needle*, whether as the God of Seamen, or on Account of certain other myſtical Attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

THE Worſhippers of this Deity had alſo a Syſtem of their Belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following Fundamental. They held the Univerſe to be a large *Suit of Cloaths*, which *inveſts* every Thing: That the Earth is *inveſted* by the Air; the Air is *inveſted* by the Stars; and the Stars are *inveſted* by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this Globe of Earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and faſhionable *Dreſs*. What is that which ſome call *Land*, but a fine Coat faced with Green? or the *Sea*, but a Waiſtcoat of Water-Tabby? Proceed to the particular Works of the Creation, you will find how curious *Journeymen* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable* Beaux: Obſerve how ſparkiſh a Periwig adorns the Head of a *Beech*, and what a fine Doublet of white Sattin is worn by the *Birch*. To conclude from all, what is Man himſelf but a * *Micro-Coat*, or rather a compleat Suit of Cloaths with all its Trimmings? As to his Body, there can be no Diſpute: But examine even the Acquirements of his Mind, you will find them all contribute in their Order, towards furniſhing out an exact Dreſs: To inſtance no more; Is not Religion a *Cloak*, Honeſty a *Pair of Shoes*, worn out in the Dirt, Self-love a *Surtout*, Vanity a *Shirt*, and Conſcience a *Pair of Breeches*, which, though a Cover for Lewdneſs as well as Naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the Service of both.

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* *Alluding to the Word* Microcoſm, *or a little World, as Man hath been called by Philoſophers.*

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THESE *Poſtulata* being admitted, it will follow in due Courſe of Reaſoning, that thoſe Beings, which the World calls improperly *Suits of Cloaths*, are in reality the moſt refined Species of Animals; or to proceed higher, that they are Rational Creatures, or Men. For, is it not manifeſt, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other Offices of human Life? Are not Beauty, and Wit, and Mien, and Breeding, their inſeparable Proprieties; In ſhort we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the Streets, fill up *Parliament*——, *Coffee*—, *Play*—, *Bawdy-Houſes?* It is true indeed, that theſe Animals, which are vulgarly called *Suits of Cloaths*, or *Dreſſes*, do according to certain Compoſitions receive different Appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a Gold Chain, and a red Gown, and a white Rod, and a great Horſe, it is called a *Lord-Mayor*: If certain Ermins and Furrs be placed in a certain Poſition, we ſtile them a *Judge*; and ſo, an apt Conjunction of Lawn and black Sattin, we intitle a *Biſhop*.

OTHERS of theſe Profeſſors, though agreeing in the main Syſtem, were yet more refined upon certain Branches of it; and held, that Man was an Animal compounded of two *Dreſſes*, the *Natural* and *Celeſtial Suit*, which were the Body and the Soul: That the Soul was the outward, and the Body the inward Cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former of daily Creation and Circumfuſion; this laſt they proved by *Scripture*, becauſe, *in Them we Live, and Move, and have our Being*: As likewiſe by Philoſophy, becauſe they are *All in All, and All in every Part*. Beſides, ſaid they, ſeparate theſe two, and you will find the Body to be only a ſenſeleſs unſavoury Carcaſs,

Carcaſs. By all which it is manifeſt, that the outward Dreſs muſt needs be the Soul.

To this Syſtem of Religion, were tagged ſeveral ſubaltern Doctrines, which were entertained with great Vogue; as particularly, the Faculties of the Mind were deduced by the Learned among them in this Manner: *Embroidery*, was *Sheer Wit*; *Gold Fringe*, was *agreeable Converſation*; *Gold Lace*, was *Repartee*; a huge long *Periwig*, was *Humour*; and a *Coat full of Powder*, was very good *Raillery*: All which, required Abundance of *Fineſſe* and *Delicateſſe* to manage with Advantage, as well as a ſtrict Obſervance after Times and Faſhions.

I HAVE, with much Pains and Reading, collected out of antient Authors, this ſhort Summary of a Body of Philoſophy and Divinity, which ſeems to have been compoſed by a Vein and Race of Thinking, very different from any other Syſtems, either *Antient* or *Modern*. And it was not meerly to entertain or ſatisfy the Reader's Curioſity, but rather to give him Light into ſeveral Circumſtances of the following Story; that, knowing the State of Diſpoſitions and Opinions in an Age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great Events, which were the Iſſue of them. I adviſe, therefore, the courteous Reader, to peruſe, with a World of Application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this Matter. And leaving theſe broken Ends, I carefully gather up the chief Thread of my Story, and proceed.

THESE Opinions, therefore, were ſo univerſal, as well as the Practices of them, among the refined Part of

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The firſt Part of the Tale *is the Hiſtory of* Peter; *whereby* Popery *is expoſed: Every Body knows the* Papiſts

of Court and Town, that our three Brother-Adventurers, as their Circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a Loſs. For, on the one Side, the three Ladies they addreſſed themſelves to (whom we have named already) were ever at the very Top of the Faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it but the Breadth of a Hair. On the other Side, their Father's Will was very preciſe, and it was the main Precept in it, with the greateſt Penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminiſh from their Coats, one Thread, without a Poſitive Command in the Will. Now the Coats their Father had left them, were, it is true, of very good Cloth, and beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a Piece; but at the ſame Time very plain, and with little or no Ornament: And it happened, that, before they were a Month in Town, great * *Shoulder-Knots* came up: Strait all the World was

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piſts *have made great Additions to Chriſtianity, that indeed is the great Exception which the* Church of England *makes againſt them; accordingly* Peter *begins his Pranks with adding a* Shoulder-Knot *to his Coat.* W. Wotton.

His Deſcription of the Cloth of which the Coat was made, has a farther Meaning than the Words may ſeem to import: "The Coats their Father had left them, "were of very good Cloth, and beſides, ſo neatly "ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a Piece; "but at the ſame Time very plain, with little or no "Ornament." *This is the diſtinguiſhing Character of the Chriſtian Religion:* Chriſtiana Religio abſoluta & ſimplex, *was* Ammianus Marcellinus's *Deſcription of it, who was himſelf a Heathen.* W. Wotton.

* *By this is underſtood the firſt introducing of Pageantry, and unneceſſary Ornaments in the Church, ſuch*

was *Shoulder-Knots*; no approaching the Ladies *Ruelles*, without the *Quota* of *Shoulder-Knots*. That *Fellow*- cries one, *has no Soul, Where is his Shoulder-Knot?* Our three Brethren ſoon diſcovered their Want by ſad Experience, meeting in their Walks with forty Mortifications and Indignities. If they went to the *Play-Houſe*, the Door-keeper ſhewed them into the Twelve-penny Gallery. If they called a Boat, ſays a Waterman, *I am firſt Sculler*. If they ſtepped to the *Roſe* to take a Bottle, the Drawer would cry, *Friend, we ſell no Ale*. If they went to viſit a Lady, a Footman met them at the Door, with *Pray ſend up your Meſſage*. In this unhappy Caſe, they went immediately to conſult their Father's Will, read it over and over, but not a Word of the *Shoulder-Knot*; What ſhould they do? What Temper ſhould they find? Obedience was abſolutely neceſſary, and yet *Shoulder-Knots* appeared extremely requiſite. After much Thought, one of the Brothers, who happened to be more *Book-learned* than the other two, ſaid he had found an Expedient. *It is true*, ſaid he, *there is nothing here in this Will*, † totidem verbis, *making mention of* Shoulder-Knots; *but I dare conjecture, we may find them* incluſive, *or* totidem ſyllabis. This Diſtinction was immediately approved by all; and

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as were neither for Convenience nor Edification, as a Shoulder-Knot, *in which there is neither Symmetry nor Uſe.*

† *When the Papiſts cannot find any Thing which they want in Scripture, they go to* Oral Tradition: *Thus* Peter *is introduced ſatisfied with the tedious Way of looking for all the Letters of any Word, which he has Occaſion for in the* Will; *when neither the conſtituent Syllables, nor much leſs the whole World, were there* in Terminis. W. Wotton.

ſo they fell again to examine; but their evil Star had ſo directed the Matter, that the firſt Syllable was not to be found in the whole Writings. Upon which Diſappointment, he, who found the former Evaſion, took Heart, and ſaid, *Brothers, there is yet Hopes; for though we cannot find them* totidem verbis, *nor* totidem ſyllabis, *I dare engage we ſhall make them out* tertio modo, *or* totidem literis. This Diſcovery was alſo highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the Scrutiny, and picked out *S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R*; when the ſame Planet, Enemy to their Repoſe, had wonderfully contrived, that a *K*, was not to be found. Here was a weighty Difficulty! but the Diſtinguiſhing Brother (for whom we ſhall hereafter find a Name) now his Hand was in, proved by a very good Argument, that *K* was a modern illegitimate Letter, unknown to the Learned Ages, nor any where to be found in ancient Manuſcripts. *Calendæ* hath in ‡ *Q. V. C.* been ſometimes writ with a *K*, but erroneouſly; for in the beſt Copies it has been ever ſpelt with a *C*. And by Conſequence it was a groſs Miſtake in our Language to ſpell Knot with a *K*; but that from henceforward, he would take care it ſhould be writ with a *C*. Upon this, all farther Difficulty vaniſhed; *Shoulder-Knots* were made clearly out, to be *Jure Paterno*, and our three Gentlemen ſwaggered with as large and as ſtanting ones as the beſt.

But, as human Happineſs is of a very ſhort Duration, ſo in thoſe Days were human Faſhions, upon which it intirely depends. *Shoulder-Knots* had their Time, and we muſt now imagine them in their De-

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‡ *Quibuſdam Veteribus Codicibus. Some ancient Manuſcripts.*

cline; for a certain Lord came juſt from *Paris* with fifty Yards of *Gold-Lace* upon his Coat, exactly trimmed after the Court-Faſhion of that *Month*. In two Days, all Mankind appeared cloſed up in Bars of ‖ *Gold-Lace*: Whoever durſt peep abroad without his Compliment of *Gold-Lace*, was as ſcandalous as a— and as ill received among the Women: What ſhould our three Knights do in this momentous Affair? they had ſufficiently ſtrained a Point already, in the Affair of *Shoulder-Knots*: Upon Recourſe to the Will, nothing appeared there, but *altum ſilentium*. That of the *Shoulder-Knots* was a looſe, flying, circumſtantial Point; but this of *Gold-Lace* ſeemed too conſiderable an Alteration, without better Warrant; it did *aliquo modo eſſentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a poſitive Precept. But about this Time it fell out, that the learned Brother aforeſaid, had read *Ariſtotelis Dialecta*, and eſpecially that wonderful Piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the Faculty of teaching its Readers to find out a Meaning in every Thing but itſelf; like Commentators on the *Revelations*, who proceed Prophets without underſtanding a Syllable of the Text. *Brothers*, ſaid he, * *You are to be informed, that of Wills*, duo ſunt genera, † *Nuncupatory and Scriptory; that to the Scriptory Will here before us, there is no Precept or Mention about* Gold-Lace, conce-

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‖ *I cannot tell whether the Author means any new Innovation by this Word, or whether it be only to introduce the new Methods of forcing and perverting Scripture.*

* *The next Subject of our Author's Wit, is the Gloſſes and Interpretations of Scripture, very many abſurd ones of which are allowed in the moſt Authentic Books of the* Church of Rome. W. Wotton.

† *By this is meant* Tradition, *allowed to have equal Authority with the Scripture, or rather greater.*

ditur:

ditur: *But,* ſi idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur. *For, Brothers, if you remember, we heard a Fellow ſay, when we were Boys, that he heard my Father's Man ſay, that he heard my Father ſay, that he would adviſe his Sons to get* Gold-Lace *on their Coats, as ſoon as ever they could procure Money to buy it. By G— that is very true,* cries the other; *I remember it perfectly well,* ſaid the third. And ſo without more ado, they got the largeſt *Gold-Lace* in the Pariſh, and walked about as fine as Lords.

A WHILE after, there came up *all in Faſhion,* a pretty Sort of ‡ *Flame-coloured Sattin* for Linings; and the *Mercer* brought a Pattern of it immediately to our three Gentlemen: *An pleaſe your Worſhips* (ſaid he) ‖ *My Lord* C—, *and Sir* J. W. *had Linings out of this very Piece laſt Night; it takes wonderfully, and*

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‡ *This is Purgatory, whereof he ſpeaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to ſhew how Scripture was perverted to prove it, which was done, by giving equal Authority with the* Canon *to* Apocrypha, *called here a* Codicil annexed.

It is likely the Author, in every one of theſe Changes in the Brother's Dreſſes, refers to ſome particular Error in the Church of Rome; *tho' it is not eaſy, I think, to apply them all: But by this of* Flame-coloured Sattin, *is manifeſtly intended* Purgatory; *by* Gold-Lace *may perhaps be underſtood, the lofty Ornaments and Plate in the Churches; the* Shoulder-Knots *and* Silver Fringe *are not ſo obvious, at leaſt to me; but the* Indian *Figures of Men, Women, and Children, plainly relate to the Pictures in the* Romiſh *Churches, of God like an old Man, of the Virgin* Mary, *and our Saviour as a Child.*

‖ *This ſhews the Time the Author writ, it being about fourteen Years ſince thoſe two Perſons were reckoned the fine Gentlemen of the Town.*

I ſhall not have a Remnant left, enough to make my Wife a Pin-cuſhion, by to-morrow Morning at ten a Clock. Upon this, they fell again to rummage the Will, becauſe the preſent Caſe alſo required a poſitive Precept, the Lining being held by Orthodox Writers to be of the Eſſence of the Coat. After long Search, they could fix upon Nothing to the Matter in Hand, except a ſhort Advice of their Father in the Will, * to take Care of *Fire*, and put out their *Candles* before they went to Sleep. This, though a good deal for the Purpoſe, and helping very far towards Self-Conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of Force to eſtabliſh a Command; and being reſolved to avoid farther Scruple, as well as future Occaſion for Scandal, ſays he, that was the Scholar, *I remember to have read in Wills, of a Codicil annexed, which is indeed a Part of the Will, and what it contains hath equal Authority with the reſt. Now, I have been conſidering of this ſame Will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be compleat, for want of ſuch a Codicil: I will therefore faſten one in its proper Place very dexterouſly; I have had it by me ſome Time, it was written by a Dog-keeper of † my Grand-Father's, and talks a great deal (as good Luck would have it) of this very flame-coloured Sattin.* The Project was immediately approved by the other two; an old Parchment Scrowl was tagged on according to Art, in the Form of a *Codicil annexed*, and the *Sattin* bought and worn.

NEXT Winter, a *Player*, hired for the Purpoſe, by the Corporation of *Fringe-makers*, acted his Part

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* *That is, to take Care of Hell; And, in order to do that, to ſubdue and extinguiſh their Luſts.*

† *I believe this refers to that Part of the* Apocrypha, *where Mention is made of* Tobit *and his* Dog.

in a new Comedy, all covered with * *Silver Fringe*, and according to the laudable Cuſtom gave Riſe to that Faſhion. Upon which, the Brothers, conſulting their Father's Will, to their great Aſtoniſhment found theſe Words; Item, *I charge and command my ſaid three Sons, to wear no Sort of* Silver-Fringe *upon or about their ſaid Coats*, &c. with a Penalty, in caſe of Diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome Pauſe, the Brother ſo often mentioned for his Erudition, who was well ſkilled in Criticiſms, had found in a certain Author, which he ſaid ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame Word, which in the Will is called *Fringe*, does alſo ſignify a *Broom-ſtick*; and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame Interpretation in this Paragraph. This, another of the Brothers diſliked, becauſe of that Epithet *Silver*, which could not, he humbly conceived, in Propriety of Speech, be reaſonably applied to a *Broom-ſtick:* But it was replied upon him, that this Epithet was underſtood in a *Mythological* and *Allegorical* Senſe. However, he objected again, why their Father ſhould forbid them to wear a *Broom-ſtick* on their Coats, a Caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which, he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a *Myſtery*, which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be over-curiouſly pried into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And in ſhort, their Father's Authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this Expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful Diſpenſation, for wearing their full Proportion of *Silver Fringe*.

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* *This is certainly the farther introducing the Pomps of Habit und Ornament.*

A WHILE after, was revived an old Fashion, long antiquated, of *Embroidery* with * *Indian Figures* of Men, Women, and Children. Here they remembered, but too well, how their Father had always abhorred this Fashion; that he made several Paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter Detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting Curse to his Sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few Days, they appeared higher in the Fashion than any Body else in the Town. But they solved the Matter, by saying, that these Figures were not all the *same* with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the Will. Besides, they did not wear them in the Sense, as forbidden by their Father; but as they were a commendable Custom, and of great Use to the Public. That these rigorous Clauses in the Will did therefore require some *Allowance*, and a favourable Interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano Salis*.

BUT Fashions perpetually altering in that Age, the Scholastic Brother grew weary of searching farther Evasions, and solving everlasting Contradictions; resolved therefore, at all Hazards, to comply with the Modes of the World; they concerted Matters together, and agreed unanimously, to † lock up their Father's

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* *The Images of Saints, the Blessed Virgin, and our Saviour an Infant.*

Ibid. *Images in the* Church of Rome *give him but too fair a Handle.* The Brothers remembered, *&c. The Allegory here is direct.* W. Wotton.

† *The Papists formerly forbad the People the Use of Scripture in a Vulgar Tongue,* Peter *therefore* locks up his Father's Will in a strong Box, brought out of *Greece*

ther's Will in a *ſtrong Box*, brought out of *Greece* or *Italy* (I have forgot which) and trouble themſelves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its Authority whenever they thought fit. In Conſequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general Mode to wear an infinite Number of *Points*, moſt of them *tagged with Silver*: Upon which, the Scholar pronounced * *ex Cathedra*, that *Points* were abſolutely *Jure Paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the Faſhion preſcribed ſomewhat more than were directly named in the Will; however, that they, as Heirs general of their Father, had Power to make and add certain Clauſes for public Emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the Letter of the Will, or elſe, *Multa ab ſurda ſequerentur*. This was underſtood for *Canonical*, and therefore, on the following *Sunday*, they came to Church all covered with *Points*.

THE Learned Brother ſo often mentioned, was reckoned the beſt Scholar in all that, or the next Street to it; inſomuch as, having run ſomething behind-

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Greece or *Italy*: *Theſe Countries are named, becauſe the* New Teſtament *is written in* Greek; *and the* Vulgar Latin, *which is the Authentic Edition of the* Bible *in the Church of* Rome, *is in the Language of old* Italy. W. Wotton.

* *The* Popes, *in their Decretals and Bulls, have given their Sanction to very many gainful Doctrines, which are now received in the* Church of Rome, *that are not mentioned in Scripture, and are unknown to the Primitive Church*: Peter, *accordingly, pronounces* ex Cathedra, *That* Points tagged with Silver were abſolutely *Jure Paterno*; *and ſo they wore them in great Numbers*. W. Wotton.

hand

hand in the Word, he obtained the Favour of a † *certain Lord*, to receive him into his Houſe, and to teach his Children. A while after, the *Lord* died, and he, by long Practice of his Father's Will, found the Way of contriving a *Deed of Conveyance* of that Houſe to Himſelf, and his Heirs: Upon which, he took Poſſeſſion, turned the young Squires out, and received his Brothers in their Stead *.

SECT. III.

A Digreſſion concerning Critics.

THOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all Occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the Rules and Methods of Writing, laid down by the Examples of our illuſtrious *Moderns*; yet has the unhappy Shortneſs of my Memory led me into an Error, from which I muſt extricate myſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal Subject. I confeſs, with Shame, it was an unpardonable Omiſ-

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† *This was* Conſtantine the Great, *from whom the* Popes *pretend a Donation of St.* Peter's *Patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.*

* Ibid. *The Biſhops of* Rome *enjoyed their Privileges in* Rome, *at firſt by the Favour of Emperors, whom at laſt they ſhut out of their own Capital City, and then forged a Donation from* Conſtantine the Great, *the better to juſtify what they did. In Imitation of this,* Peter, having run ſomething behind hand in the World, obtained Leave of a certain Lord, *&c.* W. Wotton.

ſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due Diſcourſes, Expoſtulatory, Supplicatory, or Deprecatory, with my *good Lords* the *Critics*. Towards ſome Atonement for this grievous Neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort Account of themſelves and their *Art*, by looking into the Original and Pedigree of the Word, as it is generally underſtood among us, and very briefly conſidering the antient and preſent State thereof.

By the Word, *Critic*, at this Day ſo frequent in all Converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguiſhed three very different Species of Mortal Men, according as I have read in *Antient Books* and *Pamphlets*. For, firſt, by this Term, was underſtood ſuch Perſons as invented or drew up Rules for themſelves, and the World, by obſerving which, a careful Reader might be able to pronounce upon the Productions of the *Learned*, from his Taſte, to a true Reliſh of the *Sublime* and the *Admirable*, and divide every Beauty of Matter or of Style from the Corruption that Apes it: In their common Peruſal of Books, ſingling out the Errors and Defects, the Nauſeous, the Fulſome, the Dull and the Impertinent, with the Caution of a Man that walks through *Edinborough* Streets in a Morning, who is, indeed, as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and ſpy out the Filth in his Way; not that he is curious to obſerve the Colour and Complexion of the Ordure, or take its Dimenſions, much leſs to be paddling in, or taſting it; but only with a Deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe Men ſeem, though very erroneouſly, to have underſtood the Appellation of *Critic* in a literal Senſe; That one principal Part of his Office was to Praiſe and Acquit; and, that a *Critic*, who ſets up to Read, only for an Occaſion

of

of Cenſure and Reproof, is a Creature as barbarous as a *Judge*, who ſhould take up a Reſolution to hang all Men that came before him upon a Tryal.

AGAIN, by the Word *Critic*, have been meant, the Reſtorers of Ancient Learning from the Worms, and Graves, and Duſt of Manuſcripts.

NOW, the Races of thoſe two have been for ſome Ages utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcourſe any farther of them, would not be at all to my Purpoſe.

THE Third, and Nobleſt Sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whoſe Original is the moſt Antient of all. Every *True Critic* is a Hero born, deſcending in a direct Line from a Celeſtial Stem, by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who begat *Tigellius*, who begat *Etcætera* the Elder, who begat *B--tley*, and *Rym-r*, and *W-tton*, and *Perrault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcætera* the Younger.

AND theſe are the *Critics* from whom the Commonwealth of Learning has in all Ages received ſuch immenſe Benefits, that the Gratitude of their Admirers placed the Origine in Heaven, among thoſe of *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Perſeus*, and other great Deſervers of Mankind. But Heroic Virtue itſelf hath not been exempt from the Obloquy of evil Tongues. For it hath been objected, that thoſe antient Heroes, famous for their Combating ſo many Giants, and Dragons, and Robbers, were in their own Perſons a greater Nuiſance to Mankind, than any of thoſe Monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their Obligations more compleat, when all *other* Vermin were deſtroyed, ſhould in Conſcience have concluded with the ſame Juſtice upon themſelves. *Hercules* moſt generouſly did, and hath, upon that Score, procured to himſelf more Temples and Votaries than the beſt of

his

his Fellows. For theſe Reaſons, I ſuppoſe, it is, why ſome have conceived, it would be very expedient for the Public Good of Learning, that every *True Critic*, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his Taſk aſſigned, ſhould immediately deliver himſelf up to Ratſbane, or Hemp, or from ſome convenient *Altitude*; and that no Man's Pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a Character, ſhould by any means be received, before that Operation were performed.

Now, from this Heavenly Deſcent of *Criticiſm*, and the cloſe Analogy it bears to *Heroic Virtue*, it is eaſy to aſſign the proper Employment of a *true Antient Genuine Critic*; which is, to travel thro' this vaſt World of Writings; to purſue and hunt thoſe monſtrous Faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking Errors, like *Cacus* from his Den; to multiply them like *Hydra*'s Heads; and rake them together like *Augea*'s Dung: Or elſe drive away a Sort of *Dangerous Fowl*, who have a perverſe Inclination to plunder the beſt Branches of the *Tree of Knowledge*, like thoſe *Stymphalian* Birds that eat up the Fruit.

THESE Reaſonings will furniſh us with an adequate Definition of a true *Critic*; that, He is *Diſcoverer and Collector of Writers Faults*; which may be farther put beyond Diſpute by the following Demonſtration: That whoever will examine the Writings in all Kinds, wherewith this antient Sect has honoured the World, ſhall immediately find, from the whole Thread and Tenour of them, that the Ideas of the Authors have been altogether converſant, and taken up with the Faults and Blemiſhes, and Overſights, and Miſtakes of other Writers; and, let the Subject treated on be whatever it will, their Imaginations are ſo intirely poſſeſſed and replete with the Defects of other

Pens,

Pens, that the very Quinteſſence of what is bad, does of neceſſity diſtil into their own; by which means, the Whole appears to be nothing elſe but an *Abſtract* of the *Criticiſms* themſelves have made.

HAVING thus briefly conſidered the Original and Office of a *Critic*, as the Word is underſtood in its moſt noble and univerſal Acceptation, I proceed to refute the Objections of thoſe who argue from the Silence and Pretermiſſion of Authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very Art of *Criticiſm*, as now exerciſed, and by me explained, is wholly *Modern*; and conſequently, that the *Critics* of *Great-Britain* and *France*, have no Title to an Original ſo Antient and Illuſtrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the contrary, that the ancient Writers have particularly deſcribed, both the Perſon and the Office of a *True Critic*, agreeable to the Definition laid down by me; their Grand Objection, from the Silence of Authors, will fall to the Ground.

I CONFESS to have for a long Time born a Part in this general Error; from which I ſhould never have acquitted myſelf, but thro' the Aſſiſtance of our Noble *Moderns*; whoſe moſt edifying Volumes I turn indefatigably over Night and Day, for the Improvement of my Mind, and the Good of my Country: Theſe have with unwearied Pains made many uſeful Searches into the weak Sides of the *Antients*, and given us a comprehenſive Liſt of them. * Beſides, they have proved beyond Contradiction, that the very fineſt Things delivered of old, have been long ſince invented, and brought to Light by much later Pens; and that the nobleſt Diſcoveries thoſe *Antients* ever made,

* *See* Wotton *of Antient and Modern Learning.*

of

of Art or of Nature, have all been produced by the tranſcending Genius of the preſent Age. Which clearly ſhews, how little Merit thoſe *Antients* can juſtly pretend to; and takes off that blind Admiration paid them by Men in a Corner, who have the Unhappineſs of converſing too little with *preſent Things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole Compaſs of human Nature, I eaſily concluded, that theſe *Antients*, highly ſenſible of their many Imperfections, muſt needs have endeavoured from ſome Paſſages in their Works, to obviate, ſoften, or divert the Cenſorious Reader, by *Satyr*, or *Panegyric* upon the *Critics*, in Imitation of their *Maſters*, the *Moderns*. Now, in the *Common-places* of † both theſe, I was plentifully inſtructed, by a long Courſe of uſeful Study in *Prefaces* and *Prologues*; and therefore immediately reſolved to try what I could diſcover of either, by a diligent Peruſal of the moſt antient Writers, and eſpecially thoſe who treated of the earlieſt Times. Here I found to my great Surprize, that although they all entered, upon Occaſion, into particular Deſcriptions of the *True Critic*, according as they were governed by their Fears or their Hopes; yet whatever they touched of that Kind, was with abundance of Caution, adventuring no farther than *Mythology* and *Hieroglyphic*. This, I ſuppoſe, gave Ground to ſuperficial Readers, for urging the Silence of Authors, againſt the Antiquity of the *True Critic*, though the *Types* are ſo oppoſite, and the Applications ſo neceſſary and natural, that it is not eaſy to conceive, how any Reader of a *Modern Eye* and *Taſte* could overlook them. I ſhall venture from a great Number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this Queſtion beyond Diſpute.

† *Satyr, and Panegyric upon Critics.*

It well deſerves conſidering, that theſe *Antient Writers*, in treating Enigmatically upon the Subject, have generally fixed upon the very *ſame Hieroglyph*, varying only the Story, according to their Affections, of their Wit. For, firſt; *Pauſanias* is of Opinion, that the Perfection of Writing correct, was intirely owing to the Inſtitution of *Critics*; and, that he can poſſibly mean no other than the *True Critic*, is, I think, manifeſt enough, from the following Deſcription. He ſays, *They were a Race of Men, who delighted to nibble at the Superfluities, and Excreſcencies of Books; which the Learned at length obſerving, took Warning of their own Accord, to lop* the *Luxuriant*, the *Rotten*, the *Dead*, the *Sapleſs*, and the *Overgrown Branches from their Works*. But now, all this he cunningly ſhades under the following Allegory; *that the* * Nauplians *in* Argia, *learned the Art of Pruning their Vines, by obſerving, that, when an* ASS *had browſed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer Fruit*. But † *Herodotus*, holding the very ſame *Hieroglyph*, ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt *in terminis*. He hath been ſo bold as to tax the *True Critics*, of Ignorance and Malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the weſtern Part of* Libya, *there were* ASSES *with* HORNS: Upon which Relation ‡ *Cteſias* yet refines, mentioning the very ſame Animal about *India*, adding, *That, whereas all other* ASSES *wanted a* Gall, *theſe horned ones were ſo redundant in that Part, that their Fleſh was not to be eaten, becauſe of its extreme* Bitterneſs.

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* *Lib.* ——

† *Lib.* 4.

‡ Vide *excerpta ex eo apud* Photium.

Now

Now the Reaſon why thoſe ancient Writers treated this Subject only by Types and Figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open Attacks againſt a Party ſo potent and terrible, as the *Critics* of thoſe Ages were; whoſe very Voice was ſo dreadful, that a Legion of Authors would tremble, and drop their Pens at the Sound; for ſo *Herodotus* tells us expreſly in another * Place, how *a vaſt Army of* Scythians *was put to Flight in a Panic Terror by the Braying of an* ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *Philologers*, that the great Awe and Reverence paid to a *True Critic* by the Writers of *Britain* have been deprived to Us from thoſe our *Scythian* Anceſtors. In ſhort, this Dread was ſo univerſal, that in Proceſs of Time, thoſe Authors, who had a Mind to publiſh their Sentiments more freely, in deſcribing the *True Critics* of their ſeveral Ages were forced to leave off the Uſe of the former *Hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *Prototype*, and invented other Terms inſtead thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical: So † *Diodorus* ſpeaking to the ſame Purpoſe, ventures no farther, than to ſay, That *in the Mountains of* Helicon, *there grows a certain* Weed, *which bears a Flower of ſo damned a Scent, as to poiſon thoſe who offer to ſmell to it.* *Lucretius* gives exactly the ſame Relation.

† *Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,*
Floris odore hominem retro conſueta necare. Lib. 6.

But *Cteſias*, whom we lately quoted, hath been a

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* *Lib.* 4. † *Lib.*

‡ *Near* Helicon, *and round the Learned Hill,*
Grow Trees, whoſe Bloſſoms with their Odour kill.

great deal bolder; he had been uſed with much Severity by the *True Critics* of his own Age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at leaſt, one deep Mark of his Vengeance againſt the whole Tribe. His Meaning is ſo near the Surface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlooked by thoſe who deny the Antiquity of *True Critics*. For pretending to make a Deſcription of many ſtrange Animals about *India*, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable Words: *Amongſt the reſt*, ſays he, *there is a* Serpent *that wants* Teeth, *and conſequently cannot bite; but if its* Vomit *(to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any Thing, a certain Rottenneſs or Corruption enſues: Theſe* Serpents *are generally found among the Mountains where* Jewels *grow, and they frequently emit a* poiſonous Juice; *whereof whoever drinks, that Perſon's* Brains *fly out of his Noſtrils.*

THERE was alſo among the *Antients* a Sort of *Critics*, not diſtinguiſhed in *Specie* from the former, but in Growth or Degree, who ſeem to have been only the *Tyro's* or *junior* Scholars; yet, becauſe of their differing Employments, they are frequently mentioned as a Sect by themſelves. The uſual Exerciſe of theſe younger Students was, to attend conſtantly at Theatres, and learn to ſpy out the *worſt Parts* of the Play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take Note, and render a rational Account to their Tutors. Fleſhed at theſe ſmaller Sports, like young Wolves, they grew up in Time to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large Game. For it hath been obſerved, both among Antients and Moderns, that a *True Critic* hath one Quality in common with a *Whore* and an *Alderman*, never to change his Title or his Nature; that a *Grey Critic* has been certainly a *Green one*, the Perfections and Acquirements of his Age being only the improved Talents of his Youth; like

Hemp,

Hemp, which, ſome Naturaliſts inform us, is bad for *Suffocations*, though taken but in the Seed. I eſteem the Invention, or at leaſt the Refinement of *Prologues*, to have been owing to theſe younger Proficients, of whom *Terence* makes frequent and honourable Mention, under the Name of *Malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the Inſtitution of the *True Critics*, was of abſolute Neceſſity to the Commonwealth of Learning. For all human Actions ſeem to be divided, like *Themiſtocles* and his Company; one Man can *Fiddle*, and another can make *a ſmall Town a great City*; and he, that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kicked out of the Creation. The avoiding of which Penalty, has doubtleſs given the firſt Birth to the Nation of *Critics*, and, withal, an Occaſion for their ſecret Detractors to report, that a *True Critic* is a Sort of Mechanic, ſet up with a Stock and Tools for his Trade, at as little Expence as a *Taylor*; and that there is much Analogy between the Utenſils and Abilities of both: That the *Taylor*'s *Hell* is the Type of a *Critic*'s *Common-Place-Book*, and his Wit and Learning held forth by the *Gooſe*: That it requires at leaſt as many of theſe, to the making up of one Scholar, as of the others to the Compoſition of a Man: That the Valour of both is equal, and their *Weapons* near of a Size. Much may be ſaid in Anſwer to thoſe invidious Reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a Falſhood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than, that it requires greater Layings out, to be free of the *Critic*'s Company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true Beggar*, it will coſt the richeſt Candidate every Groat he is worth; ſo, before one can commence a *True Critic*, it will coſt a Man all the good Qualities of his Mind; which, perhaps, for

a leſs Purchaſe, would be thought but an indifferent Bargain.

HAVING thus amply proved the Antiquity of *Criticiſm*, and deſcribed the Primitive State of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent Condition of this Empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its antient Self. † A certain Author, whoſe Works have many Ages ſince been intirely loſt, does, in his fifth Book, and eighth Chapter, ſay of *Critics*, that *their Writings are the Mirrors of Learning*. This I underſtand in a literal Senſe, and ſuppoſe our Author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect Writer, muſt inſpect into the Books of *Critics*, and correct his Invention there, as in a Mirror. Now, whoever conſiders, that the *Mirrors* of the Antients were made of *Braſs* and *fine Mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principal Qualifications of a *True Modern Critic*, and conſequently, muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For *Braſs* is an Emblem of Duration, and, when it is ſkilfully burniſhed, will caſt *Reflections* from its own *Superficies*, without any Aſſiſtance of *Mercury* from behind. All the other Talents of a *Critic* will not require a particular Mention, being included, or eaſily deducible to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three Maxims, which may ſerve both as Characteriſtics to diſtinguiſh a *True Modern Critic* from a Pretender, and will be alſo of admirable Uſe to thoſe worthy Spirits, who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an Art.

THE firſt is, That *Criticiſm*, contrary to all other Faculties of the Intellect, is ever held the trueſt and

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† *A Quotation after the Manner of a great Author. Vide* Bentley's *Diſſertation*, &c.

beſt,

beſt, when it is the very *firſt* Reſult of the *Critic*'s Mind: As Fowlers reckon the firſt Aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the Mark, if they ſtay not for a ſecond.

SECONDLY, The *True Critics* are known by their Talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt Writers, to which they are carried meerly by Inſtinct, as a Rat to the beſt Cheeſe, or a Waſp to the faireſt Fruit. So, when the *King* is on Horſeback, he is ſure to be the *dirtieſt* Perſon of the Company; and they that make their Court beſt, are ſuch as *beſpatter* him moſt.

LASTLY, A *True Critic*, in the Peruſal of a Book, is like a *Dog* at a Feaſt, whoſe Thoughts and Stomach are wholly ſet upon what Gueſts *fling away*, and, conſequently, is apt to *Snarl* moſt, when there are the feweſt *Bones*.

THUS much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by Way of Addreſs to my Patrons, the *True Modern Critics*, and may very well atone for my paſt Silence, as well as That which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole *Body*, as to meet with generous and tender Uſage from their *Hands*. Supported by which Expectation, I go on boldly to purſue thoſe Adventures already ſo happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE of a TUB.

I HAVE now with much Pains and Study conducted the Reader to a Period, where he muſt expect to hear of great Revolutions. For no ſooner had our *Learned Brother*, ſo often mentioned, got a warm Houſe of his own over his Head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; inſomuch that, unleſs the Gentle Reader, out of his great Candour, will pleaſe a little to exalt his Idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *Hero* of the Play, when he happens to meet him; his Part, his Dreſs, and his Mien being ſo much altered.

He told his Brothers, he would have them to know that he was their Elder, and conſequently his Fathers ſole Heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him Brother, but Mr. *PETER*; and then he muſt be ſtyled *Father PETER*; and ſometimes, *My Lord PETER*. To ſupport this Grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider, could not be maintained without a better *Fonde* than what he was born to, after much Thought, he caſt about at laſt to turn *Projector* and *Virtuoſo*; wherein he ſo well ſucceeded, that many famous Diſcoveries, Projects and Machines, which bear great Vogue and Practice at preſent in the World, are owing intirely to *Lord PETER*'s Invention. I will deduce the beſt Account, I have been able to collect, of the Chief amongſt them, without conſidering much the Order they came out in; becauſe, I think, Authors are not well agreed as to that Point.

I HOPE,

I HOPE, when this Treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into Foreign Languages (as I may without Vanity affirm, That the Labour of collecting, the Faithfulneſs in recounting, and the great Uſefulneſs of the Matter to the Public, will amply deſerve that Juſtice) that the worthy Members of the ſeveral *Academies* abroad, eſpecially thoſe of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept theſe humble Offers, for the Advancement of Univerſal Knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the moſt Reverend Fathers the *Eaſtern* Miſſionaries, that I have, purely for their Sakes, made uſe of ſuch Words and Phraſes, as will beſt admit an eaſy Turn into any of the *Oriental* Languages, eſpecially the *Chineſe*. And ſo I proceed with great Content of Mind, upon reflecting, how much Emolument this whole Globe of Earth is like to reap by my Labours.

THE firſt Undertaking of Lord *Peter*, was to purchaſe a * Large Continent, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *Terra Auſtralis incognita*. This Tract of Land he bought at a very great Penny-worth from the Diſcoverers themſelves (though ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into ſeveral Cantons to certain Dealers, who carried over Colonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in the Voyage. Upon which, Lord *Peter* ſold the ſaid Continent to other Cuſtomers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the ſame Succeſs.

THE ſecond Project I ſhall mention, was his † Sovereign Remedy for the *Worms*, eſpecially thoſe in the

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* *That is Purgatory.*

† Penance *and* Abſolution *are plaid upon under the Notion of a* Sovereign Remedy for the Worms, *eſpecially*

the *Spleen*. ‡ The Patient was to eat nothing after Supper for three Nights: As ſoon as he went to Bed, he was carefully to lie on one Side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: He muſt alſo duly confine his two Eyes to the ſame Object; and by no means break Wind at both Ends together, without manifeſt Occaſion. Theſe Preſcriptions diligently obſerved, the *Worms* would void inſenſibly by Perſpiration, aſcending through the *Brain*.

A THIRD Invention, was the Erecting of a ‖ *Whiſpering Office*, for the Public Good, and Eaſe of all ſuch as are Hypochondriacal, or troubled with the Cholic; as Midwives, ſmall Politicians, Friends falſen out, Repeating Poets, Lovers Happy or in Deſpair, Bawds, Privy-Counſellors, Pages, Paraſites and Buffoons: In ſhort, of all ſuch as are in Danger of burſting with too much *Wind*. An *Aſs*'s Head was placed ſo conveniently, that the Party affected might eaſily with his Mouth accoſt either of the Animal's Ears; which he was to apply cloſe for a certain Space, and by a fugitive Faculty, peculiar to the Ears of that Animal, receive immediate Benefit, either by Eructation, or Expiration, or Evomition.

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cially in the Spleen, which by obſerving Peter's *Preſcription, would void inſenſibly by Perſpiration, aſcending through the Brain*, &c. W. Wotton.

‡ *Here the Author ridicules the Penances of the Church of* Rome, *which may be made as eaſy to the Sinner as he pleaſes, provided he will pay for them accordingly.*

‖ *By his* Whiſpering Office, *for the Relief of Eveſdroppers, Phyſicians, Bawds, and Privy-Counſellors, he ridicules Auricular Confeſſion; and the Prieſt who takes it, is deſcribed by the Aſs's Head.* W. Wotton.

ANO-

ANOTHER very beneficial Project of Lord *Peter*'s, was an * *Office of Insurance*, for Tobacco-Pipes, Martyrs of the Modern Zeal; Volumes of Poetry, Shadows, ——————— and Rivers: That these, nor any of these, shall receive Damage by *Fire*. From whence our *Friendly Societies* may plainly find themselves to be only Transcribers from this Original; though the one and the other have been of *great* Benefit to the Undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the Public.

LORD *PETER* was also held the Original Author of † *Puppets* and *Raree-Shows*; the great Usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this Particular.

BUT, another Discovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous Universal ‡ *Pickle*. For having remarked how your ‖ common *Pickle*, in use among Housewifes, was of no farther Benefit than to preserve dead Flesh, and certain Kinds of Vegetables; *Peter*, with great Cost as well as Art, had contrived a *Pickle* proper for Houses, Gardens, Towns, Men, Women, Children, and Cattle; wherein he could

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* *This I take to be the Office of* Indulgences, *the gross Abuses whereof first gave Occasion for the Reformation.*

† *I believe are the Monkeries and ridiculous Processions,* &c. *among the Papists.*

‡ *Holy Water, he calls an* Universal Pickle, *to preserve Houses, Gardens, Towns, Men, Women, Children, and Cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as Insects in Amber.* W. Wotton.

‖ *This is easily understood to be Holy Water, composed of the same Ingredients with many other Pickles.*

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preſerve them as found as Inſects in Amber. Now, this *Pickle* to the Taſte, the Smell, and the Sight appeared exactly the ſame, with what is in common Service for Beef, and Butter, and Herrings (and has been often that way applied with great Succeſs) but for its many Sovereign Virtues was a quite different Thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain Quantity of his * *Powder Pimperlimpimp*, after which it never failed of Succeſs. The Operation was performed by *Spargefaction* in a proper Time of the Moon. The Patient who was to be *pickled*, if it were a *Houſe*, would infallibly be preſerved from all Spiders, Rats and Weazels; if the Party affected were a Dog, he ſhould be exempt from Mange, and Madneſs, and Hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all Scabs and Lice, and ſcalled Heads from Children, never hindering the Patient from any Duty, either at Bed or Board.

But of all *Peter*'s Rarities, he moſt valued a certain Set of † *Bulls*, whoſe Race, was by great Fortune preſerved in a lineal Deſcent from thoſe that guarded the *Golden-Fleece*. Tho' ſome who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the Breed had not

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* *And becauſe Holy Water differs only in Conſecration from common Water, therefore he tells us that his Pickle by the Powder of* Pimperlimpimp *receives new Virtues, though it differs not in Sight nor Smell from the common Pickles, which preſerve Beef, and Butter, and Herrings.* W. Wotton.

† *The Papal* Bulls *are ridiculed by Name, ſo that here we are at no Loſs for the Author's Meaning.* W. Wotton.

Ibid. *Here the Author has kept the Name, and means the* Pope's Bulls, *or rather his Fulminations, and Excommunications of Heretical Princes, all ſigned with Lead and the Seal of the Fiſherman.*

been

been kept intirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their Anceſtors in ſome Qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a Foreign Mixture. The *Bulls* of *Colchos* are recorded to have *brazen Feet*; but whether it happened by ill Paſture and Running, by an Allay from Intervention of other Parents, from ſtolen Intrigues: Whether a Weakneſs in their Progenitors had impaired the ſeminal Virtue, or by a Decline neceſſary through a long Courſe of Time, the Originals of Nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful Ages of the World: Whatever was the Cauſe, it is certain, that Lord *Peter*'s *Bulls* were extremely vitiated by the Ruſt of Time in the Metal of their Feet, which was now ſunk into common *Lead*. However, the terrible *Roaring*, peculiar to their Lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe that Faculty of breathing out *Fire* from their Noſtrils; which, notwithſtanding, many of their Detractors took to be a Feat of Art, to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their uſual Courſe of Diet, which was of * *Squibs* and *Crackers*. However, they had two peculiar Marks, which extremely diſtinguiſhed them from the *Bulls* of *Jaſon*, and which I have not met together in the Deſcription of any other Monſter, beſide that in *Horace*:

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum deſinit in piſcem.

For, theſe had *Fiſhes Tails*, yet, upon Occaſion, could *out-fly* any Bird in the Air. *Peter* put theſe *Bulls* up-

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* *Theſe are the Fulminations of the Pope, threatening Hell and Damnation to thoſe Princes who offend him.*

on

on ſeveral Employs. Sometimes he would ſet them a *roaring*, to fright ‡ *Naughty Boys*, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would ſend them out upon Errands of great Importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious Reader may think much to believe it: An *Appetitus ſenſibilis*, deriving itſelf through the whole Family, from their noble Anceſtors, Guardians of the *Golden-Fleece*; they continued ſo extremely fond of *Gold*, that if *Peter* ſent them abroad, though it were only upon a Compliment, they would *Roar*, and *Spit*, and *Belch*, and *Piſs*, and *Fart*, and *Snivel* out *Fire*, and keep a perpetual Coyl, till you flung them a Bit of Gold; but then, *Pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as Lambs. In ſhort, whether by ſecret Connivance, or Encouragement from their Maſter, or out of their own liquoriſh Affection to Gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a Sort of ſturdy, ſwaggering Beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an Alms, would make Women miſcarry, and Children fall into Fits; who, to this very Day, uſually call Sprights and Hobgoblins by the Name of *Bull-Beggars*. They grew, at laſt, ſo very troubleſome to the Neighbourhood, that ſome Gentlemen of the *North-Weſt*, got a Parcel of right *Engliſh Bull-Dogs*, and baited them ſo terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I MUST needs mention one more of Lord *Peter*'s Projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be Maſter of a high Reach, and profound Invention. Whenever it happened that any Rogue of *Newgate* was condemned to be hanged, *Peter* would offer him a Pardon for a certain Sum of Money, which, when the poor Caitiff had made all Shifts

‡ *That is, Kings who incur his Diſpleaſure,*

to

to ſcrape up, and ſend: *His Lordſhip* would return a † Piece of Paper in this Form.

TO all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jaylors, Conſtables, Bayliffs, Hangmen, &c. *Whereas we are informed, that* A. B. *remains in the Hands of you, or any of you, under the Sentence of Death. We will and command you upon Sight hereof, to let the ſaid Priſoner depart to his own Habitation, whether he ſtands condemned for Murder, Sodomy, Rape, Sacrilege, Inceſt, Treaſon, Blaſphemy,* &c. *for which, this ſhall be your ſufficient Warrant: And if you fail hereof,* G—*d*—*mn You and Yours to all Eternity. And ſo we bid you heartily farewel.*

Your moſt Humble

Man's Man,

Emperor *PETER.*

THE Wretches, truſting to this, loſt their Lives and Money too.

I DESIRE of thoſe, whom the *Learned* among Poſterity will appoint for Commentators upon this elaborate Treatiſe, that they will proceed with great Caution upon certain dark Points, wherein all, who are not *Verè adepti*, may be in Danger to form raſh and haſty Concluſions, eſpecially in ſome myſterious Pa-

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† *This is a Copy of a general Pardon, ſigned* Servus Servorum.

Ibid. *Abſolution in* Articulo Mortis, *and the Tax* Cameræ Apoſtolicæ, *are jeſted upon in Emperor* Peter's *Letter.* W. Wotton.

ragraphs, where certain *Arcana* are joined for Brevity ſake, which, in the Operation, muſt be divided. And, I am certain, that future Sons of Art will return large Thanks to my Memory, for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *Innuendo*.

It will be no difficult Part to perſuade the Reader, that ſo many worthy Diſcoveries met with great Succeſs in the World; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related much the ſmalleſt Number; my Deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt Benefit for public Imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome Idea of the Reach and Wit of the Inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if, by this Time, Lord *Peter* was become exceeding Rich: But, alas! he had kept his Brain ſo long, and ſo violently upon the Rack, that at laſt it *ſhook* itſelf, and began to *turn round* for a little Eaſe. In ſhort, what with Pride, Projects, and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt Imaginations in the World. In the Height of his Fits (as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of Pride) he would call himſelf * *God Almighty*, and ſometimes *Monarch of the Univerſe*. I have ſeen him (ſays my Author) take three old † *high-crowned Hats*, and clap them all on his Head, three Story high, with a huge Bunch of ‡ *Keys* at his Girdle, and an *Angling-Rod* in his Hand. In which Guiſe, whoever went to take him by the Hand, in the

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* *The Pope is not only allowed to be the Vicar of* Chriſt, *but by ſeveral Divines is called* God upon Earth, *and other blaſphemous Titles.*

† *The Triple Crown.*

‡ *The Keys of the Church.*

Ibid. *The Pope's Univerſal Monarchy, and his Triple Crown, and Fiſher's Ring.* W. Wotton.

Way

Way of Salutation, *Peter*, with much Grace, like a well-educated Spaniel, would preſent them with his * *Foot*; and if they refuſed his Civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their Chops, and give them a damned Kick on the Mouth, which hath ever ſince been called *Salute*. Whoever walked by, without paying him their Compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong Breath, he would blow their Hats off into the Dirt. Mean Time, his Affairs at Home went upſide down, and his two Brothers had a wretched Time; where his firſt † *Boutade* was to kick both their ‡ *Wives* one Morning out of Doors, and his own too; and in their Stead, gave Orders to pick up the firſt three Strolers could be met with in the Streets. A while after, he nailed up the Cellar-Door; and would not allow his Brothers ‖ a Drop of *Drink* to their Victuals. Dining one Day at an Alderman's in the City, *Peter* obſerved him expatiating after the Manner of his Brethren, in the Praiſes of his Sirloin of Beef. *Beef*, ſaid the ſage Magiſtrate, *is the King of Meat; Beef comprehends in it the Quinteſſence of Partridge, and Quail, and Veniſon, and Pheaſant, and Plumb-pudding, and Cuſtard.* When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the Fancy of cooking up this Doctrine into Uſe,

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* *Neither does his arrogant Way of requiring Men to kiſs his Slipper, eſcape Reflection.* Wotton.

† *This Word properly ſignifies a ſudden Jerk, or Laſh of an Horſe, when you do not expect it.*

‡ *The* Celibacy of the *Romiſh* Clergy *is ſtruck at in* Peter's *beating his own and Brothers Wives out of Doors.* W. Wotton.

‖ *The Pope's refuſing the Cup to the Laity, perſuading them that the Blood is contained in the Bread, and that the Bread is the real and intire Body of* Chriſt.

and

and apply the Precept, in Default of a Sirloin, to his brown Loaf: *Bread*, ſays he, *Dear Brothers, is the Staff of Life; in which Bread, is contained,* incluſive *the Quinteſſence of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Veniſon, Partridge, Plum-pudding, and Cuſtard: And to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due Quantity of Water, whoſe Crudities are alſo corrected by Yeaſt or Barm, through which means it becomes a wholeſome fermented Liquor, diffuſed through the* Maſs *of the Bread.* Upon the Strength of theſe Concluſions, next Day at Dinner, was the brown Loaf ſerved up in all the Formality of a City Feaſt. *Come Brothers,* ſaid *Peter, fall to, and ſpare not; here is excellent good* * *Mutton; or hold, now my Hand is in, I'll help you.* At which Word, in much Ceremony, with Fork and Knife, he carves out two good Slices of a Loaf, and preſents each on a Plate to his Brothers. The Elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into Lord *Peter*'s Conceit, began with very civil Language to examine the Myſtery. *My Lord,* ſaid he, *I doubt, with great Submiſſion, there may be ſome Miſtake. What,* ſays *Peter, you are pleaſant; come then, let us hear this Jeſt your Head is ſo big with. None in the World, my Lord; but, unleſs I am very much deceived, your Lordſhip was pleaſed a while ago, to let fall a Word about Mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it with all my Heart. How,* ſaid *Peter,* appearing in great Surprize, *I do not comprehend this at all.*—— Upon which, the Younger interpoſing, to ſet the Buſineſs aright; *My Lord,* ſaid he, *my Brother, I ſuppoſe is hungry, and*

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* Tranſubſtantiation. Peter *turns his Bread into Mutton, and, according to the Popiſh Doctrine of Concomitants, his Wine too, which in his Way he calls* Pauming his damned Cruſts upon the Brothers for Mutton. *W. Wotton.*

longs

longs for the Mutton your Lordſhip hath promiſed us to Dinner. Pray, ſaid Peter, *take me along with you; either you are both mad, or diſpoſed to be merrier than I approve of; if* You, *there, do not like your Piece, I will carve you another, though I ſhould take that to be the choice Bit of the whole Shoulder. What then, my Lord,* replied the firſt, *it ſeems this is a Shoulder of Mutton all this while. Pray, Sir,* ſays *Peter, eat your Victuals, and leave off your Impertinence, if you pleaſe, for I am not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent:* But the other could not forbear, being over provoked at the affected Serioufneſs of *Peter*'s Countenance: *By G—, my Lord,* ſaid he, *I can only ſay, that to my Eyes, and Fingers, and Teeth, and Noſe, it ſeems to be nothing but a Cruſt of Bread.* Upon which, the ſecond put in his Word: *I never ſaw a Piece of Mutton in my Life, ſo nearly reſembling a Slice from a Twelve-penny Loaf. Look, ye, Gentlemen,* cries *Peter,* in a Rage, *to convince you, what a couple of blind, poſitive, ignorant, wilful Puppies you are, I will uſe but this plain Argument; By G—, it is true, good, natural Mutton as any in* Leadenhall *Market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwiſe.* Such a thundering Proof as this, left no further Room for Objection; the two Unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their Miſtake as haſtily as they could. *Why, truly,* ſaid the Firſt, *upon more mature Conſideration.—Ay,* ſays the other, interrupting him, *now I have thought better on the Thing, your Lordſhip ſeems to have a great Deal of Reaſon. Very well,* ſaid *Peter; Here, Boy, fill me a Beer-glaſs of Claret; Here's to you both with all my Heart.* The two Brethren, much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeas'd, returned their moſt humble Thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge his Lordſhip. *That you ſhall,* ſaid *Peter; I am not a Perſon to refuſe you any Thing that is reaſonable; Wine,*

moderately taken, is a Cordial; *here is a Glaſs a Piece for you; it is true natural Juice from the Grape, none of your damned* Vintners *Brewings.* Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry Cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful, for it would do them no Hurt. The two Brothers, after having performed the uſual Office in ſuch delicate Conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient Period at *Lord Peter*, and each other; and finding how Matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new Diſpute, but let him carry the Point as he pleaſed: For he was now got into one of his mad Fits, and to argue or expoſtulate further, would only ſerve to render him a hundred Times more untractable.

I HAVE choſen to relate this worthy Matter in all its Circumſtances, becauſe it gave a principal Occaſion to that great and famous * *Rupture*, which happened about the ſame Time among theſe Brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of That, I ſhall treat at large in another Section.

HOWEVER, it is certain, that *Lord Peter*, even in his lucid Intervals, was very lewdly given in his common Converſation, extreme wilful and poſitive, and would at any Time rather argue to the Death, than allow himſelf once to be in an Error. Beſides, he had an abominable Faculty of telling huge palpable *Lyes* upon all Occaſions; and ſwearing, not only to the Truth, but curſing the whole Company to Hell, if they pretended to make the leaſt Scruple of believing him. One Time, he ſwore he had a † *Cow* at

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* *By this* Rupture *is meant the Reformation.*

† *The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin* Mary's Milk, *amongſt the Papiſts, under the Allegory of a* Cow, *which gave as much Milk at a Meal, as would fill three-thouſand Churches.* W. Wotton.

home,

home, which gave as much Milk at a Meal, as would fill three-thouſand Churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn ſour. Another Time he was telling of an old * *Sign-Poſt* that belonged to his *Father*, with Nails and Timber enough on it, to build ſixteen large Men of War. Talking one Day of *Chineſe* Waggons, which were made ſo light as to ſail over Mountains: Z——*ds*, ſaid *Peter*, *where's the Wonder of that? By* G—, *I ſaw a* † *large Houſe of Lime and Stone, travel over Sea and Land (granting that it ſtopped ſometimes to bait) above two Thouſand* German *Leagues*. And that which was the good of it, he would ſwear deſperately all the while, that he never told a Lye in his Life; and at every Word; *By* G—, *Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the Truth; and the D—l broil them eternally that will not believe me.*

In ſhort, *Peter* grew ſo ſcandalous, that all the Neighbourhood began in plain Words to ſay, he was no better than a Knave. And his two Brothers, long weary of his ill Uſage, reſolved at laſt to leave him; but firſt, they humbly deſired a Copy of their Father's

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* *By this* Sign-Poſt, *is meant the* Croſs *of our bleſſed Saviour.*

† *The Chapel of* Loretto. *He falls here only upon the ridiculous Inventions of Popery: The Church of* Rome *intended by theſe Things, to gull ſilly, ſuperſtitious People, and rook them of their Money; that the World had been too long in Slavery, our Anceſtors glorioufly redeemed us from that Yoke. The Church of* Rome *therefore ought to be expoſed, and he deſerves well of Mankind that does expoſe it.* W. Wotton.

Ibid. *The Chapel of* Loretto, *which travelled from the* Holy Land *to* Italy.

Will, which had now lain by neglected, Time out of Mind. Instead of granting this Request, he called them *damned Sons of Whores*, *Rogues*, *Traytors*, and the rest of the vile Names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one Day upon his Projects, the two Youngsters watched their Opportunity, made a Shift to come at the *Will*, * and took a *Copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grosly they had been abused; their Father having left them equal Heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next Enterprize was to break open the Cellar-Door, and get a little good † *Drink*, to spirit and comfort their Hearts. In copying the *Will*, they had met another Precept against Whoring, Divorce, and separate Maintenance; Upon which, their next ‡ Work was to discard their Concubines, and send for their Wives. Whilst all this was in Agitation, there enters a Sollicitor from *Newgate*, desiring *Lord Peter* would please to procure a *Pardon* for a *Thief* that was to be *hanged* to-morrow. But the two Brothers told him, he was a Coxcomb, to seek Pardon from a Fellow, who deserved to be hanged much better than his Client; and discovered all the Methods of that Imposture, in the same Form I delivered it a while ago; advising the Sollicitor to put his Friend upon obtaining ‖ *a Pardon from the King*. In the Midst of all this Clutter and

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* *Translated the Scriptures into the Vulgar Tongues.*

† *Administered the Cup to the Laity at the Communion.*

‡ *Allowed the Marriages of Priests.*

‖ *Directed Penitents not to trust to Pardons and Absolutions procured for Money, but sent them to implore the Mercy of God, from whence alone Remission is to be obtained.*

Revo-

p. 70.

Revolution, in comes *Peter* with a File of * Dragoons at his Heels, and gathering from all Hands what was in the Wind, he and his Gang, after ſeveral Millions of Scurrilities and Curſes, not very important here to repeat, by main Force, very fairly † kicks them both out of Doors, and would never let them come under his Roof from that Day to this.

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* *By* Peter's *Dragoons, is meant the Civil Power, which thoſe Princes, who were bigotted to the* Romiſh *Superſtition, employed againſt the Reformers.*

† *The Pope ſhuts all who diſſent from him out of the Church.*

SECT. V.

A Digreſſion in the Modern Kind.

WE whom the World is pleaſed to honour with the Title of *Modern Authors*, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great Deſign of an everlaſting Remembrance, and never-dying Fame, if our Endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable to the general Good of Mankind. This, O *Univerſe*, is the adventurous Attempt of me thy Secretary;

——— *Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.

To this End, I have ſome Time ſince, with a World of Pains and Art, diſſected the Carcaſs of *Human Nature*, and read many uſeful Lectures upon the ſeveral Parts, both *Containing* and *Contained*; 'till at laſt it *ſmelt* ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great Expence to fit up all the Bones with exact Contexture, and in due Sym-

metry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a compleat Anatomy thereof to all curious *Gentlemen and others*. But not to digreſs farther in the Midſt of a Digreſſion, as I have known ſome Authors incloſe Digreſſions in one another, like a Neſt of Boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *Human Nature*, I have found a very ſtrange, new, and important Diſcovery; That the public Good of Mankind is performed by two Ways, *Inſtruction* and *Diverſion*. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral Readings (which perhaps the World may one Day ſee, if I can prevail on any Friend to ſteal a Copy, or on any certain Gentleman of my Admirers, to be very importunate) that, as Mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater Advantage by being *Diverted* than *Inſtructed*; His Epidemical Diſeaſes being *Faſtidioſity*, *Amorphy*, and *Oſcitation*; whereas, in the preſent univerſal Empire of Wit and Learning, there ſeems but little Matter left for *Inſtruction*. However, in Compliance with a Leſſon of great Age and Authority, I have attempted carrying the Point in all its Heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine Treatiſe, have ſkilfully kneaded up both together with a *Layer* of *Utile*, and a *Layer* of *Dulce*.

When I conſider how exceedingly our illuſtrious *Moderns* have eclipſed the weak glimmering Lights of the *Antients*, and turned them out of the Road of all faſhionable Commerce, to a Degree, that our choice * Town-Wits of moſt refined Accompliſh-

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* *The learned Perſon, here meant by our Author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate ſo many ancient Writers, that, until he is pleaſed to ſtop his Hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any Antients in the World.*

ments,

ments, are in grave Diſpute, whether there have been ever any *Antients* or no: In which Point we are like to receive wonderful Satisfaction from the moſt uſeful Labours and Lucubrations of that Worthy *Modern*, Dr. *B—tley*: I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *Modern* have ever yet attempted an univerſal Syſtem in a ſmall portable Volume, of all Things that are to be Known, or Believed, or Imagined, or Practiſed in Life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an Enterprize was thought on ſome Time ago by a great Philoſopher of * *O. Brazile*. The Method he propoſed, was, by a certain curious *Receipt*, a *Noſtrum*, which, after his untimely Death, I found among his Papers; and do here, out of my great Affection to the *Modern Learned*, preſent them with it, not doubting, it may one Day encourage ſome worthy Undertaker.

YOU take fair correct Copies, well bound in Calf's-Skin, and Lettered at the Back, of all Modern Bodies of Arts and Sciences whatſoever, and in what Language you pleaſe. Theſe you diſtil in balneo Mariæ, *infuſing* Quinteſſence of Poppy, Q. S. *together with three Pints of* Lethe, *to be had from the Apothecaries. You cleanſe away carefully the* Sordes *and* Caput mortuum, *letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preſerve only the firſt Running, which is again to be diſtilled ſeventeen Times, till what remains will amount to about two Drams. This you keep in a Glaſs-Vial* Hermotically *ſealed for one and twenty Days. Then you begin*

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* *This is an imaginary Iſland, of Kin to that, which is called the* Painters Wives Iſland, *placed in ſome unknown Part of the Ocean, meerly at the Fancy of the Map-maker.*

your Catholick Treatiſe, taking every Morning faſting (firſt ſhaking the Vial) three Drops of this Elixir, *ſnuffing it ſtrongly up your Noſe. It will dilate itſelf about the Brain (where there is any) in fourteen Minutes, and you immediately perceive in your Head an infinite Number of* Abſtracts, Summaries, Compendium's, Extracts, Collections, Medulla's, Excerpta quædam's, Florilegia's, *and the like, all diſpoſed into great Order, and reducible upon Paper.*

I MUST needs own, it was by the Aſſiſtance of this *Arcanum*, that I, tho' otherwiſe *impar*, have adventured upon ſo daring an Attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain Author called *Home*, in whom, tho' otherwiſe a Perſon not without ſome Abilities, and *for an Antient*, of a tolerable Genius: I have diſcovered many groſs Errors, which are not to be forgiven his very Aſhes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are aſſured, he deſigned his Work for a † compleat Body of all Knowledge, Human, Divine, Political, and Mechanic; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For, firſt of all, as eminent a *Cabbaliſt* as his Diſciples would repreſent him, his Account of the *Opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read, but very ſuperficially, either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or ‡ *Anthropoſophia Theomagica*. He is alſo quite

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† *Homerus omnes res humanas Poematis complexus eſt.* Xenoph. in conviv.

‡ *A Treatiſe written about fifty Years ago, by a* Welſh *Gentleman of* Cambridge, *his Name, as I remember was* Vaughan, *as appears by the Anſwer to it writ by the learned Dr.* Henry Moor; *it is a Piece of*

quite miſtaken about the *Sphæra Pyroplaſtica*, a Neglect not to be attoned for; and (if the Reader will admit ſo ſevere a Cenſure) *Vix crederem Autorem hunc unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem.* His Failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral Parts of the *Mechanics*. For, having read his Writings with the utmoſt Application uſual among *Modern Wits*, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt Direction about the Structure of that uſeful Inſtrument, a *Save-all*. For want of which, if the *Moderns* had not lent their Aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have ſtill behind, a Fault far more notorious to tax the Author with; I mean, ‖ his groſs Ignorance in the *Common Laws of this Realm*, and in the Doctrine, as well as Diſcipline of the Church of *England*. A Defect indeed for which, both he and all the Antients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious Friend, Mr. *W-tt-n*, Batchelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatiſe of *Ancient and Modern Learning*; a Book never to be ſufficiently valued, whether we conſider the happy Turns and Flowings of the Author's Wit, the great Uſefulneſs of his ſublime Diſcoveries upon the Subject of *Flies* and *Spittle*, or the laborious Eloquence of his Stile. And I cannot forbear doing that Author the Juſtice of my public Acknowledgments, for the great *Helps* and *Liftings* I had out of his incomparable Piece, while I was penning this Treatiſe.

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of the moſt unintellegible Fuſtian, that, perhaps, was ever publiſhed in any Language.

‖ *Mr.* W-tt-n *(to whom our Author never gives any Quarter) in his Compariſon of Antient and Modern Learning, numbers Divinity, Law,* &c. *among thoſe Parts of Knowledge, wherein we excel the Antients.*

BUT, beſides theſe Omiſſions in *Homer*, already mentioned, the curious Reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral Defects in that Author's Writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every Branch of Knowledge has received ſuch wonderful Acquirements ſince his Age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three Years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in Modern Diſcoveries, as his Advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the Inventor of the *Compaſs*, of *Gun-Powder*, and the *Circulation of the Blood*: But, I challenge any of his Admirers, to ſhew me, in all his Writings, a compleat Account of the *Spleen*; does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the Art of *Political Wagering?* What can be more defective and unſatisfactory than his long Diſſertation upon *Tea?* And as to his Method of *Salivation without Mercury*, ſo much celebrated of late, it is, to my own Knowledge and Experience, a Thing very little to be relied on.

IT was to ſupply ſuch momentous Defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long Sollicitation, to take Pen in Hand; and I dare venture to promiſe, the Judicious Reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of Uſe upon any Emergency of Life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all that Human Imagination can *Riſe* or *Fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the Peruſal of the Learned certain Diſcoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I ſhall only mention among a great many more; *My new Help of Smatterers*, or the *Art of being Deep-learned, and Shallow-read. A curious Invention about Mouſe-Traps. An Univerſal Rule of Reaſon, or Every Man his own Carver*; together with a moſt uſeful Engine for *catching of Owls*. All which the judi-

cious

cious Reader will find largely treated on, in the ſeveral Parts of this Diſcourſe.

I HOLD myſelf obliged to give as much Light as is poſſible, into the Beauties and Excellencies of what I am writing, becauſe it is become the Faſhion and Humour moſt applauded among the firſt Authors of this Polite and Learned Age, when they would correct the Ill-Nature of Critical, or inform the Ignorance of courteous Readers. Beſides there have been ſeveral famous Pieces lately publiſhed, both in Verſe and Proſe; wherein, if the Writers had not been pleaſed, out of their great Humanity and Affection to the Public, to give us a nice Detail of the *Sublime*, and the *Admirable* they contain; it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one Grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this Occaſion, had been more proper in a Preface, and more agreeable to the Mode, which uſually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable Privilege of being the *Laſt Writer*; I claim an abſolute Authority in Right, as the *freſheſt Modern*, which gives me a Deſpotic Power over all Authors before me. In the Strength of which Title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious Cuſtom, of making the Preface a Bill of Fare to the Book. For I have always looked upon it as a high Point of Indiſcretion in *Monſter-mongers*, and other *Retailers of ſtrange Sights*; to hang out a fair large Picture over the Door, drawn after the Life, with a moſt eloquent Deſcription underneath: This hath ſaved me many a Three-pence; for my Curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending Orator, with his laſt *moving* and *ſtanding* Piece of Rhetoric;

Sir,

Sir, Upon my Word, we are juſt going to begin. Such is exactly the Fate, at this Time, of *Prefaces*, *Epiſtles*, *Advertiſements*, *Introductions*, *Prolegomena's*, *Apparatus's*, *To the Readers*. This Expedient was admirable at firſt; our Great *Dryden* has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible Succeſs. He hath often ſaid to me in Confidence, that the World would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a Poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his Prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo; however, I much fear, his Inſtructions have edified out of their Place, and taught Men to grow wiſer in certain Points, where he never intended they ſhould; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy Scorn many of the yawning Readers of our Age, do now a-days twirl over forty or fifty Pages of *Preface* and *Dedication* (which is the uſual *Modern* Stint) as if it were ſo much *Latin*. Though it muſt be alſo allowed on the other Hand, that a very conſiderable Number is known to proceed *Critics* and *Wits*, by reading nothing elſe. Into which two Factions, I think, all preſent Readers may juſtly be divided. Now, for myſelf, I profeſs to be of the former Sort; and therefore having the *Modern* Inclination to expatiate upon the Beauty of my own Productions, and diſplay the bright Parts of my Diſcourſe, I thought beſt to do it in the Body of the Work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable Addition to the Bulk of the Volume, *a Circumſtance by no Means to be neglected by a ſkilful Writer.*

HAVING thus paid my due Deference and Acknowledgment to an eſtabliſhed Cuſtom of our neweſt Authors, by *a long Digreſſion unſought for*, and *an univerſal Cenſure unprovoked*; by forcing into the Light, with

with much Pains and Dexterity, my own Excellencies, and other Men's Defaults, with great Juſtice to myſelf, and Candour to them; I now happily reſume my Subject, to the infinite Satisfaction, both of the Reader and the Author.

SECTION VI.

A TALE *of a* TUB.

WE left *Lord Peter* in open Rupture with his two Brethren; both for ever diſcarded from his Houſe, and reſigned to the wide World, with little or nothing to truſt to. Which are Circumſtances that render them proper Subjects for the Charity of a Writer's Pen to work on; Scenes of Miſery, ever affording the faireſt Harveſt for great Adventures. And in this, the World may perceive the Difference between the Integrity of a generous Author, and that of a common Friend. The latter is obſerved to adhere cloſe in Proſperity, but on the Decline of Fortune, to drop ſuddenly off. Whereas, the generous Author, juſt on the contrary, finds his Hero on the Dunghil, from thence, by gradual Steps, raiſes him to a Throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not ſo much as Thanks for his Pains: In Imitation of which Example, I have placed *Lord Peter* in a Noble Houſe, given him a Title to wear, and Money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave him for ſome Time; returning where common Charity directs me, to the Aſſiſtance of his two Brothers, at their loweſt Ebb. However, I ſhall by no Means forget my Character

of

of an Hiſtorian, to follow the Truth, Step by Step, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

THE two Exiles, ſo nearly united in Fortune and Intereſt, took a Lodging together; where, at their firſt Leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs Misfortunes and Vexations of their Life paſt, and could not tell, on the ſudden, to what Failure in their Conduct they ought to impute them; when, after ſome Recollection, they called to Mind the Copy of their Father's *Will*, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm Reſolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future Meaſures to the ſtricteſt Obedience preſcribed therein. The main Body of the *Will* (as the Reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable Rules about the wearing of their Coats; in the Peruſal whereof, the two Brothers at every Period, duly comparing the Doctrine with the Practice, there was never ſeen a wider Difference between two Things: horrible, downright Tranſgreſſions of every Point. Upon which, they both reſolved, without further Delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the Whole, exactly after their Father's Model.

BUT, here it is good to ſtop the haſty Reader, ever impatient to ſee the End of an Adventure, before we Writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that theſe two Brothers began to be diſtinguiſhed at this Time, by certain Names. One of them deſired to be called * *MARTIN*, and the other took the Appellation of † *JACK*. Theſe two had lived in

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* *Martin Luther.*
† *John Calvin.*

much

much Friendſhip and Agreement, under the Tyranny of their Brother *Peter*, as it is the Talent of Fellow-Sufferers to do; Men in Misfortune, being like Men in the Dark, to whom all Colours are the ſame: But when they came forward into the World, and began to diſplay themſelves to each other, and to the Light, their Complexions appeared extremely different; which the preſent Poſture of their Affairs, gave them ſudden Opportunity to diſcover.

BUT, here the ſevere Reader may juſtly tax me as a Writer of ſhort Memory, a Deficiency to which a true *Modern* cannot but, of Neceſſity, be a little ſubject. Becauſe, *Memory* being an Employment of the Mind upon Things paſt, is a Faculty, for which the Learned in our Illuſtrious Age have no Manner of Occaſion, who deal intirely with *Invention*, and ſtrike all Things out of themſelves, or, at leaſt, by Colliſion, from each other: Upon which Account, we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great Forgetfulneſs, as an Argument unanſwerable for our great Wit. I ought, in Method, to have informed the Reader, about fifty Pages ago, of a Fancy *Lord Peter* took, and infuſed into his Brothers, to wear on their Coats whatever Trimmings came up in Faſhion; never pulling off any as they went out of the Mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted, in Time, to a Medley, the moſt Antic you can poſſibly conceive; and this to a Degree, that upon the Time of their falling out, there was hardly a Thread of the Original Coat to be ſeen: But an infinite Quantity of *Lace*, and *Ribbands*, and *Fringe*, and *Embroidery*, and *Points*; (I mean, only thoſe * *tagged with Silver*, for the reſt

* *Points tagged with Silver, are thoſe Doctrines that promote the Greatneſs and Wealth of the Church, which have been therefore woven deepeſt in the Body of Popery.*

fell

fell off.) Now this material Circumſtance having been forgot in due Place, as good Fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two Brothers are juſt going to reform their Veſtures into the primitive State, preſcribed by their Father's *Will*.

THEY both unanimouſly entered upon this great Work, looking ſometimes on their Coats, and ſometimes on the *Will*. *Martin* laid the firſt Hand, at one Twitch brought off a large Handful of *Points*; and, with a ſecond Pull, ſtripped away ten Dozen Yards of *Fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while: He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the firſt Heat being over, his Violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the Work; having already narrowly eſcaped a ſwinging Rent in pulling off the *Points*, which, being *tagged with Silver* (as we have obſerved before) the judicious Workman had, with much Sagacity, double ſown, to preſerve them from *falling*. Reſolving therefore to rid his Coat of a huge Quantity of *Gold-Lace*, he picked up the Stitches with much Caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe Threads as he went, which proved to be a Work of Time. Then he fell about the embroidered *Indian* Figures of Men, Women, and Children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due Place, their Father's Teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: Theſe, with much Dexterity and Application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the Embroidery to be worked ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the Cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthen any Flaw in the Body of the Coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of Workmen upon it; he concluded, the wiſeſt Courſe was to

let

let it remain, resolving in no Case whatsoever, that the Substance of the Stuff should suffer Injury; which he thought the best Method for serving the true Intent and Meaning of his Father's *Will*. And this is the nearest Account I have been able to collect, of *Martin*'s Proceedings upon this great Revolution.

But his Brother *Jack*, whose Adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great Part in the Remainder of this Discourse; entered upon the Matter with other Thoughts, and a quite different Spirit. For the Memory of *Lord Peter*'s Injuries produced a Degree of Hatred and Spight, which had a much greater Share of inciting him, than any Regards after his Father's Commands, since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this Medley of Humour, he made a Shift to find a very plausible Name, honouring it with the Title of *Zeal*; which is, perhaps, the most significant Word that hath been ever yet produced in any Language; as, I think, I have fully proved, in my excellent *Analytical* Discourse upon that Subject; wherein, I have deduced a *Histori-theo-physi-logical* Account of *Zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *Notion* into a *Word*, and from thence, in a hot Summer, ripened into a *tangible Substance*. This Work, containing three large Volumes in Folio, I design very shortly to publish, by the *Modern* Way of *Subscription*, not doubting, but the Nobility and Gentry of the Land will give me all possible Encouragement; having had already such a Taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that Brother *Jack*, Brim-full of this miraculous Compound, reflecting with Indignation upon *Peter*'s Tyranny, and farther provoked by the Despondency of *Martin*; prefaced his Resolutions to this Purpose. *What*, said he, *A Rogue that locked up*

his Drink, turned away our Wives, cheated us of our Fortunes; paumed his damned Cruſts upon us for Mutton; and, at laſt, kicked us out of Doors; muſt we be in his Faſhions, with a Pox! a Raſcal, beſides, that all the Street cries out againſt. Having thus kindled and inflamed himſelf, as high as poſſible, and by Conſequence in a delicate Temper for beginning a Reformation, he ſet about the Work immediately, and, in three Minutes, made more Diſpatch than *Martin* had done in as many Hours. For (courteous Reader) you are given to underſtand, that *Zeal* is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a *Tearing*; and *Jack*, who doated on that Quality in himſelf, allowed it at this Time its full Swinge. Thus it happened, that ſtripping down a Parcel of *Gold-Lace*, a little too haſtily, he rent the *main Body* of his *Coat* from Top to Bottom; and whereas his Talent was not of the happieſt in *taking up a Stitch*, he knew no better Way, than to dern it again with *Packthread* and a *Skewer*. But the Matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with Tears) when he proceeded to the *Embroidery*: For, being clumſy by Nature, and of Temper impatient; withal, beholding Millions of Stitches that required the niceſt Hand, and ſedateſt Conſtitution, to extricate; in a great Rage, he tore off the whole Piece, Cloth and all, and flung it into the Kennel, and furiouſly thus continued his Career; *Ah, Good Brother* Martin, ſaid he, *do as I do, for the Love of God; Strip, Tear, Pull, Rend, Flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the Rogue* Peter *as it is poſſible; I would not, for an hundred Pounds, carry the leaſt Mark about me, that might give Occaſion to the Neighbours, of ſuſpecting that I was related to ſuch a Raſcal.* But, *Martin*, who at this Time happened to be extremely flegmatic and ſedate, *begged his Brother, of all Love, not to damage his Coat by any Means; for he never would get ſuch another:*

nother: Desired him *to consider, that it was not their Business to form their Actions by any Reflection upon* Peter, *but by observing the Rules prescribed in their Father's* Will. *That he should remember,* Peter *was still their Brother, whatever Faults or Injuries he had committed; and therefore they should, by all Means, avoid such a Thought, as that of taking Measures for Good and Evil, from no other Rule than of Opposition to him.* That *it was true, the Testament of their good Father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their* Coats; *yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing Agreement, and Friendship, and Affection between them. And therefore, if straining a Point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the Advance of Unity, than Increase of Contradiction.*

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable Lecture of Morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my Reader's *Repose, both of Body and Mind* (the true ultimate End of *Ethics*;) but *Jack* was already gone a Flight-shot beyond his Patience. And, as in Scholastic Disputes, nothing serves to rouse the Spleen of him that *Opposes*, so much as a Kind of pedantic affected Calmness in the *Respondent*; Disputants being for the most Part like unequal Scales, where the *Gravity* of one Side advances the *Lightness* of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the Beam: So it happened here, that the *Weight* of *Martin*'s Argument exalted *Jack*'s *Levity*, and made him fly out and spurn against his Brother's Moderation. In short, *Martin*'s *Patience* put *Jack* in a *Rage*; but, that, which most afflicted him, was, to observe his Brother's Coat so well reduced into the State of Innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his Shirt; or those Places, which had escaped his cruel

Clutches, were ſtill in *Peter*'s Livery. So that he looked like a drunken *Beau*, half rifled with *Bullies*; or like a freſh Tenant of *Newgate*, when he has refuſed the Payment of *Garniſh*; or like a diſcovered *Shop-lifter*, left to the Mercy of *Exchange-Women*; or like a *Bawd* in her old Velvet Petticoat, reſigned into the ſecular Hands of the *Mobile*. Like any, or like all of theſe, a Medley of *Rags* and *Lace*, and *Rents*, and *Fringes*, unfortunate *Jack* did now appear: He would have been extremely glad to ſee his Coat in the Condition of *Martin*'s, but infinitely gladder to find that of *Martin*'s in the ſame Predicament with his. However, ſince neither of theſe was likely to come to paſs, he thought fit to lend the whole Buſineſs another Turn, and to dreſs up Neceſſity into a Virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *Fox*'s Arguments, as he could muſter up, for bringing *Martin* to *Reaſon*, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed Condition; and obſerving he ſaid all to little Purpoſe; what, alas! was left for the forlorn *Jack* to do, but after a Million of Scurrilities againſt his Brother, to run mad with Spleen, and Spight, and Contradiction. To be ſhort, here began a mortal Breach between theſe two. *Jack* went immediately to *New Lodgings*, and in a few Days, it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his Wits. In a ſhort Time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the Report, by falling into the oddeſt Whimſies that ever a ſick Brain conceived.

And now the little Boys in the Streets began to ſalute him with ſeveral Names. Sometimes they would call him * *Jack the Bald*; ſometimes, † *Jack with a*

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* *That is,* Calvin, *from* Calvus, *Bald.*

† *All thoſe who pretend to inward Light.*

Lanthorn;

Lanthorn; ſometimes, ‡ *Dutch Jack*; ſometimes, ‖ *French Hugh*; ſometimes, * *Tom the Beggar*; and ſometimes, † *Knocking Jack of the North*. And it was under one or ſome, or all of theſe Appellations (which I leave the learned Reader to determine) that he hath given Riſe to the moſt Illuſtrious and Epidemic Sect of *Æoliſts*, who, with honourable Commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the Renowned *JACK* for their Author and Founder. Of whoſe Original, as well as Principles, I am now advancing to gratify the World with a very particular Account.

——*Melleo contingens cuncta Lepore.*

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‡ Jack *of* Leyden, *who gave Riſe to the* Anabaptiſts.

‖ *The* Hugonots.

* *The* Gueuſes, *by which Name ſome Proteſtants in* Flanders *were called.*

† John Knox, *the Reformer of* Scotland.

SECT. VII.

A Digreſſion in Praiſe of Digreſſions.

I HAVE ſometimes *heard* of an *Iliad* in a *Nut-ſhell*; but it hath been my Fortune to have much oftener *ſeen* a *Nut-ſhell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt that Human Life has received moſt wonderful Advantages from both; but to which of the two the World is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the Curious, as a Problem worthy of their utmoſt Enquiry. For the Invention of the Latter, I think the

Commonwealth of Learning is chiefly obliged to the great *Modern* Improvement of *Digreſſions*: The late Refinements in Knowledge, running parallel to thoſe of Dyet in our Nation, which, among Men of a judicious Taſte, are dreſſed up in various Compounds, conſiſting in *Soups* and *Ollio's*, *Fricaſſees* and *Ragouſts*.

It is true, there is a Sort of moroſe, detracting, ill-bred People, who pretend utterly to diſreliſh theſe polite Innovations; and as to the Similitude from Dyet, they allow the Parallel, but are ſo bold to pronounce the Example itſelf, a Corruption and Degeneracy of Taſte. They tell us, that the Faſhion of jumbling fifty Things together in a Diſh, was at firſt introduced in Compliance to a depraved and *debauched Appetite*, as well as to a *crazy Conſtitution*: And to ſee a Man hunting through an *Ollio*, after the *Head* and *Brains* of a *Gooſe*, a *Wigeon*, or a *Woodcock*, is a Sign he wants a Stomach and Digeſtion for more ſubſtantial Victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *Digreſſions* in a Book are like *Foreign Troops* in a *State*, which argue the Nation to want a *Heart* and *Hands* of its own; and often, either *ſubdue* the *Natives*, or drive them into the moſt *unfruitful Corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious Cenſors; it is manifeſt, the Society of Writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable Number, if Men were put upon making Books, with the fatal Confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the Purpoſe. It is acknowledged, that were the Caſe the ſame among Us, as with the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when Learning was in its *Cradle*, to be reared and fed, and cloathed by *Invention*; it would be an eaſy Taſk to fill up Volumes upon particular Occaſions, without farther expatiating from the Subjects than by moderate Excurſions, helping to advance

or clear the main Design. But with *Knowledge*, it has fared as with a nnmerous Army, encamped in a fruitful Country; which for a few Days, maintains itself by the Product of the Soil it is on; till, Provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a Mile, among Friends or Enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring Fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no Sustenance but Clouds of Dust.

The whole Course of Things, being thus intirely changed between *Us* and the *Antients*; and the *Moderns* wisely sensible of it, we of this Age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent Method, to become *Scholars* and *Wits*, without the Fatigue of *Reading* or of *Thinking*. The most accomplished Way of using Books at present is two fold: Either first, to serve them as some Men do *Lords*, learn their *Titles* exactly, and then brag of their Acquaintance. Or Secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer Method, to get a thorough Insight into the *Index*, by which the whole Book is governed and turned, like *Fishes* by the *Tail*. For, to enter the Palace of Learning at the *great Gate*, requires an Expence of Time and Forms; therefore Men of much Haste and little Ceremony, are content to get in by the *Back-Door*. For, the Arts are all in a *flying* March, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the *Rear*. Thus Physicians discover the State of the whole Body, by consulting only what comes from *Behind*. Thus Men catch Knowledge by throwing their *Wit* on the *Posteriors* of a Book, as Boys do Sparrows with flinging *Salt* upon their *Tails*. Thus Human Life is best understood by the Wise Man's Rule of *Regarding the End*. Thus are the Sciences found like *Hercules*'s Oxen, by *tracing them Backwards*. Thus are *old Sciences* unravelled like *old Stockings*, by beginning at the *Foot*.

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BESIDES all this, the Army of the Sciences hath been of late, with a World of Martial Diſcipline, drawn into its *cloſe Order*, ſo that a View, or a Muſter, may be taken of it with Abundance of Expedition. For this great Bleſſing we are wholly indebted to *Syſtems* and *Abſtracts*, in which the *Modern* Fathers of Learning, like prudent Uſurers, ſpent their Sweat for the Eaſe of us their Children. For *Labour* is the Seed of *Idleneſs*, and it is the peculiar Happineſs of our Noble Age to gather the *Fruit*.

NOW the Method of growing Wiſe, Learned, and *Sublime*, having become ſo regular an Affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its Forms; the Numbers of Writers muſt needs have increaſed accordingly, and to a Pitch that has made it of abſolute Neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other. Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not, at this preſent, a ſufficient Quantity of new Matter left in Nature, to furniſh and adorn any one particular Subject to the Extent of a Volume. This I am told by a very ſkilful *Computer*, who hath given a full Demonſtration of it from Rules of *Arithmetic*.

THIS, perhaps, may be objected againſt, by thoſe who maintain the Infinity of Matter, and, therefore, will not allow that any *Species* of it can be exhauſted. For Anſwer to which, let us examine the nobleſt Branch of *Modern* Wit or Invention, planted and cultivated by the preſent Age, and which, of all others, hath born the moſt, and the faireſt Fruit. For though ſome Remains of it were left us by the *Antients*, yet have not any of thoſe, as I remember, been tranſlated or compiled into Syſtems for *Modern* Uſe. Therefore We may affirm, to our own Honour, that it has, in ſome Sort, been both invented, and brought to a Perfection

by

by the ſame Hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated Talent among the *Modern* Wits, of deducing Similitudes, Alluſions, and Applications, very Surpriſing, Agreeable, and Appoſite, from the *Pudenda* of either Sex, together with *their proper Uſes*. And truly, having obſerved how little Invention bears any Vogue, beſides what is derived into theſe *Channels*, I have ſometimes had a Thought, that the happy Genius of our Age and Country, was propheticallly held forth by that antient * typical Deſcription of the *Indian* Pygmies; *whoſe Stature did not exceed above two Foot; ſed quorum pudenda craſſa, & ad talos uſque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late Productions, wherein the Beauties of this Kind have moſt prominently appeared. And although this *Vein* hath bled ſo freely, and all Endeavours have been uſed in the Power of Human Breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the *Scythians*, † *who had a Cuſtom, and an Inſtrument, to blow up the Privities of their Mares, that they might yield the more Milk:* Yet I am under an Apprehenſion, it is near growing dry, and paſt all Recovery; and that either ſome new *Fonde* of Wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe that we muſt even be content with Repetition here, as well as upon all other Occaſions.

THIS will ſtand as an unconteſtable Argument, that our *Modern* Wits are not to reckon upon the Infinity of Matter, for a conſtant Supply. What remains therefore, but that our laſt Recourſe muſt be had to large *Indexes*, and little *Compendiums*, *Quotations* muſt be plentifully gathered, and booked in Alphabet; to

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* *Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.*
† *Herodot.* L. 4.

this

this End, though Authors need be little conſulted, yet *Critics*, and *Commentators*, and *Lexicons* carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious Collectors of *bright Parts*, and *Flowers*, and *Obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on; by ſome called the *Sieves* and *Boulters* of Learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *Pearls* or Meal; and conſequently, whether we are more to value that which *paſſed through*, or what *ſtaid behind*.

By theſe Methods, in a few Weeks, there ſtarts up many a Writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt, and moſt univerſal Subjects. For, what though his *Head* be empty, provided his *Common-Place-Book* be full; and if you will bate him by the Circumſtances of *Method*, and *Stile*, and *Grammar*, and *Invention*; allow him but the common Privileges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee Occaſion; He will deſire no more Ingredients towards fitting up a Treatiſe, that ſhall make a very comely Figure on a Bookſeller's Shelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean, for a long Eternity, adorned with the Heraldry of its Title, fairly inſcribed on a Label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by Students, nor bound to everlaſting Chains of Darkneſs in a Library: But, when the Fulneſs of Time is come, ſhall happily undergo the Tryal of Purgatory, in order *to aſcend the Sky*.

Without theſe Allowances, how is it poſſible, we *Modern* Wits ſhould ever have an Opportunity to introduce our Collections, liſted under ſo many thouſand Heads of a different Nature? for want of which, the Learned World would be deprived of infinite Delight, as well as Inſtruction, and we ourſelves buried beyond Redreſs in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſhed Oblivion.

From

From ſuch Elements, as theſe, I am alive to behold the Day, wherein the Corporation of Authors can out-vie all its Brethren in the *Field*. A Happineſs derived to us with a great many others, from our *Scythian* Anceſtors; among whom, the Number of *Pens* was ſo infinite, that the * *Grecian* Eloquence had no other Way of expreſſing it, than by ſaying, *That in the Regions, far to the* North, *it was hardly poſſible for a Man to travel, the very Air was ſo replete with* Feathers.

The Neceſſity of this Digreſſion will eaſily excuſe the Length; and I have choſen for it as proper a Place as I could readily find. If the judicious Reader can aſſign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other Corner he pleaſes. And ſo I return with great Alacrity to purſue a more important Concern.

* *Herodot.* L. 4.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE of a TUB.

THE Learned † *Æoliſts* maintain the Original Cauſe of all Things to be *Wind*, from which Principle this whole Univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame Breath which had kindled, and

† *All Pretenders to Inſpiration whatſoever.*

blew

blew *up* the Flame of Nature, ſhould one Day blow *it out.*

Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans.

THIS is what the *Adepti* underſtand by their *Anima Mundi*; that is to ſay, the *Spirit*, or *Breath*, or *Wind* of the World; for examine the whole Syſtem by the Particulars of Nature, and you will find it not to be diſputed. For, whether you pleaſe to call the *Forma informans* of Man, by the Name of *Spiritus*, *Animus*, *Afflatus*, or *Anima*; What are all theſe but ſeveral Appellations for *Wind?* which is the ruling *Element* in every Compound, and into which they all reſolve upon their Corruption. Farther, what is Life itſelf, but, as it is commonly called, the *Breath* of our Noſtrils? Whence it is very juſtly obſerved by Naturaliſts, that *Wind* ſtill continues of great Emolument in *certain Myſteries* not to be named, giving Occaſion for thoſe happy Epithets of *Turgidus*, and *Inflatus*, apply'd either to the *Emittent*, or *Recipient* Organs.

BY what I have gathered out of antient Records, I find the *Compaſs* of their Doctrine took in two and thirty Points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their moſt important Precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following Maxim was of much Weight; That ſince *Wind* had the Maſter-ſhare, as well as Operation in every Compound, by conſequence, thoſe Beings muſt be of chief Excellence, wherein that *Primordium* appears moſt prominently to abound; and therefore, *Man* is in higheſt Perfection of all created Things, as having, by the great Bounty of Philoſophers, been endued with three diſtinct

tinct *Anima's* or *Winds* to which the Sage *Æoliſts* with much Liberality, have added a fourth of equal Neceſſity, as well as Ornament with the other three; by this *quartum Principium*, taking in our four Corners of the World; which gave Occaſion to that Renowned *Cabbaliſt*, † *Bumbaſtus*, of placing the Body of Man, in due Poſition to the four *Cardinal* Points.

In Conſequence of this, their next Principle was, that *Man* brings with him into the World a peculiar Portion or Grain of *Wind*, which may be called a *Quinta eſſentia*, extracted from the other four. This *Quinteſſence* is of a Catholic Uſe upon all Emergencies of Life, is improvable into all Arts and Sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain Methods in Education. This, when *blown* up to its Perfection, ought not to be covetouſly hoarded up, ſtifled, or hid under a Buſhel, but freely communicated to Mankind. Upon theſe Reaſons, and others of equal Weight, the Wiſe *Æoliſts* affirm the Gift of BELCHING, to be the nobleſt Act of a Rational Creature. To cultivate which Art, and render it more ſerviceable to Mankind, they made uſe of ſeveral Methods. At certain Seaſons of the Year, you might behold the Prieſts among them in vaſt Numbers, with their ‖ *Mouths gaping wide enough againſt a Storm*. At other Times were to be ſeen ſeveral Hundreds linked together in a circular Chain, with every Man a Pair of Bellows applied to his Neighbour's

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† *This is one of the Names of* Paracelſus; *He was called* Chriſtophorus, Theophraſtus, Paracelſus, Bumbaſtus.

‖ *This is meant of thoſe Seditious Preachers, who blow up the Seeds of Rebellion,* &c.

Breech, by which they blew up each other to the Shape and Size of a *Tun*; and for that Reaſon, with great Propriety of Speech, did uſually call the Bodies, their *Veſſels*. When, by theſe, and the like Performances, they were grown ſufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and diſembogue, for the Public Good, a plentiful Share of their Acquirements into their Diſciples Chaps. For we muſt here obſerve, that all Learning was eſteemed among them to be compounded from the ſame Principle. Becauſe, Firſt, it is generally affirmed, or confeſſed, that Learning *puffeth Men up*: And Secondly, they proved it by the following Syllogiſm; *Words are but Wind*; *and Learning is nothing but Words*; Ergo, *Learning is nothing but Wind.* For this Reaſon, the Philoſophers among them did, in their Schools, deliver to their Pupils all their Doctrines and Opinions by *Eructation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful Eloquence, and of incredible Variety. But the great Characteriſtic, by which their chief Sages were beſt diſtinguiſhed, was a certain Poſition of Countenance, which gave undoubted Intelligence to what Degree or Proportion the Spirit agitated the inward Maſs. For, after certain Gripings, the *Wind* and Vapours iſſuing forth; having firſt, by their Turbulence and Convulſions within, cauſed an Earthquake in Man's little World; diſtorted the Mouth, bloated the Cheeks, and gave the Eyes a terrible Kind of *Relievo*. At which Junctures, all their *Belches* were received for Sacred, the ſourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite Conſolation by their meager Devotees. And to render theſe yet more compleat, becauſe the Breath of Man's Life is in his Noſtrils, therefore, the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening *Belches* were very wiſely conveyed through that Vehicle, to give them a Tincture as they paſſed.

THEIR Gods were the four *Winds*, whom they worſhipped, as the Spirits that pervade and enliven the Univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all *Inſpiration* can properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the Chief of theſe, to whom they performed the Adoration of *Latria*, was the *Almighty-North*. An antient Deity, whom the Inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in *Greece* had likewiſe in the higheſt Reverence: * *Omnium Deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This God, though endued with Ubiquity, was yet ſuppoſed by the profounder *Æoliſts*, to poſſeſs one peculiar Habitation, or (to ſpeak in Form) a *Cælum Empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately preſent. This was ſituated in a certain Region, well known to the ancient *Greeks*, by them called, Σκολία, or the *Land of Darkneſs*. And although many Controverſies have ariſen upon that Matter; yet ſo much is undiſputed, that, from a Region of the *like Denomination*, the moſt refined *Æoliſts* have borrowed their Original; from whence in every Age, the Zealous, among their Prieſthood, have brought over their choiceſt *Inſpiration*, fetching it with their own Hand from the Fountain-head, in certain *Bladders*, and diſploding it among the Sectaries in all Nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily graſp and pant after it.

Now, their Myſteries and Rites were performed in this Manner. It is well known among the Learned, that the Virtuoſo's of former Ages had a Contrivance for carrying and preſerving *Winds* in Caſks or Barrels, which was of great Aſſiſtance upon long Sea Voyages; and the Loſs of ſo uſeful an Art, at preſent, is very much to be lamented, though I know

* *Pauſan.* L. 8.

not

not how, with great Negligence omitted by * *Panci-rollus*. It was an Invention aſcribed to *Æolus* himſelf, from whom this Sect is denominated, and who, in Honour of their Founder's Memory, have, to this Day, preſerved great Numbers of thoſe *Barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their Temples, firſt beating out the Top; into this *Barrel*, upon Solemn Days, the Prieſt enters; where, having before duly prepared himſelf by the Methods already deſcribed, a ſecret Funnel is alſo conveyed from his Poſteriors, to the Bottom of the Barrel, which admits new Supplies of Inſpiration from a *Northern* Chink or Crany. Whereupon, you behold him ſwell immediately to the Shape and Size of his *Veſſel*. In this Poſture he diſembogues whole Tempeſts upon his Auditory, as the Spirit from beneath gives him Utterance; which iſſuing *ex adytis*, and *penetralibus*, is not performed without much Pain and Gripings. And the *Wind*, in breaking forth, † deals with his Face, as it does with that of the Sea, firſt *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and, at laſt, *burſting it into a Foam*. It is in this Guiſe, the Sacred *Æoliſt* delivers his oracular *Belches* to his panting Diſciples; of whom, ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified Breath; others are all the while hymning out the Praiſes of the *Winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own Humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft Breezes of their Deities appeaſed.

It is from this Cuſtom of the Prieſts, that ſome Authors maintain theſe *Æoliſts* to have been very an-

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* *An Author who writ* De Artibus Perditis, &c. *of Arts loſt, and of Arts invented.*

† *This is an exact Deſcription of the Changes made in the Face by Enthuſiaſtic Preachers.*

tient

tient in the World. Becauſe the Delivery of their Myſteries, which I have juſt now mentioned, appears exactly the ſame with that of other antient Oracles, whoſe Inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous *Effluviums* of *Wind*, delivered with the ſame Pain to the Prieſt, and much about the *ſame* Influence on the People. It is true, indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed by *Female* Officers, whoſe Organs were underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the Admiſſion of thoſe Oracular *Guſts*, as entering and paſſing up through a Receptacle of greater Capacity, and cauſing alſo a Pruriency by the Way, ſuch as, with due Management, hath been refined from Carnal, into a Spiritual Extaſy. And, to ſtrengthen this profound Conjecture, it is farther inſiſted, that this Cuſtom of * *Female* Prieſts is kept up ſtill, in certain refined Colleges of our *Modern Æoliſts*, who are agreed to receive their Inſpiration, derived through the Receptacle aforeſaid, like their Anceſtors, the *Sibyls*.

And, whereas the Mind of Man, when he gives the Spur and Bridle to his Thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both Extreams of High and Low, of Good and Evil; his firſt Flight of Fancy commonly tranſports Him to Ideas of what is moſt perfect, finiſhed, and exalted; till having ſoared out of his own Reach and Sight, not well perceiving how near the Frontiers of Height and Depth border upon each other; with the ſame Courſe and Wing, he falls down plum into the loweſt Bottom of Things; like one who travels the *Eaſt* into the *Weſt*; or like a ſtrait Line drawn by its own Length into a Circle. Whether

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* *Quakers, who ſuffer their Women to Preach and Pray.*

a Tincture of Malice in our Natures, makes us fond of furniſhing every bright Idea with its Reverſe; or, whether Reaſon, reflecting upon the Sum of Things, can, like the Sun, ſerve only to enlighten one half of the Globe, leaving the other half, by Neceſſity, under Shade and Darkneſs; or, whether Fancy, flying up to the Imagination of what is Higheſt and Beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and ſpent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls, like a dead Bird of Paradiſe, to the Ground. Or, whether after all theſe *Metaphyſical* Conjectures, I have not intirely miſſed the true Reaſon; the Propoſition, however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much Circumſtance, is altogether true; that, as the moſt uncivilized Parts of Mankind, have ſome Way or other climbed up into the Conception of a *God*, or Supreme Power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their Fears with certain ghaſtly Notions, which, inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a *Devil*. And this Proceeding ſeems to be natural enough; for it is with Men, whoſe Imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame Rate, as with thoſe, whoſe Bodies are ſo; that, as they are delighted with the Advantage of a nearer Contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal Proſpect of the Precipice below. Thus, in the Choice of a *Devil*, it hath been the uſual Method of Mankind, to ſingle out ſome Being, either in Act, or in Viſion, which was in moſt Antipathy to the God they had framed. Thus alſo the Sect of *Æoliſts* poſſeſſed themſelves with a Dread, and Horror, and Hatred of two malignant Natures, betwixt whom, and the Deities they adored, perpetual Enmity was eſtabliſhed. The firſt of theſe, was the * *Camelion*, ſworn Foe to *Inſpiration*, who, in Scorn, de-

* *I do not well underſtand what the Author aims at here.*

devoured large Influences of their God, without refunding the ſmalleſt Blaſt by *Eructation*. The other was a huge terrible Monſter, called *Moulinavent*, who, with four ſtrong Arms, waged eternal Battle with all their Divinities, dexterouſly turning to avoid their Blows, and repay them with Intereſt.

THUS furniſhed, and ſet out with *Gods*, as well as *Devils*, was the renowned Sect of *Æoliſts*, which makes, at this Day, ſo illuſtrious a Figure in the World, and whereof, that polite Nation of *Laplanders* are, beyond all Doubt, a moſt authentic Branch; of whom, I therefore cannot, without Injuſtice, here omit to make honourable Mention; ſince they appear to be ſo cloſely allied in Point of Intereſt, as well as Inclinations, with their Brother *Æoliſts* among us, as not only to buy their *Winds* by Wholeſale from the *ſame* Merchants, but alſo to retail them after the *ſame* Rate and Method, and to Cuſtomers much alike.

NOW, whether the Syſtem, here delivered, was wholly compiled by *Jack*, or, as ſome Writers believe, rather copied from the Original at *Delphos*, with certain Additions and Emendations, ſuited to the Times and Circumſtances, I ſhall not abſolutely determine. This I may affirm, that *Jack* gave it, at leaſt, a new Turn, and formed it into the ſame Dreſs and Model, as it lies deduced by me.

I HAVE long ſought after this Opportunity, of doing Juſtice to a Society of Men, for whom I have a peculiar Honour, and whoſe Opinions, as well as Practices,

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here, any more than by the terrible Monſter, mentioned in the following Lines, called Moulinavent, *which is the* French *Word for a Windmill.*

have been extremely miſrepreſented, and traduced, by the Malice or Ignorance of their Adverſaries. For, I think it one of the greateſt, and beſt of human Actions, to remove Prejudices, and place Things in their trueſt and faireſt Light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any Regards of my own, beſide the Conſcience, the Honour, and the Things.

SECT. IX.

A Digreſſion concerning the Original, the Uſe and Improvement of Madneſs *in a Commonwealth.*

NOR ſhall it any Ways detract from the juſt Reputation of this famous Sect, that its Riſe and Inſtitution are owing to ſuch an Author, as I have deſcribed *Jack* to be; a Perſon whoſe Intellectuals were over-turned, and his Brain ſhaken out of its natural Poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a Diſtemper, and call by the Name of *Madneſs* or *Phrenzy*. For, if we take a Survey of the greateſt Actions that have been performed in the World, under the Influence of ſingle Men; which are, *The Eſtabliſhment of New Empires by Conqueſt*; *the Advance and Progreſs of New Schemes in Philoſophy*; *and the Contriving, as well as the Propagating of New Religions*: We ſhall find the Authors of them all, to have been Perſons, whoſe natural Reaſon hath admitted great Revolutions from their Diet, their Education, the Prevalency of ſome certain Temper, together with the particular Influence of Air and Climate. Beſides, there is ſomething individual in human Minds, that eaſily kindles at

at the accidental Approach and Colliſion of certain Circumſtances, which, though of paultry and mean Appearance, do often flame out into the greateſt Emergencies of Life. For great Turns are not always given by ſtrong Hands, but by lucky Adaption, and at proper Seaſons; and it is of no Import, where the Fire was kindled, if the Vapour has once got up into the Brain. For the *upper Region* of Man, is furniſhed like the *middle Region* of the Air: The Materials are formed from Cauſes of the wideſt Difference, yet produce at laſt the ſame Subſtance and Effect. Miſts ariſe from the Earth, Steams from Dunghils, Exhalations from the Sea, and Smoke from Fire; yet all Clouds are the ſame in Compoſition, as well as Conſequences; and the Fumes, iſſuing from a Jakes, will furniſh as comely and uſeful a Vapour, as Incenſe from an Altar. Thus far, I ſuppoſe, will eaſily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the Face of Nature never produces Rain, but when it is over-caſt and diſturbed, ſo human Underſtanding, ſeated in the Brain, muſt be troubled and overſpread by Vapours, aſcending from the lower Faculties, to water the Invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although theſe Vapours (as it hath been already ſaid) are of as various Original, as thoſe of the Skies; yet the Crop they produce, differ both in Kind and Degree, meerly according to the Soil. I will produce two Inſtances, to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

* A CERTAIN Great Prince raiſed a mighty Army, filled his Coffers with infinite Treaſures, provided an invincible Fleet, and all this, without giving the leaſt Part of his Deſign to his greateſt Miniſters, or his neareſt Favourites. Immediately the whole World

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* *This was* Harry the Great *of* France.

was alarmed; the neighbouring Crowns, in trembling Expectations, towards what Point the Storm would burſt; the ſmall Politicians, every where forming profound Conjectures. Some believed he had laid a Scheme for Univerſal Monarchy: Others, after much Inſight, determined the Matter to be a Project for pulling down the *Pope*, and ſetting up the *Reformed* Religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper Sagacity, ſent him into *Aſia* to ſubdue the *Turk*, and recover *Paleſtine*. In the midſt of all theſe Projects and Preparations, a certain * *State-Surgeon*, gathering the Nature of the Diſeaſe by theſe Symptoms, attempted the Cure, at one Blow performed the Operation, broke the Bag, and out flew the *Vapour*; nor did any Thing want to render it a compleat Remedy; only, that the Prince unfortunately happened to die in the Performance. Now, is the Reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *Vapour* took its Riſe, which had ſo long ſet the Nations at a Gaze! What ſecret Wheel, what hidden Spring could put into Motion ſo wonderful an Engine: It was afterwards diſcovered, that the Movement of this whole Machine had been directed by an abſent *Female*, whoſe Eyes had raiſed a Protuberancy, and, before Emiſſion, ſhe was removed into an Enemy's Country. What ſhould an unhappy Prince do in ſuch tickliſh Circumſtances as theſe? He tried in vain the Poet's never-failing Receipt of *Corpora quæque*; For,

> *Idque petit corpus mens unde eſt ſaucia amore;*
> *Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitque coire.* Lucr.

HAVING to no Purpoſe uſed all peaceable Endea-

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* Ravillac, *who ſtabbed* Henry the Great *in his Coach.*

vours, the collected Part of the *Semen*, raiſed and inflamed, became aduſt, converted to Choler, turned head upon the ſpinal Duct, and aſcended to the Brain: The very ſame Principle that influences a *Bully* to break the Windows of a Whore, who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a great Prince to raiſe mighty Armies, and dream of nothing but Sieges, Battles, and Victories.

——— *Teterrima Belli*
Cauſa ———

THE other * Inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere, in a very antient Author, of a mighty King, who, for the Space of above thirty Years, amuſed himſelf to take, and loſe Towns; beat Armies, and be beaten; drive Princes out of their Dominions; fright Children from their Bread and Butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre Subject and Stranger, Friend and Foe, Male and Female. It is recorded, that the Philoſophers of each Country were in grave Diſpute, upon Cauſes Natural, Moral, and Political, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original Solution of this *Phænomenon*. At laſt, the *Vapour* or *Spirit*, which animated the Hero's Brain, being in perpetual Circulation, ſeized upon that Region of Human Body, ſo renowned for furniſhing the † *Zibot Occidentalis*, and, gathering there into a Tumor, left the reſt of the World for that Time in Peace. Of ſuch migh-

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* *This is meant of the preſent* French *King.*

† Paracelſus, *who was ſo famous for Chymiſtry, tried an Experiment upon human Excrement, to make a Perfume of it; which, when he had brought to Perfection, he called* Zibeta Occidentalis, *or* Weſtern Civet, *the back Parts of Man (according to his Diviſion mentioned by the Author,* Page 103.) *being the* Weſt.

ty Conſequence it is, where thoſe Exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame Spirits, which, in their ſuperior Progreſs, would conquer a Kingdom, deſcending upon the *Anus*, conclude in a *Fiſtula*.

Let us next examine the great Introducers of new Schemes in Philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find, from what Faculty of the Soul the Diſpoſition ariſes in mortal Man, of taking it into his Head, to advance new Syſtems with ſuch an eager Zeal, in Things agreed on all Hands impoſſible to be known: From what Seeds this Diſpoſition ſprings, and to what Quality of human Nature theſe grand Innovators have been indebted for their Number of Diſciples. Becauſe it is plain, that ſeveral of the Chief among them, both *Antient* and *Modern*, were uſually miſtaken by their Adverſaries, and, indeed, by all, except their own Followers, to have been Perſons crazed, or out of their Wits, having generally proceeded in the common Courſe of their Words and Actions, by a Method very different from the vulgar Dictates of *unrefined* Reaſon; agreeing for the moſt Part in their ſeveral Models, with their preſent undoubted Succeſſors in the *Academy* of *Modern Bedlam* (whoſe Merits and Principles I ſhall farther examine in due Place.) Of this Kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelſus*, *Des Cartes*, and others; who, if they were now in the World, tied faſt, and ſeparate from their Followers, would, in this our undiſtinguiſhing Age, incur manifeſt Danger of *Phlebotomy*, and *Whips*, and *Chains*, and *dark Chambers*, and *Straw*. For, what Man in the natural State, or Courſe of Thinking, did ever conceive it in his Power, to reduce the Notions of all Mankind, exactly to the ſame Length, and Breadth, and Height of his own? Yet this is the firſt humble and civil Deſign of all Innova-

tors

tors in the Empire of Reaſon. *Epicurus* modeſtly hoped, that one Time or other, a certain fortuitous Concourſe of all Men's Opinions, after perpetual Juſtlings, the ſharp with the ſmooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the ſquare, would, by certain *Clinamina*, unite in the Notions of *Atoms* and *Void*, as theſe did in the Originals of all Things. *Carteſius* reckoned to ſee, before he died, the Sentiments of all Philoſophers, like ſo many leſſer Stars in his *Romantic* Syſtem, wrapped and drawn within his own *Vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to account for ſuch Imaginations as theſe in particular Men, without Recourſe to my *Phænomenon* of *Vapours*, aſcending from the lower Faculties to over-ſhadow the Brain, and their diſtilling into Conceptions, for which the Narrowneſs of our Mother-Tongue has not yet aſſigned any other Name, beſides that of *Madneſs* or *Phrenzy*. Let us, therefore, now conjecture, how it comes to paſs, that none of theſe great Preſcribers, do ever fail providing themſelves and their Notions, with a Number of implicite Diſciples. And, I think, the Reaſon is eaſy to be aſſigned: For, there is a pecular *String* in the Harmony of Human Underſtanding, which, in ſeveral Individuals, is exactly of the ſame Tuning. This, if you can dexterouſly ſcrew up to its right Key, and then ſtrike gently upon it; whenever you have the good Fortune to light among thoſe of the ſame Pitch, they will, by a ſecret neceſſary Sympathy, ſtrike exactly at the ſame Time. And, in this one Circumſtance, lies all the Skill or Luck of the Matter; for if you chance to jar the String among thoſe who are either above or below your own Height, inſtead of ſubſcribing to your Doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you mad, and feed you with Bread and Water. It is, therefore, a Point of the niceſt Conduct, to diſtinguiſh and adapt this noble Talent, with reſpect to the Differences of

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Perſons and of Times. *Cicero* underſtood this very well, when writing to a Friend in *England*, with a Caution, among other Matters, to beware of being cheated by our *Hackney Coachmen* (who, it ſeems, in thoſe Days, were as errant Raſcals as they are now) has theſe remarkable Words: * *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere.* For, to ſpeak a bold Truth, it is a fatal Miſcarriage, ſo ill to order Affairs, as to paſs for a *Fool* in one Company, when in another you might be treated as a *Philoſopher*. Which I deſire *ſome certain Gentlemen of my Acquaintance*, to lay up in their Hearts, as a very ſeaſonable *Innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal Miſtake of that worthy Gentleman, my moſt ingenious Friend, Mr. *W-tt-n*: A Perſon, in Appearance, ordained for great Deſigns, as well as Performances; whether you will conſider his *Nations* or his *Looks*. Surely no Man ever advanced into the Public, with fitter Qualifications of the Body and Mind, for the Propagation of a new Religion. Oh, had thoſe happy Talents, miſapplied to vain Philoſophy, been turned into their proper Channels of *Dreams* and *Viſions*, where *Diſtortion* of Mind and Countenance, are of ſuch ſovereign Uſe; the baſe detracting World would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his Brain hath undergone an unlucky Shake; which even his Brother *Moderniſts* themſelves, like Ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very Garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, Whoſoever pleaſes to look into the Fountains of *Enthuſiaſm*, from whence, in all Ages, have eternally proceeded ſuch fattening Streams, will find the Spring Head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the Current: Of ſuch great Emolument, is a Tincture

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* *Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebatio.*

of

of this *Vapour*, which the World calls *Madneſs*, that, without its Help, the World would not only be deprived of thoſe two great Bleſſings, *Conqueſts* and *Syſtems*, but even all Mankind would happily be reduced to the ſame Belief in Things inviſible. Now, the former *Poſtulatum* being held, that it is of no Import from what Originals this *Vapour* proceeds, but either in what *Angles* it ſtrikes and ſpreads over the Underſtanding, or upon what *Species* of Brain it aſcends; it will be a very delicate Point, to cut the Feather, and divide the ſeveral Reaſons to a nice and curious Reader. How this numerical Difference in the Brain, can produce Effects of ſo vaſt a Difference from the ſame *Vapour*, as to be the ſole Point of Inviduation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and Monſieur *Des Cartes*. The preſent Argument is the moſt abſtracted that ever I engaged in, it ſtrains my Faculties to their higheſt Stretch: And I deſire the Reader to attend with utmoſt Perpenſity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty Point.

† THERE is in Mankind, a certain * * *

intricate Difficulty, the Reader will, I am ſure, agree with me in the Concluſion; that if the *Moderns* mean by *Madneſs*, only a Diſturbance or Tranſpoſition of the Brain, by Force of certain *Vapours* iſſuing up from the lower Faculties: Than has this *Madneſs* been the Parent of all thoſe mighty Revolutions, that have happened in *Empire*, in *Philoſophy*, and in *Religion*. For, the Brain, in its natural Poſition and State of Serenity, diſpoſed its Owner to paſs his Life in the common Forms, without any Thoughts of ſubduing Multitudes to his own *Power*, his *Reaſons* or his *Viſions*; and the more he ſhapes his Underſtanding by the Pattern of human Learning, the leſs he is inclined to form Parties after his particular Notions; becauſe that inſtructs him in his private Infirmities, as well as in the ſtubborn Ignorance of the People. But when a Man's Fancy gets *aſtride* on his Reaſon, when Imagination is at Cuffs with his Senſes, and common Underſtanding, as well as common Senſe, is kicked out of Doors; the firſt Proſelyte he makes, is Himſelf; and when that is once compaſſed, the Difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; a ſtrong Deluſion always operating from *without*, as vigorouſly as from *within*. For Cant and Viſion are, to the Ear and the Eye, the ſame that Tickling is to the Touch. Thoſe Entertainments and Pleaſures we moſt value in Life, are ſuch as *Dupe* and play the Wag with the Senſes. For, if we take an Examination of what is generally underſtood by *Happineſs*, as it has Reſpect, either to the Underſtanding or the Senſes, we ſhall find all its Properties and Adjuncts will herd under this ſhort Definition: That, *it is a perpetual Poſſeſſion of being well deceived*. And firſt, with relation to the Mind or Underſtanding; it is manifeſt, what mighty Advantages Fiction has over *Truth*; and the Reaſon is juſt at our Elbow, becauſe Imagination can build nobler Scenes, and produce more wonderful

derful Revolutions than Fortune or Nature will be at Expence to furniſh. Nor is Mankind ſo much to blame in his Choice, thus determining him, if we conſider that the Debate merely lies between *Things paſt*, and *Things conceived*: And ſo the Queſtion is only this; Whether Things that have Place in the *Imagination*, may not as properly be ſaid to *Exiſt*, as thoſe that are ſeated in the *Memory*; which may be juſtly held in the Affirmative, and very much to the Advantage of the former, ſince this is acknowledged to be the *Womb* of Things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *Grave*. Again, if we take this Definition of Happineſs, and examine it with Reference to the Senſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all Objects accoſt us, that are not conveyed in the Vehicle of *Deluſion?* How ſhrunk is every Thing, as it appears in the Glaſs of Nature! So that if it were not for the Aſſiſtance of artificial *Mediums*, falſe Lights, refracted Angles, Varniſh, and Tinſel; there would be a mighty Level in the Felicity and Enjoyments of mortal Men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the World, as I have a certain Reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will, Men would no longer reckon, among their high Points of Wiſdom, the Art of expoſing weak Sides, and publiſhing Infirmities; and an Employment, in my Opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of *Unmaſking*, which, I think, has never been allowed fair Uſage, either in the *World*, or the *Play Houſe*.

In the Proportion that Credulity is a more peaceful Poſſeſſion of the Mind, than Curioſity; ſo far preferable is that Wiſdom, which converſes about the Surface, to that pretended Philoſophy which enters into the Depth of Things, and then comes gravely back with Information and Diſcoveries, that in the Inſide they are good for nothing. The two Senſes, to which

which all Objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the Sight and the Touch; theſe never examine farther than the Colour, the Shape, the Size, and whatever other Qualities dwell, or are drawn by Art upon the Outward of Bodies; and then comes Reaſon officiouſly, with Tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame Conſiſtence quite through. Now I take all this to be the laſt Degree of perverting Nature; one of whoſe Eternal Laws it is, to put her beſt Furniture forward. And therefore, in order to ſave the Charges of all ſuch expenſive Anatomy for the Time to come; I do here think fit to inform the Reader, that in ſuch Concluſions as theſe, Reaſon is certainly in the right; and that in moſt Corporeal Beings, which have fallen under my Cognizance, the *Outſide* hath been infinitely preferable to the *In*: Whereof I have been farther convinced from ſome late Experiments. Laſt Week I ſaw a Woman *flayed*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her Perſon for the worſe. Yeſterday I ordered the Carcaſe of a *Beau* to be ſtripped in my Preſence; when we were all amazed to find ſo many unſuſpected Faults under one Suit of Cloaths. Then I laid open his *Brain*, his *Heart*, and his *Spleen*: But I plainly perceived at every Operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the Defects increaſe upon us in Number and Bulk: From all which, I juſtly formed this Concluſion to myſelf; That whatever Philoſopher or Projector can find out an Art to ſodder and patch up the Flaws and Imperfections of Nature, will deſerve much better of Mankind, and teach us a more uſeful Science, than that ſo much in preſent Eſteem, of widening and expoſing them, (like him who held *Anatomy* to be the ultimate End of *Phyſic.*) And he, whoſe Fortunes and Diſpoſitions have placed him in a convenient Station to enjoy the

Fruits

Fruits of this noble Art; he that can with *Epicurus* content his Ideas with the *Films* and *Images* that fly off upon his Senſes from the *Superficies* of Things; ſuch a Man, truly wiſe, creams off Nature, leaving the Sour and the Dregs, for Philoſophy and Reaſon to lay up. This is the Sublime and refined Point of Felicity, called, the *Poſſeſſion of being well Deceived*; the Serene Peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves.

But to return to *Madneſs*. It is certain, that according to the Syſtem I have above deduced; every *Species* thereof proceeds from a Redundancy of *Vapours*; therefore, as ſome Kinds of *Phrenzy* give double Strength to the Sinews, ſo there are of other *Species*, which add Vigour, and Life, and Spirit to the Brain: Now, it uſually happens, that theſe active Spirits, getting Poſſeſſion of the Brain, reſemble thoſe that haunt other waſte and empty Dwellings, which, for want of Buſineſs, either vaniſh, and carry away a Piece of the Houſe, or elſe ſtay at home and fling it all out of the Windows. By which are myſtically diſplayed the two principal Branches of *Madneſs*, and which ſome Philoſophers not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſtook to be different in their Cauſes, overhaſtily aſſigning the firſt to Deficiency, and the other to Redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main Point of Skill and Addreſs, is to furniſh Employment for this Redundancy of *Vapour*, and prudently to adjuſt the Seaſon of it; by which means it may certainly become of Cardinal and Catholic Emolument in a Commonwealth. Thus one Man chuſing a proper Juncture, leaps into a Gulph, from whence proceeds a Hero, and is called the Saviour of his Country; another atchieves the ſame Enterprize, but, unluckily timing it, has left the Brand

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of *Madneſs*, fixed as a Reproach upon his Memory; upon ſo nice a Diſtinction are we taught to repeat the Name of *Curtius* with Reverence and Love; that of *Empedocles*, with Hatred and Contempt. Thus, alſo it is uſually conceived, that the elder *Brutus* only perſonated the *Fool* and *Mad-man* for the Good of the Public, but this was nothing elſe, than a Redundancy of the ſame *Vapour*, long miſapplied, called by the *Latins*, * *Ingenium par negotiis:* Or, (to tranſlate it as nearly as I can) a Sort of *Phrenzy*, never in its right Elements, till you take it up in the Buſineſs of the State.

Upon all which, and many other Reaſons of equal Weight, though not equally curious; I do here gladly embrace an Opportunity I have long ſought for, of recommending it as a very noble Undertaking, to Sir *E——d S———r*, Sir *C——r M———ve*, Sir *J———n B———ls*, *J———n H———w*, Eſq; and other Patriots concerned, that they would move for Leave to bring in a Bill, for appointing Commiſſioners to inſpect into *Bedlam*, and the Parts adjacent; who ſhall be impowered to *ſend for Perſons, Papers, and Records*; to examine into the Merits and Qualifications of every Student and Profeſſor; to obſerve with utmoſt Exactneſs their ſeveral Diſpoſitions and Behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their Talents, they might produce admirable Inſtruments for the ſeveral Offices in a State, * * * * * * * * *Civil* and *Military*; proceeding in ſuch Methods as I ſhall here hnmbly propoſe. And, I hope the gentle Reader will give ſome Allowance to my great Solicitudes in this important Affair, upon Account of that high Eſteem I have borne that honourable Society, whereof I had ſome Time the Happineſs to be an unworthy Member.

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* *Tacit.*

Is any Student tearing his Straw in piece-meal, Swearing and Blaſpheming, biting his Grate, foaming at the Mouth, and emptying his Piſs-pot in the Spectator's Faces? Let the Right Worſhipful, the *Commiſſioners of Inſpection*, give him a Regiment of Dragoons, and ſend him into *Flanders* among the *reſt*. Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling in a Sound without Period or Article? What wonderful Talents are here miſlaid! Let him be furniſhed immediately with a green Bag and Papers, and * *three Pence* in his Pocket, and away with him to *Weſtminſter-Hall*. You will find a third, gravely taking the Dimenſions of his Kennel; a Perſon of Foreſight and Inſight, though kept quite in the Dark; for why, like *Moſes*, *Ecce* † *cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one Pace, intreats your Penny with due Gravity and Ceremony; talks much of hard Times, and Taxes, and the *Whore of Babylon*; Bars up the wooden Window of his Cell conſtantly at Eight a-clock: Dreams of *Fire*, and *Shop-lifters*, and *Court-Cuſtomers*, and *Privileged Places*. Now, what a Figure would all theſe Acquirements amount to, if the Owner were ſent into the *City* among his Brethren: Behold a Fourth, in much and deep Converſation with himſelf, biting his Thumbs at proper Junctures; his Countenance chequered with Buſineſs and Deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his Eyes nailed to a Paper that he holds in his Hands: A great Saver of Time, ſomewhat thick of Hearing, very ſhort of Sight, but more of Memory. A Man ever in haſte, a great Hatcher and Breeder of Buſineſs, and excellent at the famous Art of *whiſpering Nothing*. A huge

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* *A Lawyer's Coach-hire.*

† Cornutus, *is either Horned or Shining, and by this Term,* Moſes *is deſcribed in the vulgar* Latin *of the Bible.*

Idolater of Monoſyllables and Procraſtination; ſo ready to *give* his Word to every Body, that he never *keeps* it. One that has forgot the common *Meaning* of Words, but an admirable Retainer of the *Sound*. Extremely ſubject to the *Looſeneſs*, for his *Occaſions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his Grate in his familiar Intervals; *Sir*, ſays he, *Give me a Penny, and I'll ſing you a Song: But give me the Penny firſt*. (Hence comes the common Saying, and commoner Practice, of parting with Money for a *Song*.) What a compleat Syſtem of *Court Skill* is here deſcribed in every Branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong Application? Accoſt the Hole of another Kennel, firſt ſtopping your Noſe, you will behold a ſurly, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly Mortal, raking in his own Dung, and dabbling in his Urine. The beſt Part of his Diet, is the Reverſion of his own Ordure, which, expiring into Steams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt re-infunds. His Complexion is of a dirty Yellow, with a thin ſcattered Beard, exactly agreeable to that of his Diet, upon its firſt Declination; like other Inſects, who having their Birth and Education in an Excrement, from thence borrow their Colour and their Smell. The Student of this Apartment is very ſparing of his Words, but ſomewhat over-liberal of his Breath; he holds his Hand out ready to receive your Penny, and immediately, upon Receipt, withdraws to his former Occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the Society of *Warwick-lane* ſhould have no more Concern, for the Recovery of ſo uſeful a Member, who, if one may judge from theſe Appearances, would become the greateſt Ornament to that illuſtrious Body? Another Student ſtruts up fiercely to your Teeth, puffing with his Lips, half ſqueezing out his Eyes, and very graciouſly holds you out his Hand to kiſs. The *Keeper* deſires you

not

not to be afraid of this Profeſſor, for he will do you no hurt: To him alone is allowed the Liberty of the Anti-chamber, and the *Orator* of the Place gives you to underſtand, that this ſolemn Perſon is a *Taylor*, run mad with Pride. This conſiderable Student is adorned with many other Qualities, upon which at preſent, I ſhall not farther enlarge. - - - - - - - ‡ *Heark in your Ear* - - - - - - - I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if all his Addreſs, his Motions, and his Airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper Element.

I SHALL not deſcend ſo minutely, as to inſiſt upon the vaſt Number of *Beaux*, *Fidlers*, *Poets*, and *Politicians*, that the World might recover by ſuch a Reformation? But what is more material, beſides the clear Gain redounding to the Commonwealth, by ſo large an Acquiſition of Perſons to employ, whoſe Talents and Acquirements, if I may be ſo bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at leaſt miſapplied: It would be a mighty Advantage accruing to the Public from this Enquiry, that all theſe would very much excel, and arrive at great Perfection in their ſeveral Kinds; which, I think, is manifeſt, from what I have already ſhewn; and ſhall inforce by this one plain Inſtance; that even, I myſelf, the Author of theſe momentous Truths, am a Perſon, whoſe Imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his *Reaſon*, which I have obſerved from long Experience, to be a very light Rider, and eaſily ſhook off; upon which Account, my Friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn Promiſe, to vent my Speculations in this, or the like Manner,

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‡ *I cannot conjecture what the Author means here, or how this Chaſm could be filled, tho' it is capable of more than one Interpretation*

for the universal Benefit of Human Kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid Reader, brimful of that *Modern* Charity and Tenderneſs, uſually annexed to his *Office*, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A TALE of a TUB.

IT is an unanſwerable Argument of a very refined Age, the wonderful Civilities that have paſſed of late Years, between the Nation of *Authors*, and that of *Readers*. There can hardly * pop out a *Play*, a *Pamphlet*, or a *Poem*, without a Preface full of Acknowledgment to the World, for the general Reception and Applauſe they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due Deference to ſo laudable a Cuſtom, I do here return my humble Thanks to *His Majeſty*, and both Houſes of *Parliament*; To the *Lords* of the King's moſt honourable Privy-Council; To the Reverend the *Judges*; To the *Clergy*, and *Gentry*, and *Yeomanry* of this Land: But in a more eſpecial Manner, to my worthy Brethren and Friends at *Will*'s *Coffee-Houſe*, and *Greſham-College*, and *Warwick-Lane*, and *Moor-Fields*, and *Scotland-Yard*, and *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and *Guild-Hall*: In ſhort, to all Inhabitants and Retainers whatſoever, either in Court, or Church, or Camp, or City, or Country; for their generous and univerſal Acceptance of this divine Treatiſe. I

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* *This is literally true, as we may obſerve in the Prefaces to moſt Plays, Poems,* &c.

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accept their Approbation and good Opinion with extreme Gratitude, and, to the utmoſt of my poor Capacity, ſhall take hold of all Opportunities to return the Obligation.

I AM alſo happy, that Fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an Age for the mutual Felicity of *Bookſellers* and *Authors*, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this Day the two only ſatisfied Parties in *England*. Aſk an *Author* how his laſt Piece hath ſucceeded: *Why, truly, he thanks his Stars, the World has been very favourable, and he has not the leaſt Reaſon to complain: And yet, By G-d, He writ it in a Week at Bits and Starts, when he could ſteal an Hour from his urgent Affairs*; as it is a hundred to one, you may ſee farther in the Preface, to which he refers you; and for the reſt, to the Bookſeller. There you go as a Cuſtomer, and make the ſame Queſtion: *He bleſſes his God the* Thing *takes wonderfully, he is juſt Printing the Second Edition, and has but three left in his Shop.* You beat down the Price: *Sir, we ſhall not differ*; and, in hopes of your Cuſtom another Time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe; *and, pray ſend as many of your Acquaintance as you will, I ſhall upon your Account furniſh them all at the ſame Rate.*

Now, it is not well enough conſidered, to what Accidents and Occaſions the World is indebted for the greateſt Part of thoſe noble Writings; which hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a *rainy Day, a drunken Vigil, a Fit of the Spleen, a Courſe of Phyſic, a ſleepy Sunday, an ill Run at Dice, a long Taylor's Bill, a Beggar's Purſe, a factious Head, a hot Sun, coſtive Diet, Want of Books, and a juſt Contempt of Learning*: But for theſe Events, I ſay, and ſome others too long to recite (eſpecially *a prudent Neglect of taking Brimſtone inwardly*) I doubt, the Number

of *Authors*, and of *Writings*, would dwindle away to a Degree moſt woful to behold. To confirm this Opinion, hear the Words of the famous *Troglodyte* Philoſopher: *It is certain* (ſaid he) *ſome Grains of Folly are of Courſe annexed as Part of the Compoſition of Human Nature, only the Choice is left us, whether we pleaſe to wear them* Inlaid *or* Emboſſed: *And we need not go very far to ſeek how that is uſually determined, when we remember, it is with Human Faculties as with Liquors, the Lighteſt will be ever at the Top.*

THERE is in this famous Iſland of *Britain* a certain paultry *Scribler*, very voluminous, whoſe Character the Reader cannot wholly be a Stranger to. He deals in a pernicious Kind of Writings, called *Second Parts*, and uſually paſſes under the Name of *The Author of the Firſt*. I eaſily foreſee, that as ſoon as I lay down my Pen, this nimble *Operator* will have ſtole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. *Bl——re*, *L—ge*, and many others who ſhall here be nameleſs; I therefore fly for Juſtice and Relief, into the Hands of that great *Rectifier of Saddles*, and *Lover of Mankind*, Dr. *B—tley*, begging he will take this enormous Grievance into his moſt *Modern* Conſideration: And if it ſhould ſo happen, that the *Furniture of an Aſs*, in the Shape of a *Second Part*, muſt for my Sins be clapped by a Miſtake upon my Back, that he will immediately pleaſe, in the Preſence of the World, to lighten me of the Burthen, and take it home to *his own Houſe*, till the *true Beaſt* thinks fit to call for it.

IN the mean Time I do here give this public Notice, that my Reſolutions are, to circumſcribe within this Diſcourſe the whole Stock of Matter I have been ſo many Years providing. Since my *Vein* is once opened, I am content to exhauſt it all at a Running, for the peculiar Advantage of my dear Country, and for the

univerſal Benefit of Mankind. Therefore hoſpitably conſidering the Number of my Gueſts, they ſhall have my whole Entertainment at a Meal; and I ſcorn to ſet up the *Leavings* in the Cupboard. What the *Gueſts* cannot eat may be given to the *Poor*, and the ‖ *Dogs* under the Table may gnaw the *Bones*. This I underſtand for a more generous Proceeding, than to turn the Company's Stomach, by inviting them again To-morrow to a ſcurvy Meal of *Scraps*.

If the Reader fairly conſiders the Strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing Section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful Revolution in his Notions and Opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to reliſh the concluding Part of this miraculous Treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three Claſſes, the *Superficial*, the *Ignorant*, and the *Learned*: And I have with much Felicity fitted my Pen to the Genius and Advantage of each. The *Superficial* Reader will be ſtrangely provoked to *Laughter*; which clears the Breaſt and the Lungs, is ſovereign againſt the *Spleen*, and the moſt innocent of all *Diuretics*. The *Ignorant* Reader (between whom and the former, the Diſtinction is extremely nice) will find himſelf diſpoſed to *Stare*; which is an admirable Remedy for ill Eyes, ſerves to raiſe and enliven the Spirits, and wonderfully helps *Perſpiration*. But the Reader truly *Learned*, chiefly for whoſe Benefit I wake when others ſleep, and ſleep when others wake, will here find ſufficient Matter to employ his Speculations for the reſt of his Life. It were much to be wiſhed, and I do here humbly propoſe for an Experiment, that

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‖ *By Dogs, the Author means common injudicious Critics, as he explains it himſelf before in his* Digreſſion upon Critics *(Page* 63.*)*

every Prince in *Chriſtendom* will take ſeven of the *deepeſt Scholars* in his Dominions, and ſhut them up cloſe for *ſeven* Years, in *ſeven* Chambers, with a Command to write *ſeven* ample Commentaries on this comprehenſive Diſcourſe. I ſhall venture to affirm, that whatever Difference may be found in their ſeveral Conjectures, they will be all, without the leaſt Diſtortion, manifeſtly deducible from the Text. Mean Time, it is my earneſt Requeſt, that ſo uſeful an Undertaking may be entered upon (if their Majeſties pleaſe) with all convenient Speed; becauſe I have a ſtrong Inclination, before I leave the World, to taſte a Bleſſing, which we *myſterious* Writers can ſeldom reach, till we have got into our Graves. Whether it is, that *Fame* being a Fruit grafted on the Body, can hardly grow, and much leſs ripen, till the *Stock* is in the Earth: Or, whether ſhe be a Bird of Prey, and is lured among the reſt, to purſue after the Scent of a *Carcaſs*: Or, whether ſhe conceives, her Trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when ſhe ſtands on a *Tomb*, by the Advantage of a riſing Ground, and the Echo of a hollow Vault.

It is true, indeed, the Republic of *dark* Authors, after they once found out this excellent Expedient of *Dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the Variety, as well as Extent of their Reputation. For, *Night* being the univerſal Mother of Things, wiſe Philoſophers hold all Writings to be *fruitful* in the Proportion they are *dark*; and therefore, the * *true illuminated* (that is to ſay, the *Darkeſt* of all) have met with ſuch numberleſs Commentators, whoſe *Scholaſtic* Midwifery hath delivered them of Meanings, that the Authors themſelves, perhaps, never conceived, and yet may

* *A Name of the* Roſycrucians.

very

very juſtly be allowed the lawful Parents of them, † the Words of ſuch Writers being like Seed, which, however ſcattered at Random, when they light upon a fruitful Ground, will multiply far beyond either the Hopes or Imagination of the Sower.

And therefore in order to promote ſo uſeful a Work, I will here take Leave to glance *a* few *Innuendo*'s, that may be of great Aſſiſtance to thoſe ſublime Spirits, who ſhall be appointed to labour in a univerſal Comment upon this wonderful Diſcourſe. And Firſt, ‡ I have couched a very profound Myſtery in the Number of O's multiplied by *Seven*, and divided by *Nine*. Alſo, if a devout Brother of the *Roſy Croſs* will pray fervently for ſixty-three Mornings, with a lively Faith, and then tranſpoſe certain Letters and Syllables according to Preſcription, in the ſecond and fifth Section; they will certainly reveal into a full Receipt of the *Opus Magnum*. Laſtly, whoever will be at the Pains to cultivate the whole Number of each Letter in this Treatiſe, and ſum up the Difference exactly between the ſeveral Numbers, aſſigning the true natural Cauſe for every ſuch Difference; the Diſcoveries in the Product, will plentifully reward his Labour. But then he muſt beware of ‖ *Bythus* and *Sige*, and be ſure not to forget the Qualities of *Acamoth*; *A cujus lacrymis humecta prodit Subſtantia, a riſu lucida, a triſtitia*

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† *Nothing is more frequent, than for* Commentators *to force Interpretations, which the Author never meant.*

‡ *This is what the* Cabbaliſts *among the* Jews *have done with the* Bible, *and pretend to find wonderful Myſteries by it.*

‖ *I was told by an eminent Divine, whom I conſulted on this Point, that theſe two barbarous Words, with that of* Acamoth, *and its Qualities, as here ſet down, are*

triſtitia ſolida, & a timore mobilis; wherein * *Eugenius Philalethes* hath committed an unpardonable Miſtake.

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are quoted from Irenæus. *This he diſcovered by ſearching that antient Writer for another Quotation of our Author, which he has placed in the Title Page, and refers to the Book and Chapter; the Curious were very inquiſitive, whether thoſe barbarous Words,* Baſima Eaçabaſa, &c. *are really in* Irenæus, *and upon Enquiry, it was found they were a Sort of Cant or Jargon of certain Heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a Book as this of our Author.*

* Vid. *Anima magica abſcondita.*

To the abovementioned Treatiſe, called Anthropoſophia Theomagica, *there is another annexed, called* Anima Magica Abſcondita, *written by the ſame Author,* Vaughan, *under the Name of* Eugenius Philalethes, *but in neither of thoſe Treatiſes is there any Mention of* Acamoth, *or its Qualities, ſo that this is nothing but Amuſement, and a Ridicule of dark, unintelligible Writers; only the Words,* A cujus lacrymis, &c. *are, as we have ſaid, tranſcribed from* Irenæus, *though I know not from what Part. I believe one of the Author's Deſigns was to ſet curious Men a hunting through Indexes, and enquiring for Books out of the common Road.*

SECT. XI.

A TALE *of a* TUB.

AFTER ſo wide a Compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my Subject, and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even Face to the End of my Journey, except ſome beau-

tiful

tiful Proſpect appears within Sight of my Way; whereof, though at preſent I have neither Warning nor Expectation, yet upon ſuch an Accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my Reader's Favour and Company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myſelf. For in *Writing*, it is as in *Travelling*, If a Man is in Haſte to be at Home (which I acknowledge to be none of my Caſe, having never ſo little Buſineſs, as when I am there) if his *Horſe* be tired with long Riding, and ill Ways, or be naturally a Jade, I adviſe him clearly to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt Road, be it ever ſo dirty: But, then ſurely, we muſt own ſuch a Man to be a ſcurvy Companion at beſt; he *ſpatters* himſelf and his Fellow-Travellers at every Step: All their Thoughts, and Wiſhes, and Converſation, turn intirely upon the Subject of their Journey's End; and at every Splaſh, and Plunge, and Stumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the Devil.

On the other Side, when a Traveller and his *Horſe* are in Heart and Plight, when his Purſe is full, and the Day before him; he takes the Road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his Company there as agreeable as he can; but, upon the firſt Occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful Scene in View, whether of Art, of Nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe, out of Stupidity or Wearineſs, let them jog on by themſelves and be d—nd: He'll overtake them at the next Town; at which arriving, he rides furiouſly through, the Men, Women, and Children run out to gaze, a hundred ‡ *noiſy Curs* run *barking* after him, of which, if he honours the boldeſt with a *Laſh of his Whip*, it is rather out of Sport than Revenge;

‡ *By theſe are meant what the Author calls,* The True Critics, *Page* 63.

venge: But ſhould ſome *ſourer Mongrel* dare too near an Approach, he receives a *Salute* on the Chaps, by an accidental Stroke from the Courſer's Heels (nor is any Ground loſt by the Blow) which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I NOW proceed to ſum up the ſingular Adventures of my renowned *Jack*; the State of whoſe Diſpoſitions and Fortunes, the careful Reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with them in the Concluſion of a former Section. Therefore his next Care muſt be from two of the foregoing, to extract a Scheme of Notions, that may beſt fit his Underſtanding for a true Reliſh of what is to enſue.

JACK had not only calculated the firſt Revolution of his Brain ſo prudently, as to give Riſe to that Epidemic Sect of *Æoliſts*, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange Variety of Conceptions, the Fruitfulneſs of his Imagination led him into certain Notions, which, altho' in Appearance very unaccountable, were not without their Myſteries and their Meanings, nor wanted Followers to countenance and improve them. I ſhall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting ſuch material Paſſages of this Nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted Tradition, or indefatigable Reading, and ſhall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as Notions of that Height and Latitude can be brought within the Compaſs of a Pen. Nor do I at all queſtion, but they will furniſh Plenty of noble Matter for ſuch, whoſe converting Imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all Things into Types; who can make *Shadows*, no Thanks to the Sun; and then mould them into Subſtances, no Thanks to Philoſophy; whoſe peculiar Talent lies in fixing Tropes and Allegories to the *Letter*, and refining what is Literal into Figure and Myſtery.

JACK

JACK had provided a fair Copy of his Father's *Will*, engroſſed in Form upon a large Skin of Parchment; and reſolving to act the Part of a moſt dutiful Son, he became the fondeſt Creature of it imaginable. For, altho', as I have often told the Reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain, eaſy Directions about the Management and Wearing their Coats, with Legacies and Penalties, in Caſe of Obedience or Neglect; yet he began to entertain a Fancy, that the Matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore muſt needs have a great deal more of Myſtery at the Bottom. *Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I will prove this very Skin of Parchment to be Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to be the Philoſopher's Stone, and the Univerſal Medicine.* † In Conſequence of which Raptures, he reſolved to make Uſe of it in the moſt neceſſary, as well as the moſt paltry Occaſions of Life. He had a Way of working it into any Shape he pleaſed; ſo that it ſerved him for a Night-cap when he went to Bed, and for an Umbrello in rainy Weather. He would lap a Piece of it about a ſore Toe, or, when he had Fits, burn two Inches under his Noſe; or, if any Thing lay heavy on his Stomach, ſcrape off, and ſwallow as much of the Powder as would lie on a ſilver Penny, they were all infallible Remedies. With Analogy to theſe Refinements, his common Talk and Converſation, ‡ ran wholly in the Phraſe of his Will, and

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† *The Author here laſhes thoſe Pretenders to Purity, who place ſo much Merit in uſing Scripture Phraſe on all Occaſions.*

‡ *The* Proteſtant Diſſenters *uſe* Scripture Phraſes *in their ſerious Diſcourſes and Compoſures, more than the* Church-of-England Men; *accordingly* Jack *is introduced, making his common Talk and Converſation to run wholly in the Phraſe of his* WILL. W. Wotton.

he circumſcribed the utmoſt of his Eloquence within that Compaſs, not daring to let ſlip a Syllable without Authority from thence. Once, at a ſtrange Houſe, he was ſuddenly taken ſhort, upon an urgent Juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particular to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that Suddenneſs the Occaſion required, an authentic Phraſe for demanding the Way to the Back-ſide, he choſe rather, as the moſt prudent Courſe, to incur the Penalty in ſuch Caſes uſually annexed. Neither was it poſſible for the united Rhetoric of Mankind to prevail with him to make himſelf clean again: Becauſe, having conſulted the Will upon this Emergency, he met with a ‖ Paſſage near the Bottom (whether foiſted in by the Tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it.

He made it a Part of his Religion, never to ſay † Grace to his Meat, nor could all the World perſuade him, as the common Phraſe is, to ‡ eat his Victuals *like a Chriſtian*.

He bore a ſtrange Kind of Appetite to * *Snap-Dragon*, and to the livid Snuffs of a burning Candle, which he would catch and ſwallow with an Agility wonder-

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‖ *I cannot gueſs the Author's Meaning here, which, I would be very glad to know, becauſe it ſeems to be of Importance.*

† *The ſlovenly Way of receiving the Sacrament among the Fanatics.*

‡ *This is a common Phraſe to expreſs eating cleanlily, and is meant for an Invective againſt that indecent Manner among ſome People in receiving the Sacrament; ſo in the Lines before, which is to be underſtood of the Diſſenters refuſing to kneel at the Sacrament.*

* *I cannot well find out the Author's Meaning here, unleſs it be the hot, untimely, blind Zeal of Enthuſiaſts.*

ful to conceive; and, by this Procedure, maintained a perpetual Flame in his Belly, which iſſuing in a glowing Steam from both his Eyes, as well as his Noſtrils, and his Mouth, made his Head appear in a dark Night, like the Skull of an Aſs, wherein a roguiſh Boy had conveyed a Farthing Candle, *to the Terror of his Majeſty's Liege Subjects.* Therefore he made uſe of no other Expedient to light himſelf Home, but was wont to ſay, That *a wiſe Man was his own Lanthorn.*

He would ſhut his Eyes as he walked along the Streets, and if he happened to bounce his Head againſt a Poſt, or fall into the Kennel (as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both) he would tell the gibing 'Prentices, who looked on, that *he ſubmitted with intire Reſignation, as to a Trip, or a Blow of Fate, with whom he found by long Experience, how vain it was either to wreſtle or to cuff; and whoever durſt undertake to do either, would be ſure to come off with a ſwinging Fall, or a bloody Noſe. It was ordained,* ſaid he, *ſome few Days before the Creation, that my Noſe and this very Poſt ſhould have a Rencounter; and therefore, Nature thought fit to ſend us both into the World in the ſame Age, and to make us Country-Men, and Fellow Citizens. Now had my Eyes been open, it is very likely, the Buſineſs might have been a great deal worſe; for how many a confounded Slip is daily got by Man, with all his Foreſight about him? Beſides, the Eyes of the Underſtanding ſee beſt, when thoſe of the Senſes are out of the Way; and therefore, blind Men are obſerved to tread their Steps with much more Caution, and Conduct, and Judgment, than thoſe who rely with two much Confidence, upon the Virtue of the viſual Nerve, which every little Accident ſhakes out of Order, and a Drop, or a Film, can wholly diſconcert; like a Lanthorn among a Pack of roaring Bullies, when they ſcower the Streets; expoſing*

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its Owner, and itself, to outward Kicks and Buffets, which both might have escaped, if the Vanity of Appearing would have suffered them to walk in the Dark. But, farther; if we examine the Conduct *of these boasted Lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their* Fortune. *It is true, I have broke my Nose against this Post, because Fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the Elbow, and give me Notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present Age or Posterity, to trust their* Noses *into the Keeping of their* Eyes, *which may prove the fairest Way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye Eyes, Ye blind Guides; miserable Guardians are Ye, of our frail Noses; Ye, I say, who fasten upon the first Precipice in View, and then tow our wretched willing Bodies after You, to the very Brink of Destruction: But, alas! that Brink is rotten, our Feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a Gulph, without one hospitable Shrub in the Way to break the Fall; a Fall, to which not any Nose of mortal Make is equal, except that of the Giant* * Laurcalco, *who was Lord of the* Silver Bridge. *Most properly, therefore, O Eyes, and with great Justice, may You be compared to those foolish Lights, which conduct Men through Dirt and Darkness, till they fall into a deep Pit, or a noisom Bog.*

This I have produced, as a Scantling of *Jack*'s great Eloquence, and the Force of his Reasoning upon such abstruse Matters.

He was, besides, a Person of great Design and Improvement in Affairs of *Devotion*, having introduced a new Deity, who hath since met with a vast number of Worshippers; by some called *Babel*, by others,

* *Vide* Don Quixote.

Chaos;

Chaos; who had an antient Temple of *Gothic* Structure upon *Salisbury-Plain*; famous for its Shrine, and Celebration by Pilgrims.

† When he had some roguish Trick to play, he would down with his Knees, up with his Eyes, and fall to Prayers, though in the midst of the Kennel. Then it was that those, who understood his Pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his Way; and whenever Curiosity attracted Strangers to laugh, or to listen; he would of a sudden, with one Hand out with his *Gear*, and piss full in their Eyes, and with the other, all to bespatter them with Mud.

‡ In Winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let *in* the ambient Heat; and, in Summer, lapped himself close and thick to keep it *out*.

‖ In all Revolutions of Government, he would make his Court for the Office of *Hangman* General; and in the Exercise of that Dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no * other *Vizard*, than a long *Prayer*.

He had a Tongue so Musculous and Subtile, that he could twist it up into his Nose, and deliver a

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† *The Villainies and Cruelties, committed by Enthusiasts and Fanatics among us, were all performed under the Disguise of Religion and long Prayers.*

‡ *They affect Differences in Habit and Behaviour.*

‖ *They are severe Persecutors, and all in a Form of Cant and Devotion.*

* Cromwell *and his Confederates went, as they called it,* to seek God, *when they resolved to murther the King.*

ſtrange Kind of Speech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe Kingdoms, who began to improve the *Spaniſh* Accompliſhment of *Braying*; and having large Ears, perpetually expoſed and arrected, he carried his Art to ſuch a Perfection, that it was a Point of great Difficulty to diſtinguiſh, either by the View or the Sound, between the *Original* and the *Copy*.

He was troubled with a Diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the Stinging of the *Tarantula*; and would † run Dog-mad at the Noiſe of *Muſic*, eſpecially a *Pair of Bag-Pipes*. But he would cure himſelf again, by taking two or three Turns in *Weſtminſter-hall*, or *Billingſgate*, or in a *Boarding-School*, or the *Royal-Exchange*, or a *State Coffee-Houſe*.

He was a Perſon that ‡ *feared* no *Colours*, but mortally *hated* all, and, upon that Account, bore a cruel Averſion to *Painters*; inſomuch that in his Paroxyſms, as he walked the Streets, he would have his Pockets loaden with Stones, to pelt at the *Signs*.

Having, from this Manner of Living, frequent Occaſion to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over Head and Ears into Water, though it were in the midſt of the *Winter*, but was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than he went in.

He was the firſt that ever found out the Secret of contriving a ‖ *Soporiferous* Medicine to be conveyed in at

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† *This is to expoſe our Diſſenters Averſion to Inſtrumental Muſic in Churches.* W. Wotton.

‡ *They quarrel at the moſt innocent Decency and Ornament, and deface the Statues and Paintings on all the Churches in* England.

‖ *Fanatic Preaching, compoſed either of Hell and Damnation,*

the *Ears*; it was a Compound of *Sulphur*, and *Balm of Gilead*, with a little *Pilgrim's Salve*.

He wore a large Plaister of artificial *Cauſtics* on his Stomach, with the Fervour of which, he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous *Board* upon Application of a red-hot Iron.

* He would ſtand in the Turning of a Street, and, calling to thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the Honour of a good Slap in the Chaps.* To another, *Honeſt Friend, pray favour me with a handſome Kick on the Arſe; Madam, ſhall I intreat a ſmall Box on the Ear, from your Ladyſhip's fair Hands? Noble Captain, lend a reaſonable Thwack, for the Love of God, with that Cane of yours, over theſe poor Shoulders.* And when he had, by ſuch earneſt Sollicitations, made a Shift to procure a Baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his Fancy and his Sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible Accounts of what he had undergone for the *Publick Good. Obſerve this Stroke,* (ſaid he, ſhewing his bare Shoulders) *a plaguy* Janizary *gave it me this very Morning at ſeven a-clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the* Great Turk. *Neighbours, mind this broken Head deſerves a Plaiſter; had poor* Jack *been tender of his Noddle, you would have ſeen the* Pope, *and the* French *King, long before this Time of Day, among your Wives and your Ware houſes. Dear* Chriſtians,

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Damnation, on a fulſome Deſcription of the Joys of Heaven, both in ſuch a dirty, nauſeous Style, as to be well reſembled to Pilgrim's Salve.

* *The Fanatics have always had a Way of affecting to run into Perſecution, and count vaſt Merit upon every little Hardſhip they ſuffer.*

the Great Mogul *was come as far as* White-Chappel, *and you may thank these poor Sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already swallowed up Man, Woman, and Child.*

† It was highly worth observing, the singular Effects of that Aversion, or Antipathy, which *Jack* and his Brother *Peter* seemed, even to an Affectation, to bear towards each other. *Peter* had lately done *some Rogueries*, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before Night, for fear of Bayliffs. Their Lodgings were at the two most distant Parts of the Town from each other; and whenever their Occasions or Humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely Times, and most uncouth Rounds, they could invent; that they might be sure to avoid one another: Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual Fortune to meet. The Reason of which, is easy enough to apprehend; For, the Phrenzy and the Spleen of both having the same Foundation, we may look upon them as two Pair of Compasses, equally extended, and the fixed Foot of each remaining in the same Center; which, tho' moving contrary Ways at first, will be sure to encounter

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† *The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most averse to each other, yet bear a near Resemblance in many Things, as has been observed by learned Men.*

* Ibid. *The Agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists, in that which Bishop* Stillingfleet *called,* The Fanaticism of the Church of *Rome, is ludicrously described for several Pages together, by* Jack's *Likeness to* Peter, *and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent Meetings when they least intended it.* W. Wotton.

some

ſomewhere or other in the Circumference. Beſides, it was among the great Misfortunes of *Jack*, to bear a huge Perſonal Reſemblance with his Brother *Peter*. Their Humour and Diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe Analogy in their Shape and Size, and their Mien. Inſomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a Bayliff to ſeize *Jack* by the Shoulders, and cry, *Mr.* Peter, *You are the King's Priſoner*. Or, at other Times, for one of *Peter*'s neareſt Friends, to accoſt *Jack* with open Arms, *Dear* Peter, *I am glad to ſee thee, pray ſend me one of your beſt Medicines for the Worms*. This, we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying Return of thoſe Pains and Proceedings, *Jack* had laboured in ſo long; and finding, how directly oppoſite all his Endeavours had anſwered to the ſole End and Intention, which he had propoſed to himſelf; how could it avoid having terrible Effects upon a Head and Heart ſo furniſhed as his? However, the poor Remainders of his *Coat* bore all the Puniſhment; the orient Sun never entered upon his diurnal Progreſs, without miſſing a Piece of it. He hired a Taylor to ſtitch up the Collar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to choak him, and ſqueeſed out his Eyes at ſuch a Rate, as one could ſee nothing but the White. What little was left of the main Subſtance of the Coat, he rubbed every Day, for two Hours, againſt a rough-caſt Wall, in order to grind away the Remnants of *Lace* and *Embroidery*; but at the ſame Time went on with ſo much Violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen Philoſopher*. Yet after all he could do of this Kind, the Succeſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his Expectation. For, as it is the Nature of Rags, to bear a Kind of mock Reſemblance to Finery; there being a Sort of fluttering Appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguiſhed at a Diſtance, in the Dark, or by ſhort ſighted Eyes: So, in thoſe Junctures, it fared

with *Jack* and his Tatters, that they offered to the first View a ridiculous Flanting, which, assisting the Resemblance in Person and Air, thwarted all his Projects of Separation, and left so near a Similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very Disciples and Followers of both. * * * *

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Desunt non- * * * * * *

nulla. * * * * * *

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The old *Sclavonian* Proverb said well, That *it is with* Men, *as with* Asses; *whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good Hold at their Ears.* Yet I think, we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated Experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus,

It is good therefore, to read the Maxims of our Ancestors, with great Allowances to Times and Persons: For, if we look into primitive Records, we shall find, that no Revolution have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human *Ears.* In former Days, there was a curious Invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *Artes perditæ:* And how can it be otherwise, when in these latter Centuries, the very Species is not only diminished to a very lamentable Degree, but the poor Remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfulest *Tenure?* For, if the only Slitting of one *Ear*, in a Stag, hath been found sufficient to propagate the Defect thro' a whole Forest; why should we wonder at the greatest Consequences, from

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so many Loppings and Mutilations, to which the *Ears* of our Fathers, and our own, have been of late so much expoſed. It is true, indeed, that, while this *Iſland* of ours was under the *Dominion of Grace*, many Endeavours were made to improve the Growth of *Ears* once more among us. The Proportion of Largeneſs was not only looked upon as an Ornament of the *Outward* Man, but as a Type of Grace in the *Inward*. Beſides, it is held by Naturaliſts, that if there be a Protuberancy of Parts, in the *Superior* Region of the Body, as in the *Ears* and *Noſe*, there muſt be a Parity alſo in the *Inferior*: And therefore in that truly pious Age, the *Males* in every Aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in expoſing their *Ears* to View, and the Regions about them; becauſe * *Hippocrates* tells us, that *when the Vein behind the Ear happens to be cut, a Man becomes a Eunuch*: And the *Females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: Whereof thoſe who had already *uſed the Means*, looked about them with great Concern, in hopes of conceiving a ſuitable Offspring by ſuch a Proſpect: Others, who ſtood Candidates for *Benevolence*, found there a plentiful Choice, and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt *Ears*, that the Breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, the devouter Siſters, who looked upon all extraordinary Dilatations of that Member, as Protruſions of Zeal, or ſpiritual Excreſcencies, were ſure to honour every Head they ſet upon, as if they had been *Marks of Grace*; but eſpecially, that of the Preacher, whoſe *Ears* were uſually of the prime Magnitude; which, upon that Account, he was very frequent and exact in expoſing with all Ad-

* *Lib. de aëre, locis & aquis.*

vantages, to the People; in his Rhetorial *Paroxyſms*, turning ſometimes to *hold forth* the one, and ſometimes to *hold forth* the other: From which Cuſtom, the whole Operation of Preaching is to this very Day, among their Profeſſors, ſtiled by the Phraſe of *holding forth*.

SUCH was the Progreſs of the Saints, for advancing the Size of that Member; and it is thought, the Succeſs would have been every way anſwerable, if, in Proceſs of Time, a † cruel King had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody Perſecution againſt all *Ears*, above a certain Standard: Upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing Sprouts in a black Border, others crept wholly under a Perriwig; ſome were ſlit, others cropped, and a great Number ſliced off to the Stumps. But of this, more hereafter, in my *General Hiſtory of Ears*; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the Public.

FROM this brief Survey of the falling State of *Ears*, in the laſt Age, and the ſmall Care had to advance their antient Growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt, how little Reaſon we can have to rely upon a Hold ſo ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery; and, that whoever deſires to catch Mankind faſt, muſt have Recourſe to ſome other Methods. Now, he that will examine human Nature, with Circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral *Handles*, whereof the ‡ *Six* Senſes afford one a-piece, beſide a great Number that are ſcrewed to the Paſſions, and ſome few riveted to the Intellect. Among theſe laſt, *Curioſity* is one, and, of

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† *This was King* Charles *the Second, who, at his Reſtauration, turned out all the Diſſenting Teachers that would not conform.*

‡ *Including* Scaliger's.

all

all others, affords the firmeſt Graſp: *Curioſity*, that Spur in the Side, that Bridle in the Mouth, that Ring in the Noſe, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting Reader. By this *Handle* it is, that an Author ſhould ſeize upon his Readers; which, as ſoon as he hath once compaſſed, all Reſiſtance and Struggling are in vain; and they become his Priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till Wearineſs or Dulneſs force him to let go his Gripe.

And therefore, I, the Author of this miraculous Treatiſe, have hitherto, beyond Expectation, maintained, by the aforeſaid *Handle*, a firm Hold upon my gentle Readers: It is with great Reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my Graſp; leaving them in the Peruſal of what remains, to that natural *Oſcitancy* inherent in the Tribe. I can only aſſure thee, Courteous Reader, for both our Comforts, that my Concern is altogether equal to thine, for my Unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my Papers the remaining Part of theſe Memoirs; which conſiſted of Accidents, Turns, and Adventures, both New, Agreeable, and Surpriſing; and therefore calculated, in all due Points, to the delicate Taſte of this our noble Age. But, alas! with my utmoſt Endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the Heads. Under which, there was a full Account, how *Peter* got a *Protection* out of the *King's-Bench*; and of a ‖ Reconcilement between *Jack* and Him, upon a Deſign they had in a certain *rainy Night*, to trepan Brother *Martin* into a *Spung-*

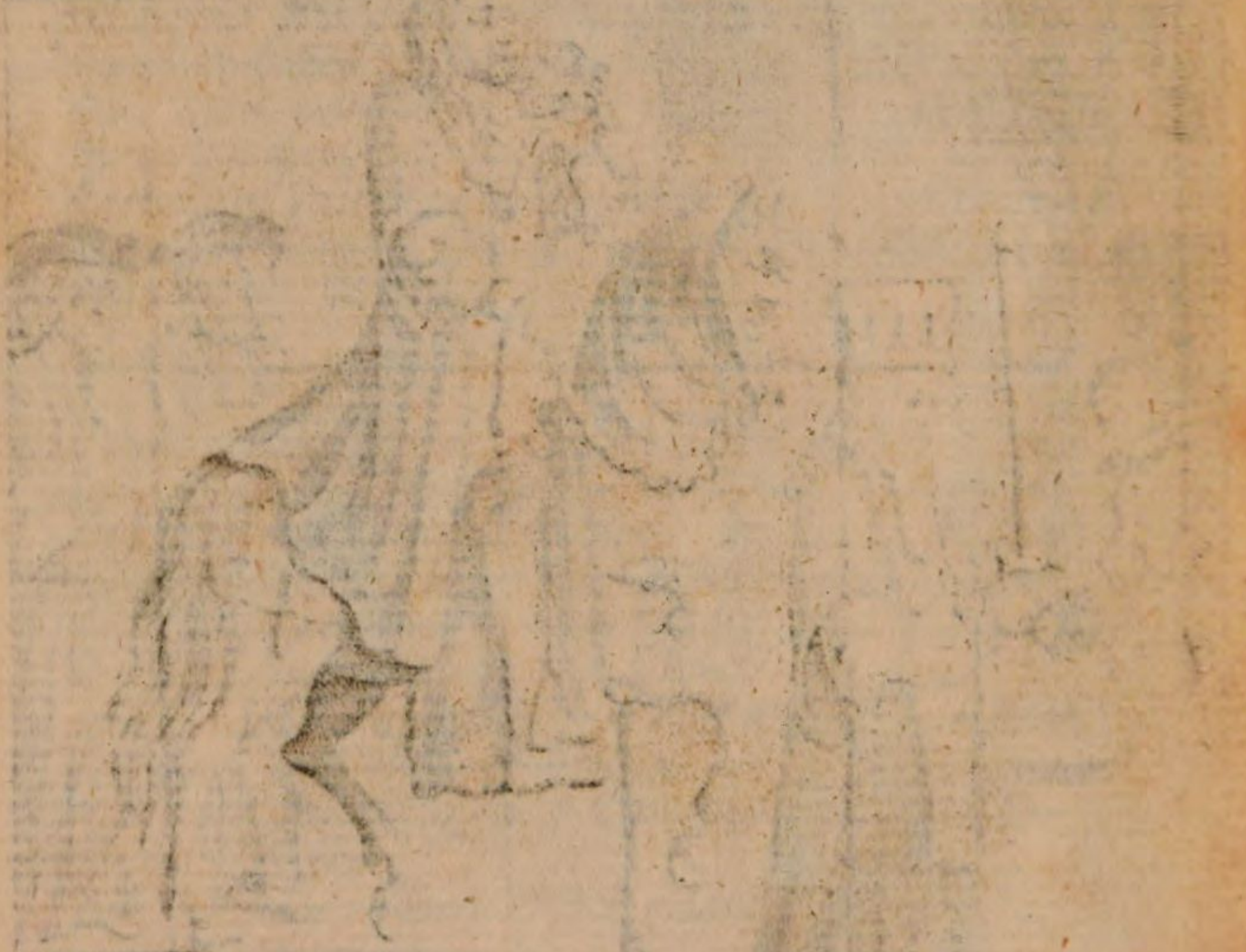
‖ *In the Reign of King* James *the Second, the Preſbyterians, by the King's Invitation, joined with the Papiſts, againſt the Church of* England, *and Addreſſed him for Repeal of the Penal-Laws and Teſt. The King, by his Diſpenſing Power, gave Liberty of Conſcience, which both Papiſt*

Spunging-houſe, and there ſtrip him to the Skin. How *Martin*, with much ado, ſhewed them both a fair Pair of Heels. How a *new Warrant* came out againſt *Peter*; upon which, how *Jack* left him in the Lurch, *ſtole his Protection, and made uſe of it himſelf*. How *Jack*'s Tatters came into Faſhion in *Court* and *City*; How *he* † *got upon a great Horſe, and eat* ‡ *Cuſtard*. But the Particulars of all theſe, with ſeveral others, which have now ſlid out of my Memory, are loſt beyond all Hopes of Recovery. For which Misfortune, leaving my Readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral Conſtitutions; but conjuring them by all the Friendſhip that hath paſſed between Us, from the Title-Page to this, not to proceed ſo far as to injure their Healths, for an Accident paſt Remedy; I now go on to the Ceremonial Part of an accompliſhed Writer, and therefore, by a Courtly *Modern*, leaſt of all others to be omitted.

Papiſts and Preſbyterians made uſe of; but, upon the Revolution, the Papiſts being down of courſe, the Preſbyterians freely continued their Aſſemblies, by Virtue of King James's *Indulgence, before they had a Toleration by Law. This I believe the Author means by* Jack's *ſtealing* Peter's *Protection, and making uſe of it himſelf.*

† *Sir* Humphry Edwin, *a Preſbyterian, was ſome Years ago Lord-Mayor of* London, *and had the Inſolence to go in his Formalities to a Conventicle, with the Enſigns of his Office.*

‡ *Cuſtard is a famous Diſh at a Lord-Mayor's Feaſt.*



The CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a Cauſe of Abortion as effectual, tho' not ſo frequent, as *Going too ſhort*; and holds true eſpecially in the *Labours* of the Brain. Well fare the Heart of that Noble * *Jeſuit* who firſt adventured to confeſs in Print, that Books muſt be ſuited to their ſeveral Seaſons, like Dreſs, and Diet, and Diverſions: And better fare our noble Nation, for refining upon this, among other *French* Modes. I am living faſt, to ſee the Time, when a *Book*, that miſſes its Tide, ſhall be neglected, as the *Moon* by Day, or like *Mackarel* a Week after the Seaſon. No Man hath more nicely obſerved our Climate, than the Bookſeller who bought the Copy of this Work; He knows to a Tittle what Subjects will beſt go off in a *dry Year*, and who it is proper to expoſe foremoſt, when the Weather-glaſs is fallen to *much Rain*. When he had ſeen this Treatiſe, and conſulted his *Almanac* upon it, he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered the two Principal Things, which were the *Bulk*, and the *Subject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long Vacation, and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard Year for Turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, *conſidering my urgent Neceſſities*, what he thought might be acceptable this Month. He looked *Weſtward*, and ſaid, *I doubt we ſhall have a Fit of bad Weather*; *However*, *If you could prepare ſome pretty little* Banter (but not in Verſe) *or a ſmall Treatiſe upon the* ——— *it would run like Wild Fire*. *But*, if it hold up, *I have already hired an Author to write ſomething againſt Dr.* B--tl-y, *which I am ſure, will turn to Account*.

* *Pere d'Orleans.*

At length we agreed upon this Expedient; That, when a Customer comes for one of these, and desires in Confidence to know the Author; he will tell him very privately, as a Friend, naming which ever of the Wits shall happen to be that Week in the Vogue; and if *Durfy*'s last Play should be in course, I had as lieve, he may be the Person as *Congreve*. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present Relish of Courteous Readers; and have often observed, with singular Pleasure, that a *Fly*, driven from a *Honey-pot*, will immediately, with very good Appetite alight, and finish his Meal on an *Excrement*.

I have one Word to say upon the Subject of *Profound Writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious World is resolved to list me in that Number. I conceive therefore, as to the Business of being *Profound*, that it is with *Writers*, as with *Wells*, a Person with good Eyes may see to the Bottom of the deepest, provided any *Water* be there; and that often, when there is nothing in the World at the Bottom, besides *Dryness* and *Dirt*, tho' it be but a Yard and half under Ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous *Deep*, upon no wiser a Reason than because it is wondrous *Dark*.

I am now trying an Experiment very frequent among Modern Authors; which is, to *write upon Nothing*: When the Subject is utterly exhausted, to let the Pen still move on; by some called, the Ghost of Wit, delighting to walk after the Death of its Body. And to say the Truth, there seems to be no Part of Knowledge in fewer Hands, than that of Discerning *when to have Done*. By the Time that an Author has writ out a Book, he and his Readers are become old Acquaintants, and grow very loth to Part; so that I

have

have ſometimes known it to be in Writing, as in Viſiting, where the Ceremony of taking Leave has employed more Time than the whole Converſation before. The Concluſion of a Treatiſe reſembles the Concluſion of Human Life, which hath ſometimes been compared to the End of a Feaſt; where few are ſatisfied to depart, *ut plenus vita conviva:* For Men will ſit down after the fulleſt Meal, though it be only to *doze*, or to *ſleep* out the reſt of the Day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other Writers; and ſhall be too proud, if, by all my Labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *Repoſe* of Mankind in † Times ſo turbulent and unquiet as theſe. Neither, do I think ſuch an Employment ſo very alien from the Office of a *Wit*, as ſome would ſuppoſe. For among a very Polite Nation in ‡ *Greece*, there were the *ſame* Temples built and conſecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muſes*, between which two Deities, they believed the ſtricteſt Friendſhip was eſtabliſhed.

I HAVE one concluding Favour, to requeſt of my Reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every Line, or every Page of this Diſcourſe; but give ſome Allowance to the Author's Spleen, and ſhort Fits or Intervals of Dulneſs, as well as his own; and lay it ſeriouſly to his Conſcience, whether, if he were walking the Streets, in dirty Weather, or a rainy Day; he would allow it fair Dealing in Folks at their Eaſe from a Window, to critic his Gait, and ridicule his Dreſs at ſuch a Juncture.

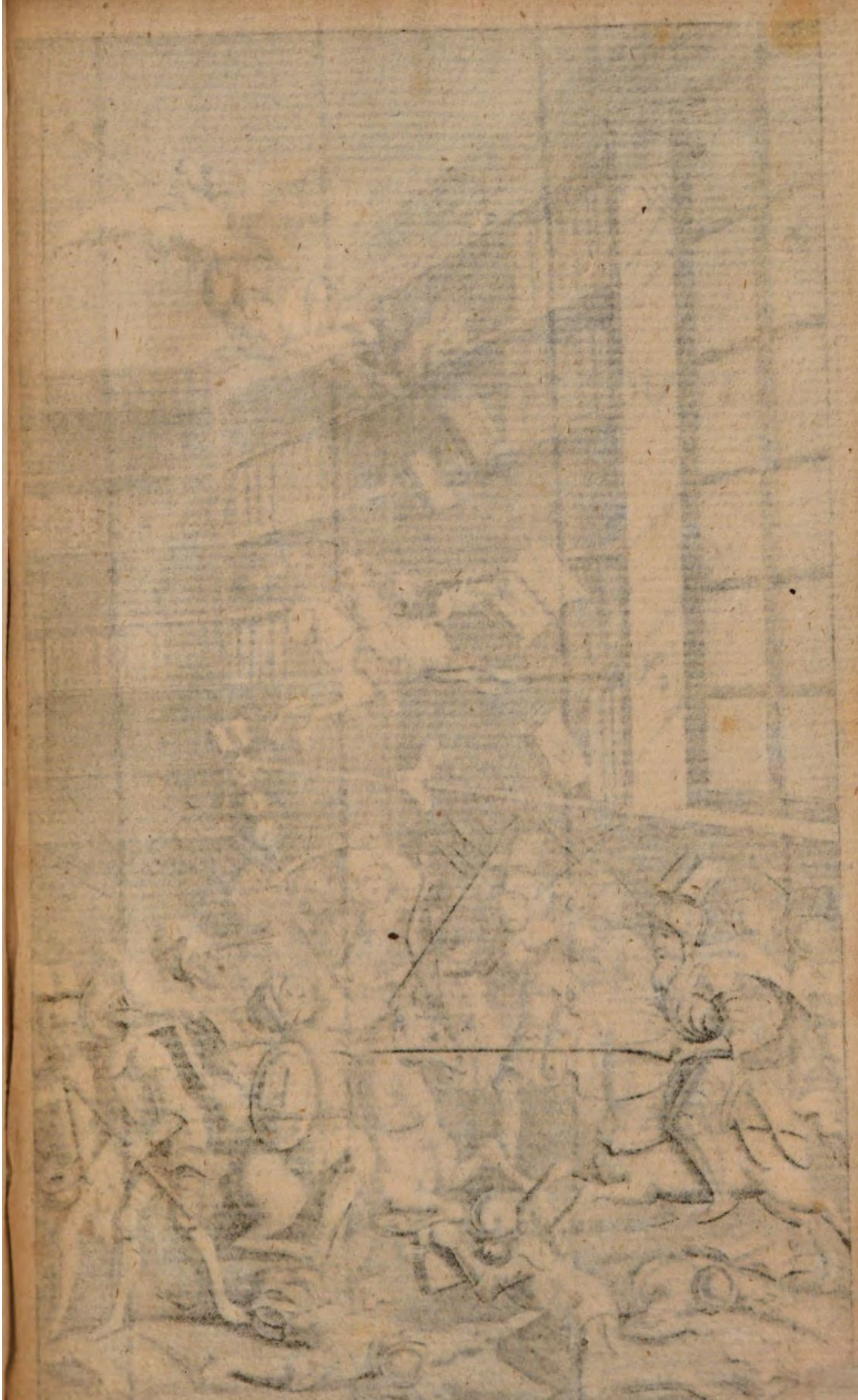
IN my Diſpoſure of Employments of the Brain, I have thought fit to make *Invention* the *Maſter*, and, give *Method*, and *Reaſon*, the Office of its *Lacqueys*.

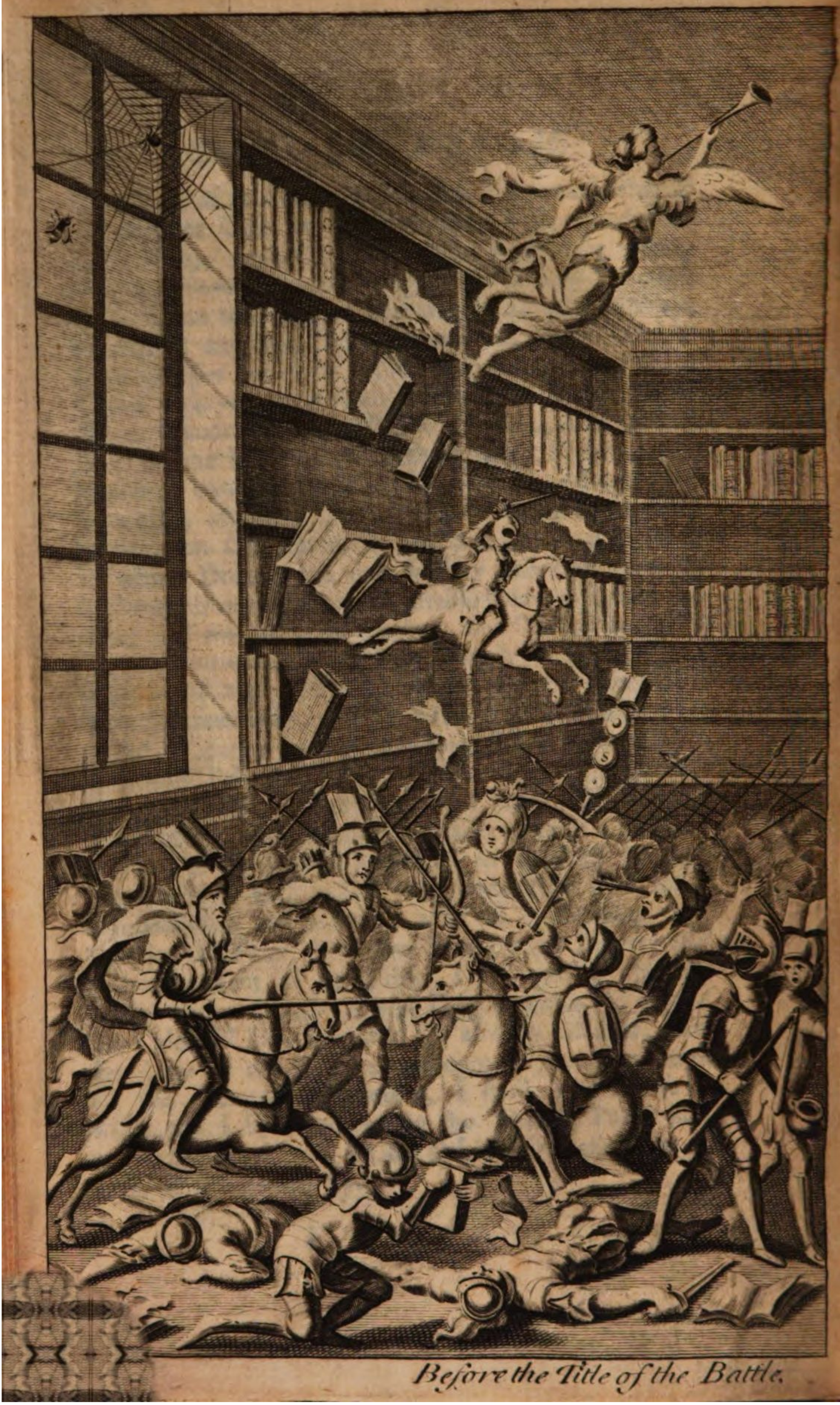
† *This was writ before the Peace of* Ryſwick.
‡ *Trezenii, Pauſan.* l. 2.

The

The Cauſe of this Diſtribution was, from obſerving in my peculiar Caſe, to be often under a Temptation of being *Witty*, upon Occaſion, where I could be neither *Wiſe* nor *Sound*, nor any thing to the Matter in hand. And, I am too much a Servant of the *Modern* Way, to neglect any ſuch Opportunities, whatever Pains or Improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For, I have obſerved, that from a laborious Collection of Seven Hundred Thirty Eight *Flowers*, and *ſhining Hints* of the beſt *Modern* Authors, digeſted with great Reading, into my Book of *Common-places*; I have not been able, after five Years, to draw hook, or force into common Converſation, any more than a Dozen. Of which Dozen, the one Moiety failed of Succeſs, by being dropped among unſuitable Company; and the other coſt me ſo many Strains, and Traps, and *Ambages* to introduce, that I at length reſolved to give it over. Now, this Diſappointment (to diſcover a Secret) I muſt own, gave me the firſt Hint of ſetting up for an *Author*; and I have ſince found among ſome particular Friends, that it is become a very general Complaint, and has produced the ſame Effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a *towardly World* to be wholly neglected or deſpiſed in *Diſcourſe*, which hath paſſed very ſmoothly, with ſome Conſideration and Eſteem, after its Preferment and Sanction in *Print*. But now, ſince by the Liberty and Encouragement of the Preſs, I am grown abſolute Maſter of the Occaſions and Opportunities, to expoſe the Talents I have acquired; I already diſcover, that the *Iſſues* of my *Obſervanda* begin to grow too large for the *Receipts*. Therefore, I ſhall here pauſe a while, till I find, by feeling the World's Pulſe, and my own, that it will be of abſolute Neceſſity for us both, to reſume my Pen.

F I N I S.





Before the Title of the Battle.

A

Full and True Account,

OF THE

BATTLE

Fought laſt *FRIDAY*,

BETWEEN THE

ANTIENT and the MODERN

BOOKS

IN

St. *James's* LIBRARY.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S PICKWICK

IN

BOOKS

WILLIE

ON THE

BIBLE

BY

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following Diſcourſe, as it is unqueſtionably of the ſame Author, ſo it ſeems to have been written about the ſame Time with the former; I mean, the Year 1697, when the famous Diſpute was on foot, about *Ancient and Modern Learning*. The Controverſy took its Riſe from an Eſſay of Sir *William Temple*'s, upon that Subject; which was anſwered by *W. Wotton*, B. D. with an Appendix by Dr. *Bentley*, endeavouring to deſtroy the Credit of *Æſop* and *Phalaris*, for Authors, whom Sir *William Temple* had, in the Eſſay before-mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new Edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the Honourable *Charles Boyle* (now *Earl of Orrery*) to which, Mr. *Boyle* reply'd at large with great Learning and Wit; and the Doctor, voluminouſly, rejoin'd. In this Diſpute, the Town highly reſented to ſee a Perſon of Sir *William Temple*'s Character and Merits,

roughly uſed by the two Reverend Gentlemen aforeſaid, and without any Manner of Provocation. At length there appearing no End of the Quarrel, our Author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. *James*'s Library, looking upon themſelves as Parties principally concerned, took up the Controverſy, and came to a deciſive Battle; but the Manuſcript, by the Injury of Fortune, or Weather, being in ſeveral Places imperfect, we cannot learn to which Side the Victory fell.

I MUST warn the Reader, to beware of applying to Perſons what is here meant, only of Books in the moſt literal Senſe. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the Perſon of a famous Poet, called by that Name; but only certain Sheets of Paper, bound up in Leather, containing, in Print, the Works of the ſaid Poet: And ſo of the reſt.

THE

THE

PREFACE

OF THE

AUTHOR.

SATYR is a Sort of Glaſs, *wherein Beholders do generally diſcover every Body's Face but their Own; which is the chief Reaſon for that kind Reception it meets with in the World, and that ſo very few are offended with it. But if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, the Danger is not great; and, I have learned from long Experience, never to apprehend Miſchief from thoſe Underſtandings, I have been able to provoke: For, Anger and Fury, tho' they add Strength to the* Sinews *of the* Body, *yet are found to relax thoſe of the* Mind, *and to render all its Efforts feeble and impotent.*

THERE is a Brain *that will endure but one* Scumming; *let the Owner gather it with Diſcretion, and manage his little Stock with Huſbandry; but of all Things, let him beware of bringing it under the* Laſh *of*

his Betters; *becauſe, That will make it all bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply. Wit, without Knowledge, being a Sort of* Cream, *which gathers in a Night to the Top, and, by a ſkilful Hand, may be ſoon* whipped *into* Froth; *but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the Hogs.*

A FULL

A FULL and TRUE

ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

Fought laſt FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due Circumſpection, into the * *Annual Records of Time*, will find it remarked, that *War is the Child of Pride*, and *Pride the Daughter of Riches*: The Former of which Aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the Latter: For *Pride* is nearly related to Beggary and Want, either by Father or Mother, and ſometimes by both; and, to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among Men to fall out, when all have enough: Invaſions uſually travelling from *North* to *South*, that

* *Riches produceth Pride; Pride is War's Ground*, &c. Vid. Ephem. de *Mary Clarke*; opt. Edit.

is to ſay, from Poverty upon Plenty. The moſt antient and natural Grounds of Quarrels, are *Luſt* and *Avarice*; which, tho' we may allow to be Brethren or collateral Branches of *Pride*, are certainly the Iſſues of *Want*. For, to ſpeak in the Phraſe of Writers upon the Politics, we may obſerve in the Republic of *Dogs*, (which in its Original ſeems to be an Inſtitution of the *Many*) that the whole State is ever in the profoundeſt Peace, after a full Meal; and, that Civil Broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great *Bone* to be ſeized on by ſome *leading Dog*, who either divides it among the *Few*, and then it falls to an *Oligarchy*, or keeps it to himſelf, and then it runs up to a *Tyranny*. The ſame Reaſoning alſo holds Place among them, in thoſe Diſſenſions we behold upon a Turgeſcency in any of their Females. For, the Right of Poſſeſſion lying in common (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a Property in ſo delicate a Caſe) Jealouſies and Suſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole Common-wealth of that Street, is reduced to a manifeſt *State of War*, of every *Citizen* againſt every *Citizen*; 'till ſome one of more Courage, Conduct, or Fortune than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the Prize: Upon which, naturally ariſes Plenty of Heart-burning, and Envy, and Snarling againſt the *Happy Dog*. Again, if we look upon any of theſe Republics engaged in a foreign War, either of Invaſion or Defence, we ſhall find, the ſame Reaſoning will ſerve, as to the Grounds and Occaſions of each; and that *Poverty*, or *Want*, in ſome Degree or other, (whether real, or in Opinion, which makes no Alteration in the Caſe) has a great Share, as well as *Pride*, on the Part of the Aggreſſor.

Now, whoever will pleaſe to take this Scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual State, or Common-wealth of Learning, will ſoon diſcover the

firſt Ground of Diſagreement between the two great Parties at this Time in Arms; and may form juſt Concluſions upon the Merits of either Cauſe. But the Iſſue or Events of this War are not ſo eaſy to conjecture at: For, the preſent Quarrel is ſo inflamed by the warm Heads of either Faction, and the Pretenſions *ſomewhere or other* ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the leaſt Overtures of Accommodation: This Quarrel firſt began (as I have heard it affirm'd by an old Dweller in the Neighbourhood) about a ſmall Spot of Ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two Tops of the Hill *Parnaſſus*; the higheſt and largeſt of which had, it ſeems, been, Time out of Mind, in qūiet Poſſeſſion of certain Tenants called the *Antients*; and the other was held by the *Moderns*. But theſe, diſliking their preſent Station, ſent certain Ambaſſadors to the *Antients*, complaining of a great Nuiſance, how the Height of that Part of *Parnaſſus* quite ſpoiled the Proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the *Eaſt*; and therefore, to avoid a War, offer'd them the Choice of this Alternative; either that the *Antients* would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their Effects down to the lower Summity, which the *Moderns* would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their Place; or elſe, that the ſaid *Antients* will give Leave to the *Moderns*, to come with Shovels and Mattocks, and level the ſaid Hill, as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which, the *Antients* made Anſwer; how little they expected ſuch a Meſſage as this, from a Colony, whom they had admitted out of their own Free Grace, to ſo near a Neighbourhood. That, as to their own Seat, they were *Aborigines* of it, and therefore to talk with them of a Removal or Surrender, was a Language they did not underſtand. That if the Height of the Hill, on their Side, ſhortened the Proſpect of the *Moderns*, it was a Diſadvantage they could not help, but deſired

them to conſider, whether that Injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenſed by the *Shade* and *Shelter* it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either Folly and Ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that Side of the Hill was an intire Rock, which would break their Tools and Hearts, without any Damage to itſelf. That they would therefore adviſe the *Moderns*, rather to raiſe their own Side of the Hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Antients*; to the former of which, they would not only give Licence, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much Indignation, who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two Expedients; and ſo this Difference broke out into a long and obſtinate War, maintained on the one Part by Reſolution, and by the Courage of certain Leaders and Allies; but on the other, by the Greatneſs of their Number, upon all Defeats, affording continual Recruits. In this Quarrel, whole Rivulets of *Ink* have been exhauſted, and the Virulence of both Parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that *Ink* is the great miſſive Weapon, in all Battles of the *Learned*, which convey'd thro' a Sort of Engine, called a *Quill*, infinite Numbers of theſe are darted at the Enemy, by the Valiant on each Side, with equal Skill and Violence, as if it were an Engagement of *Porcupines*. This malignant Liquor was compounded by the Engineer who invented it, of two Ingredients, which are *Gall* and *Copperas*, by its Bitterneſs and Venom, to *ſuit* in ſome Degree, as well as to *foment* the Genius of the Combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an Engagement, when they could not *agree* about the Victory, were wont to ſet up Trophies on both Sides, the beaten Party being content to be at the ſame Expence, to keep itſelf in Countenance (a laudable and antient Cuſtom, happily

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revived of late, in the Art of War) ſo the *Learned*, after a ſharp and bloody Diſpute, do on both Sides hang out their Trophies too, which ever comes by the worſt. Theſe Trophies have largely inſcribed on them the Merits of the Cauſe; a full impartial Account of ſuch a *Battle*, and how the Victory fell clearly to the Party that ſet them up. They are known to the World under ſeveral Names; as, *Diſputes*, *Arguments*, *Rejoinders*, *Brief Conſiderations*, *Anſwers*, *Replies*, *Remarks*, *Reflections*, *Objections*, *Confutations*. For a very few Days they are fix'd up in all public Places, either by themſelves or their * Repreſentatives, for Paſſengers to gaze at: From whence the Chiefeſt and Largeſt are removed to certain Magazines, they call *Libraries*, there to remain in a Quarter purpoſely aſſign'd them, and from thenceforth begin to be call'd, *Books of Controverſy*.

In theſe Books, is wonderfully inſtilled and preſerved, the Spirit of each Warrior, while he is alive, and after his Death, his Soul tranſmigrates there, to inform them. This, at leaſt, is the more common Opinion; but, I believe, it is with Libraries, as with other Cœmeteries, where ſome Philoſophers affirm, that a certain Spirit, which they call *Brutum hominis*, hovers over the Monument, 'till the Body is corrupted, and turns to *Duſt*, or to *Worms*, but then vaniſhes or diſſolves; So we may ſay, a reſtleſs Spirit haunts over every *Book*, till *Duſt* or *Worms* have ſeized upon it; which to ſome may happen in a few Days, but to others later: And therefore, *Books* of Controverſy, being of all others, haunted by the moſt diſorderly Spirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate Lodge from the reſt; and for fear of mutual Violence againſt each other, it was thought prudent by our Anceſtors, to bind them

* *Their Title-Pages.* to

to the Peace with ſtrong Iron Chains. Of which Invention, the original Occaſion was this: When the Works of *Scotus* firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great Library, and had Lodgings appointed them; but this Author was no ſooner ſettled, than he went to viſit his Maſter *Ariſtotle*, and there both concerted together, to ſeize *Plato* by main Force, and turn him out from his antient Station among the *Divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred Years. The Attempt ſucceeded, and the two Uſurpers have reigned ever ſince in his ſtead: But to maintain Quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *Polemics*, of the larger Size, ſhould be held faſt with a Chain.

By this Expedient, the public Peace of Libraries might certainly have been preſerv'd, if a new Species of controverſial Books had not aroſe of late Years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant Spirit, from the War above-mentioned, between the *Learned*, about the higher Summity of *Parnaſſus*.

When theſe Books were firſt admitted into the public Libraries, I remember to have ſaid upon Occaſion, to ſeveral Perſons concerned, how I was ſure, they would create Broils where-ever they came, unleſs a World of Care were taken: And therefore, I adviſed, that the Champions of each Side ſhould be coupled together, or otherwiſe mix'd, that like the blending of contrary Poiſons, their Malignity might be employed among themſelves. And it ſeems, I was neither an ill Prophet, nor an ill Counſellor; for it was nothing elſe but the Neglect of this Caution, which gave Occaſion to the terrible Fight that happen'd on *Friday* laſt between the *Antient* and *Modern Books* in the *King's Library*. Now, becauſe the Talk of this Battle is ſo freſh in every Body's Mouth, and the Expectation of the Town ſo great, to be informed in the Particulars; I, being

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poſſeſſed of all Qualifications requiſite in an *Hiſtorian*, and retained by neither Party, have reſolved to comply with the urgent *Importunity of my Friends*, by writing down a full impartial Account thereof.

THE *Guardian* of the *Regal Library*, a Perſon of great Valour, but chiefly renowned for his * *Humanity*, had been a fierce Champion for the *Moderns*, and in an Engagement upon *Parnaſſus*, had vowed, with his own Hands, to knock down two of the *Antient* Chiefs, who guarded a ſmall Paſs on the ſuperior Rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy Weight, and Tendency towards his Center; a Quality, to which, thoſe of the *Modern* Party, are extreme ſubject; For, being light-headed, they have, in Speculation, a wonderful Agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to Practice, diſcover a mighty Preſſure about their Poſteriors and their Heels. Having thus failed in his Deſign, the diſappointed Champion bore a cruel Rancour to the *Antients*, which he reſolved to gratify, by ſhewing all Marks of his Favour to the *Books* of their Adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt Apartments; when at the ſame Time, whatever *Book* had the Boldneſs to own itſelf for an Advocate of the *Antients*, was buried alive in ſome obſcure Corner, and threatned, upon the leaſt Diſpleaſure, to be turned out of Doors. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this Time, there was a ſtrange Confuſion of Place among all the *Books* in the Library; for which ſeveral Reaſons were aſſigned. Some imputed it to a great

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* *The honourable Mr.* Boyle, *in the Preface to his Edition of* Phalaris, *ſays, he was refuſed a Manuſcript by the Library-Keeper*, pro ſolita Humanitate ſuâ.

Heap

Heap of *learned Duſt*, which a perverſe Wind blew off from a Shelf of *Moderns* into the *Keeper*'s Eyes. Others affirmed, he had a Humour to pick the *Worms* out of the *Schoolmen*, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his *Spleen*, and ſome climbed up into his Head, to the great Perturbation of both. And laſtly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the Library, he had quite loſt the Situation of it out of his Head; and therefore, in replacing his *Books*, he was apt to miſtake, and clap *Des-Cartes* next to *Ariſtotle*; Poor *Plato* had got between *Hobbs* and the *Seven wiſe Maſters*, and *Virgil* was hemm'd in with *Dryden* on one ſide, and *Withers* on the other.

MEAN while, thoſe *Books* that were Advocates for the *Moderns*, choſe out one from among them, to make a Progreſs thro' the whole Library, examine the Number and Strength of their Party, and concert their Affairs. This Meſſenger performed all Things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a Liſt of their Forces, in all Fifty Thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of *light Horſe*, *heavy-armed Foot*, and *Mercenaries*: Whereof the *Foot* were in general but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad: Their *Horſes* large, but extremely out of Caſe and Heart; however, ſome few, by trading among the *Antients*, had furniſh'd themſelves tolerably enough.

WHILE Things were in the Ferment; *Diſcord* grew extremely high, hot Words paſſed on both ſides, and ill Blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary *Antient*, ſqueeſed up among a whole Shelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to diſpute the Caſe, and to prove by manifeſt Reaſon, that the Priority was due to them, from long Poſſeſſion, and in regard of their Prudence, Antiquity, and above all, their great Merits toward the *Moderns*.

Aterns. But theſe denied the Premiſſes, and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the *Antients* could pretend to inſiſt upon their Antiquity, when it was ſo plain (if they went to that) that the *Moderns* were *much* the more † *Antient* of the two. As for any Obligations they owed to the *Antients*, they renounced them all. *It is true*, ſaid they, *we are informed, ſome few of our Party have been ſo mean to borrow their Subſiſtance from You; but the reſt, infinitely the greater Number (and eſpecially, we* French *and* Engliſh) *were ſo far from ſtooping to ſo baſe an Example, that there never paſſed, till this very Hour, ſix Words between us. For, our* Horſes *were of our own Breeding, our* Arms *of our own Forging, and our* Cloths *of our own Cutting out and Sewing.* *Plato* was, by Chance, upon the next Shelf, and obſerving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged Plight, mentioned a while ago; their *Jades* lean and foundered, their *Weapons* of rotten Wood, their *Armour* ruſty, and nothing but Rags underneath; he laughed loud, and, in his pleaſant Way, ſwore, *By——, he believed them.*

Now, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late Negotiation, with Secrecy enough to eſcape the Notice of the Enemy. For, thoſe Advocates, who had begun the Quarrel, by ſetting firſt on foot the Diſpute of Precedency, talked ſo loud of coming to a Battle, that *Temple* happened to over-hear them, and gave immediate Intelligence to the *Antients*; who, thereupon, drew up their ſcattered Troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive: Upon which, ſeveral of the *Moderns* fled over to their Party, and among the reſt, *Temple* himſelf. This *Temple* having been educated, and long converſed among the *Antients*, was, of all

† *According to the Modern Paradox.*

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the *Moderns*, their greateſt Favourite, and became their greateſt Champion.

THINGS were at this Criſis, when a material Accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt Corner of a large Window, there dwelled a certain *Spider*, ſwollen up to the firſt Magnitude, by the Deſtruction of infinite Number of *Flies*, whoſe Spoils lay ſcattered before the Gates of his Palace, like human Bones before the Cave of ſome Giant. The Avenues to his Caſtle were guarded with Turn-pikes, and Paliſadoes, all after the *Modern* Way of Fortification. After you had paſſed ſeveral Courts, you came to the Center, wherein you might behold the *Conſtable* himſelf in his own Lodgings, which had Windows fronting to each Avenue, and Ports to ſally out upon all Occaſions of Prey or Defence. In this Manſion, he had for ſome Time dwelt in Peace and Plenty, without Danger to his *Perſon* by *Swallows* from above, or to his *Palace* by *Brooms* from below: When it was the Pleaſure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering *Bee*, to whoſe Curioſity a broken Pane in the Glaſs had diſcovered itſelf; and in he went, where expatiating a while, he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward Walls of the *Spider*'s Citadel; which yielding to the unequal Weight, ſunk down to the very Foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his Paſſage, and thrice the Center ſhook. The *Spider* within, feeling the terrible Convulſion, ſuppoſed at firſt, that *Nature* was approaching to her final Diſſolution; or elſe, that *Belzebub* with all his Legions, was come to revenge the Death of many thouſands of his Subjects, whom his Enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth and meet his Fate. Mean while, the *Bee* had acquitted himſelf of his Toils, and poſted ſecurely at ſome Diſtance, was employed in cleanſing his Wings, and diſengaging them from the

rag-

ragged Remnants of the Cobweb. By this Time the *Spider* was adventured out, when beholding the Chaſms, the Ruins, and Dilapidations of his Fortreſs, he was very near at his Wit's End; he ſtormed and ſwore like a Mad-man, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt. At length, caſting his Eye upon the *Bee*, and wiſely gathering Cauſes from Events (for they knew each other by Sight) *A Plague ſplit you*, ſaid he, *for a giddy Son of a Whore; is it you, with a Vengeance, that have made this Litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d——n'd? do you think I have nothing elſe to do (in the Devil's Name) but to mend and repair after your Arſe?* *Good Words, Friend*, ſaid the *Bee*, (having now pruned himſelf, and being diſpoſed to drole) *I'll give you my Hand and Word to come near your Kennel no more; I was never in ſuch a confounded Pickle ſince I was born.* *Sirrah*, replied the *Spider*, *if it were not for breaking an old Cuſtom in our Family, never to ſtir abroad againſt an Enemy, I ſhould come and teach you better Manners.* *I pray have Patience*, ſaid the *Bee*, *or you will ſpend your Subſtance, and for aught I ſee, you may ſtand in need of it all, towards the Repair of your Houſe.* *Rogue, Rogue*, replied the *Spider*, *yet, methinks you ſhould have more Reſpect to a Perſon, whom all the World allows to be ſo much your Betters.* *By my Troth*, ſaid the *Bee*, *the Compariſon will amount to a very good Jeſt, and you will do me a Favour, to let me know the Reaſons, that all the World is pleaſed to uſe in ſo hopeful a Diſpute.* At this, the *Spider*, having ſwelled himſelf into the Size and Poſture of a Diſputant, began his Argument in the true Spirit of Controverſy, with Reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry, to urge *on* his own Reaſons, without the leaſt Regard to the Anſwers or Objections of his Oppoſite; and fully predetermined in his Mind againſt all Conviction.

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NOT to disparage myself, said he, *by the Comparison with such a Rascal; what art thou but a Vagabond without House or Home, without Stock or Inheritance? born to no Possession of your own, but a pair of Wings and a Drone-pipe. Your Livelihood is a universal Plunder upon Nature; a Freebooter over Fields and Gardens; and, for the sake of Stealing, will rob a Nettle as readily as a Violet. Whereas I am a domestic Animal, furnish'd with a native Stock within myself. This large Castle (to shew my Improvements in the Mathematics) is all built with my own Hands, and the Materials extracted altogether out of my own Person.*

I AM glad, answered the *Bee*, *to hear you grant at least, that I am come honestly by my Wings and my Voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my Flights and my Music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such Gifts, without designing them for the noblest Ends. I visit, indeed, all the Flowers and Blossoms of the Field and the Garden; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least Injury to their Beauty, their Smell, or their Taste. Now, for you and your Skill in Architecture and other Mathematics, I have little to say: In that Building of yours, there might, for aught I know, have been Labour and Method enough, but by woful Experience for us both, it is plain, the Materials are naught, and I hope, you will henceforth take Warning, and consider Duration and Matter as well as Method and Art. You, boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other Creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; That is to say, if we may judge of the Liquor in the Vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful Store of Dirt and Poison in your Breast; and, tho' I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine Stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an Increase of both,*

to

to a little foreign Assistance. Your inherent Portion do Dirt, does not fail of Acquisitions, by Sweepings exhaled from below; and one Insect furnishes you with a Share of Poison to destroy another. So that in short, the Question comes all to this; whether is the nobler Being of the two, that which by a lazy Contemplation of four Inches round; by an over-weening Pride, which, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into Excrement and Venom; producing nothing at all, but Fly-bane and a Cobweb: Or that, which by an universal Range, with long Search, much Study, true Judgment, and Distinction of Things, brings home Honey and Wax.

THIS Dispute was managed with such Eagerness, Clamour, and Warmth, that the two Parties of *Books* in Arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in Suspense what would be the Issue; which was not long undetermined: For the *Bee* grown impatient at so much Loss of Time, fled strait away to a Bed of Roses, without looking for a Reply; and left the *Spider* like an Orator, *collected* in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

IT happened upon this Emergency, that *Æsop* broke Silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange Effect of the *Regent's Humanity*, who had torn off his Title-Page, sorely defaced one half of his Leaves, and chained him fast among a Shelf of *Moderns*. Where soon discovering how high the Quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his Arts, and turned himself to a thousand Forms: At length, in the borrowed Shape of an *Ass*, the *Regent* mistook him for a *Modern*; by which Means, he had Time and Opportunity to escape to the *Antients*, just when the *Spider* and the *Bee* were entering into their Contest; to which he gave his Attention with a World of Pleasure; and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest Key, that, in all his Life, he had never

known two Cafes ſo parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the Window, and this upon the Shelves. *The Diſputants*, ſaid he, *have admirably managed the Diſpute between them, have taken in the full Strength of all that is to be ſaid on both Sides, and exhauſted the Subſtance of every Argument* pro *and* con. *It is but to adjuſt the Reaſonings of both to the preſent Quarrel, then to compare and apply the Labours and Fruits of each, as the* Bee *has learnedly deduced them; and we ſhall find the Concluſion full, plain, and cloſe upon the* Moderns *and* Us. *For, pray Gentlemen, was ever any Thing ſo* Modern *as the* Spider, *in his Air, his Turns, and his Paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of* You *his Brethren, and himſelf, with many Boaſtings of his native Stock, and great* Genius; *that he ſpins and ſpits wholly from himſelf, and ſcorns to own any Obligation or Aſſiſtance from without. Then he diſplays to you his great Skill in Architecture, and Improvement in the Mathematics. To all this, the* Bee, *as an Advocate retained by us the* Antients, *thinks fit to anſwer; that if one may judge of the great Genius or Inventions of the* Moderns, *by what they have produced, you will hardly have Countenance to bear you out in Boaſting of either. Erect your Schemes with as much Method and Skill as you pleaſe; yet if the Materials be nothing but Dirt, ſpun out of your own Entrails (the Guts of* Modern *Brains) the Edifice will conclude at laſt in a* Cob-web; *The Duration of which, like that of other* Spiders *Webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or bid in a Corner. For any thing elſe of genuine, that the* Moderns *may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unleſs it be a large Vein of Wrangling and Satyr, much of a Nature and Subſtance with the* Spider's *Poiſon; which, however, to pretend to ſpit wholly out of themſelves, is improved by the ſame Arts, by feeding upon the* Inſects *and* Vermin *of the Age. As for* Us, *the* Antients, *we are content with the* Bee *to pretend to Nothing of our own,*

own, beyond our Wings *and our* Voice: *That is to say, our* Flights *and our* Language. *For the reſt, whatever we have got, has been by infinite Labour and Search, and Ranging through every Corner of Nature: The Difference is, that, inſtead of Dirt and Poiſon, we have rather choſe to fill our Hives with* Honey *and* Wax, *thus furniſhing Mankind with the two nobleſt of Things, which are* Sweetneſs *and* Light.

It is wonderful to conceive the Tumult ariſen among the *Books*, upon the Cloſe of this long Deſcant of *Æſop*: Both Parties took the Hint, and heightened their Animoſities ſo on a ſudden; that they reſolved it ſhould come to a Battle. Immediately, the two main Bodies withdrew under their ſeveral Enſigns, to the farther Parts of the Library, and there entered into Cabals, and Conſults upon the preſent Emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm Debates upon the Choice of their *Leaders*, and nothing leſs than the Fear impending from the Enemies, could have kept them from Mutinies upon this Occaſion. The Difference was greateſt among the *Horſe*, where every private *Trooper* pretended to the chief Command, from *Taſſo* and *Milton*, to *Dryden* and *Withers*. The *Light-Horſe* were commanded by *Cowley* and *Deſpreaux*. There came the *Bowmen* under their valiant Leaders, *Des Cartes*, *Gaſſendi*, and *Hobbes*, whoſe Strength was ſuch, that they could ſhoot their Arrows beyond the *Atmoſphere*, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of *Evander*, into *Meteors*, or like the *Cannon-Ball* into *Stars*. *Paracelſus* brought a *Squadron* of *Stink-Pot-Flingers* from the ſnowy Mountains of *Rhætia*. There came a vaſt Body of *Dragoons* of different Nations, under the Leading of *Harvey*, their great *Aga*: Part armed with *Scythes*, the Weapons of Death; Part with *Launces* and long *Knives*, all ſteeped in *Poiſon*; Part ſhot *Bullets* of a moſt malignant Nature, and uſed

white Powder, which infallibly killed without *Report*. There came ſeveral Bodies of *heavy-armed Foot*, all *Mercenaries*, under the Enſigns of *Guicciardine*, *Davila*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Buchanan*, *Mariana*, *Camden*, and others. The *Engineers* were commanded by *Regiomontanus* and *Wilkins*. The reſt were a confuſed Multitude, led by *Scotus*, *Aquinas*, and *Bellarmine*; of mighty Bulk and Stature, but without either Arms, Courage, or Diſcipline. In the laſt Place, came infinite Swarms of † *Calones*, a diſorderly Rout led by *L'Eſtrange*; Rogues and Raggamuffins, that follow the Camp, for nothing but the Plunder; all without *Coats* to cover them.

THE Army of the *Antients* was much fewer in Number; *Homer* led the *Horſe*, and *Pindar* the *Light-Horſe*; *Euclid* was chief *Engineer*; *Plato* and *Ariſtotle* commanded the *Bowmen*; *Herodotus* and *Livy* the *Foot*; *Hippocrates* the *Dragoons*; the *Allies* led by *Voſſius*, and *Temple* brought up the Rear.

ALL Things violently tending to a deciſive Battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large Apartment formerly aſſigned her in the *Regal Library*, fled up ſtrait to *Jupiter*, to whom ſhe delivered a faithful Account of all that paſſed between the two Parties below. (For, among the Gods, ſhe always tells Truth.) *Jove*, in great Concern, convokes a Council in the *Milky Way*. The Senate aſſembled, he declares the Occaſion of convening them; a bloody Battle juſt impendent between two mighty Armies of *Antient* and *Modern* Creatures, called *Books*, wherein the Celeſtial Intereſt was but too deeply concerned. *Momus*, the Patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent Speech in their Favour, which was anſwered by *Pallas*, the Protectreſs of the *Antients*. The Aſſembly was divided in their

† *Theſe are Pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.*

Affections; when *Jupiter* commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by *Mercury*, three large Volumes in *Folio*, containing Memoirs of all Things paſt, preſent, and to come. The Claſps were of Silver, double-gilt; the Covers of Celeſtial *Turkey*-Leather, and the Paper ſuch as here on Earth might almoſt paſs for Vellum. *Jupiter*, having ſilently read the Decree, would communicate the Import to none, but preſently ſhut up the Book.

WITHOUT the Doors of this Aſſembly, there attended a vaſt Number of light, nimble Gods, menial Servants to *Jupiter*: Theſe are his miniſtering Inſtruments in all Affairs below. They travel in a Caravan, more or leſs together, and are faſtened to each other, like a Link of Galley-ſlaves, by a light Chain, which paſſes from them, to *Jupiter*'s great Toe: And yet, in receiving or delivering a Meſſage, they may never approach above the loweſt Step of his Throne, where he and they whiſper to each other, through a long, hollow Trunk. Theſe Deities are called by mortal Men, *Accidents* or *Events*; but the Gods call them, *Second Cauſes*. *Jupiter* having delivered his Meſſage to a certain Number of theſe Divinities, they flew immediately down to the Pinacle of the Regal Library, and, conſulting a few Minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the Parties according to their Orders.

MEAN while, *Momus* fearing the worſt, and calling to Mind an antient Prophecy, which bore no very good Face to his Children, the *Moderns*; bent his Flight to the Region of a malignant Deity, called *Criticiſm*. She dwelt on the Top of a ſnowy Mountain in *Nova Zembla*; there *Momus* found her extended in her Den, upon the Spoils of numberleſs Volumes, half devoured. At her Right-hand ſat *Ignorance*, her Father and Huſband, blind with Age; at her Left,

Pride, her Mother, dreſſing her up in the Scraps of Paper herſelf had torn. There was *Opinion*, her Siſter, light of Foot, hood-winked, and head-ſtrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her Children, *Noiſe* and *Impudence*, *Dulneſs* and *Vanity*, *Poſitiveneſs*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-Manners*. The Goddeſs herſelf had Claws like a Cat; her Head, and Ears, and Voice, reſembled thoſe of an *Aſs*; her Teeth fallen out before; her Eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her Diet was the Over-flowing of her own *Gall*; her *Spleen* was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent, like a Dug of the firſt Rate, nor wanted Excreſcencies in Form of Teats, at which a Crew of ugly Monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the Bulk of Spleen increaſed faſter than the Sucking could diminiſh it. *Goddeſs*, ſaid *Momus*, *can you ſit idly here, while our devout Worſhippers, the* Moderns, *are this Minute entering into a cruel Battle, and, perhaps, now lying under the Swords of their Enemies: Who then, hereafter, will ever Sacrifice, or build Altars to our Divinities? Haſte, therefore, to the* Britiſh Iſle, *and, if poſſible, prevent their Deſtruction, while I make Factions among the Gods, and gain them over to our Party.*

MOMUS, having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an Anſwer, but left the Goddeſs to her own Reſentment: Up ſhe roſe in a Rage, and, as it is the Form upon ſuch Occaſions, began a Soliloquy: *It is I* (ſaid ſhe) *who give Wiſdom to Infants and Ideots; by me, Children grow wiſer than their Parents; by me* Beaux *become Politicians, and* School-boys *Judges of Philoſophy; by me, Sophiſters debate, and conclude upon the Depths of Knowledge; and Coffee-houſe Wits, inſtinct by me, can correct an Author's Style, and diſplay his minuteſt Errors, without underſtanding a Syllable of his Matter, or his Language; by me, Striplings ſpend their*

Judg-

Judgment, as they do their Eſtate, before it comes into their Hands. It is I, who have depoſed Wit and Knowledge from their Empire over Poetry, *and advanced myſelf in their Stead. And ſhall a few* upſtart Antients *dare oppoſe me?——But, come, my aged Parent, and you, my* Children *dear, and thou, my beauteous Siſter; let us aſcend my* Chariot, *and haſte to aſſiſt our devout* Moderns, *who are now ſacrificing to us a* Hecatomb, *as I perceive by that grateful Smell, which from thence reaches my Noſtrils.*

THE Goddeſs, and her Train, having mounted the Chariot, which was drawn by *tame Geeſe*, flew over infinite Regions, ſhedding her Influence in due Places, till at length, ſhe arrived at her beloved Iſland of *Britain*; but in hovering over its *Metropolis*, what Bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her Seminaries of *Greſham* and *Covent-Garden?* And now ſhe reached the fatal Plain of St. *James*'s Library, at what Time the two Armies were upon the Point to engage; where, entering with all her Caravan unſeen, and landing upon a Caſe of Shelves, now defart, but once inhabited by a Colony of *Virtuſo's*, ſhe ſtaid a while to obſerve the Poſture of both Armies.

BUT, here the tender Cares of a Mother began to fill her Thoughts, and move in her Breaſt: For, at the Head of a Troop of *Modern Bowmen*, ſhe caſt her Eyes upon her Son *W—tt—n*; to whom the Fates had aſſigned a very ſhort Thread. *W—tt—n*, a young Hero, whom an unknown Father, of mortal Race, begot by ſtolen Embraces with this Goddeſs. He was the Darling of his Mother, above all her Children, and ſhe reſolved to go and comfort him. But firſt, according to the good old Cuſtom of Deities, ſhe caſt about to change her Shape, for fear the Divinity of her Countenance might dazzle his mortal Sight, and overcharge the reſt of his Senſes. She therefore gathered

up her Perſon into an *Octavo* Compaſs: Her Body grew white and arid, and ſplit in Pieces with Dryneſs; the Thick turned into Paſte-board, and the Thin into Paper, upon which her Parents and Children artfully ſtrewed a black Juice or Decoction of Gall and Soot, in Form of Letters; her Head, and Voice, and Spleen, kept their primitive Form; and that, which before was a Cover of Skin, did ſtill continue ſo. In this Guiſe, ſhe marched on towards the *Moderns*, undiſtinguiſhable in Shape and Dreſs from the *Divine B-nt-ly*, *W–tt–n*'s deareſt Friend. *Brave W–tt–n*, ſaid the Goddeſs, *Why do our Troops ſtand idle here, to ſpend their preſent Vigour and Opportunity of this Day? Away, let us haſte to the Generals, and adviſe to give the Onſet immediately.* Having ſpoke thus, ſhe took the uglieſt of her Monſters, full geutted from her Spleen, and flung it inviſibly into his Mouth, which, flying ſtrait up into his Head, ſqueeſed out his Eye-Balls, gave him a diſtorted Look, and half overturned his Brain. Then ſhe privately ordered two of her beloved Children, *Dulneſs* and *Ill-Manners*, cloſely to attend his Perſon in all Encounters. Having thus accoutered him, ſhe vaniſhed in a Miſt, and the *Hero* perceived it was the Goddeſs, his Mother.

The deſtined Hour of Fate being now arrived, the Fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular Deſcription, I muſt, after the Example of other Authors, petition for a hundred Tongues, and Mouths, and Hands, and Pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a Work. Say, Goddeſs, that preſideſt over Hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the Field of Battle. *Paracelſus*, at the Head of his *Dragoons*, obſerving *Galen* in the adverſe Wing, darted his Javelin with a mighty Force, which the brave

rave *Antient* received upon his Shield, the Point breaking in the ſecond Fold. *Hic pauca deſunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* on their Shields to his Chariot * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

who had never once *ſeen* the Wearer, nor underſtood his Strength. Him *Homer* overthrew, Horſe and Man to the Ground, there to be trampled and choaked in the Dirt. Then, with a long Spear, he ſlew *Denham*, a ſtout *Modern*, who, from his † Father's Side, derived his Lineage from *Apollo*, but his Mother was of mortal Race. He fell, and bit the Earth. The Celeſtial Part *Apollo* took, and made it a Star, but the Terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the Ground. Then *Homer* ſlew *W—ſ—y*, with a Kick of his Horſe's Heel; he took *Perrault* by mighty Force out of his Saddle, then hurled him at *Fontenelle*, with the ſame Blow daſhing out both their Brains.

On the left Wing of the Horſe, *Virgil* appeared in ſhining Armour, compleatly fitted to his Body: He was mounted on a Dapple-grey Steed, the Slowneſs of whoſe Pace was an Effect of the higheſt of Mettle and Vigour. He caſt his Eye on the adverſe Wing, with a Deſire to find an Object worthy of his Valour, when behold, upon a ſorrel Gelding of a monſtrous Size, appeared as a Foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the Enemy's Squadrons; but his Speed was leſs than his Noiſe; for his Horſe, old and lean, ſpent the Dregs of his Strength in a high Trot, which, though it made ſlow Advances, yet cauſed a loud claſhing of his Armour, terrible to hear. The two Cavaliers had now approached within the Throw of a Launce, when the Stranger deſired a Parley, and lifting up the Vizor of his Helmet, a Face hardly appeared from within, which, after a Pauſe, was known for that of the renowned *Dryden*. The brave *Antient* ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſ-

† *Sir* John Denham's *Poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; ſo that his Detractors ſaid, he was not the real Author of* Cooper's Hill.

ſeſſed

ſeſſed with Surprize and Diſappointment together: For, the Helmet was nine Times too large for the Head, which appeared ſituate far in the hinder Part, even like the Lady in a Lobſter, or like a Mouſe under a Canopy of State, or like a ſhrivelled Beau from within the Pent-Houſe of a modern Periwig: And the Voice was ſuited to the Viſage, ſounding weak and remote. *Dryden*, in a long Harangue, ſoothed up the good *Antient*, called him *Father*, and, by a large Deduction of Genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly propoſed an Exchange of Armour, as a laſting Mark of Hoſpitality between them. *Virgil* conſented (for the Goddeſs *Diffidence* came unſeen, and caſt a Miſt before his Eye) though his was of ‡ Gold, and coſt a hundred Beeves, the others but of ruſty Iron. However, this glittering Armour became the *Modern* yet worſe than his own. Then, they agreed to exchange Horſes; but, when it came to the Trial, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * *

* * * * *
* * * * * *Alter hiatus*
* * * * * *in MS.*
* * * * *
* * * * * *Lucan* appeared

upon a fiery Horſe of admirable Shape, but head-ſtrong, bearing the Rider where he liſt, over the Field; he made a mighty Slaughter among the Enemy's Horſe; which Deſtruction to ſtop, *B-lckm-re*, a famous *Modern* (but one of the *Mercenaries*) ſtrenuouſly oppoſed himſelf, and darted his Javelin, with a ſtrong Hand, which, falling ſhort of its Mark, ſtruck deep in the Earth. Then *Lucan* threw a Launce; but *Æſculapius* came unſeen, and turned off the Point. *Brave* Modern,

‡ *Vid. Homer.*

ſaid

ſaid Lucan, *I perceive ſome God protects you, for never did my Arm ſo deceive me before: But what Mortal can contend with a God? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but preſent Gifts to each other.* *Lucan* then beſtowed the *Modern* *a Pair of Spurs, and Bl-ckm-re* gave *Lucan* a *Bridle.*

* * * * *

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Pauca de- * * * * * *

ſunt. * * * * * *

Creech: But the Goddeſs *Dulneſs* took a Cloud, formed into the Shape of *Horace*, armed and mounted, and placed a flying Poſture before him. Glad was the Cavalier to begin a Combat with a flying Foe, and purſued the Image, threatening loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful Bower of his Father *Ogleby*, by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his Repoſe.

THEN *Pinder* ſlew ——, and ——, and *Oldham*, and ——, and *Afra* the *Amazon*, light of Foot, never advancing in a direct Line, but wheeling with incredible Agility and Force, he made a terrible Slaughter among the Enemies *Light-Horſe*. Him, when *Cowley* obſerved, his generous Heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce *Antient*, imitating his Addreſs, his Pace, and Career, as well as the Vigour of his Horſe, and his own Skill would allow. When the two Cavaliers had approached within the Length of three Javelins; firſt *Cowley* threw a Launce, which miſſed *Pindar*, and, paſſing into the Enemy's Ranks, fell ineffectual to the Ground. Then *Pindar* darted a Javelin, ſo large and weighty, that ſcarce a dozen *Cavaliers*, as *Cavaliers* are in our degenerate Days, could raiſe it from the Ground; yet he threw it with Eaſe, and it went by an unerring Hand, ſinging through the Air; nor could the *Modern* have avoided preſent Death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the Shield that had

had been given him by *Venus*. And now both Hero' drew their Swords, but the *Modern* was ſo aghaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his Shield dropped from his Hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape; at laſt he turned, and lifting up his Hands, in the Poſture of a Suppliant *God-like* Pindar, ſaid he, *ſpare my life, and poſſeſs my Horſe with theſe Arms; beſides the Ranſom which my Friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your Priſoner. Dog, ſaid* Pindar, *let your Ranſom ſtay with your Friends; but your Carcaſs ſhall be left for the* Fowls of the Air, *and the* Beaſts of the Field. With that, he raiſed his Sword, and, with a mighty Stroke, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the Sword purſuing the Blow; and one Half lay panting on the Ground, to be trod in Pieces by the Horſes Feet, the other Half was borne by the frighted Steed thro' the Field. This * *Venus* took, wiſhed it ſeven Times in *Ambroſia*, then ſtruck it thrice with a Sprig of *Amarant*; upon which, the Leather grew round and ſoft, and the Leaves turned into Feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a *Dove*, and ſhe harneſſed it to her Chariot.

* * * * * *Hiatus valde*
* * * * * *deflendus in MS.*

Day being far ſpent, and the numerous Forces of the *Moderns* half inclining to a Retreat, there iſſued orth, from a Squadron of their *heavy-armed Foot*, † a Captain, whoſe Name was *B-ntl-y*; the moſt deformed of all the *Moderns*; tall, but without Shape or

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* *I do not approve the Author's Judgment in this, for I think* Cowley's *Pindarics are much preferable to his* Miſtreſs.

† *The Epiſode of* B-ntl-y *and* W-tt-n.

Com-

Comlineſs ; large, but without Strength or Proportion. His Armour was patch'd up of a thouſand incoherent Pieces ; and the Sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the Fall of a Sheet of Lead, which an *Eteſian* Wind blows ſuddenly down from the Roof of ſome Steeple. His Helmet was of old ruſty Iron, but the Vizor was Braſs, which, tainted by his Breath, corrupted into Copperas, nor wanted Gall from the ſame Fountain ; ſo that, whenever provoked by Anger or Labour, an atramentous Quality, of moſt malignant Nature, was ſeen to diſtil from his Lips. In his † right Hand he graſp'd a Flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offenſive* Weapon) a Veſſel full of *Ordure* in his left : Thus compleatly arm'd, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy Pace, where the *Modern* Chiefs were holding a Conſult upon the Sum of Things ; who, as he came onwards, laugh'd to behold his crooked Leg, and hump Shoulder, which his Boot and Armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expoſe. The General made uſe of him for his Talent of Railing ; which, kept within Government, proved frequently of great Service to their Cauſe, but at other Times did more Miſchief than Good : For at the leaſt Touch of Offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded Elephant, convert it againſt his Leaders. Such at this Juncture, was the Diſpoſition of *Bentley*, grieved to ſee the Enemy prevail, and diſſatisfied with every Body's Conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* Generals to underſtand, that he conceived with great Submiſſion, they were all a Pack of *Rogues*, and

† *The Perſon, here ſpoken of, is famous for letting fly at every Body, without Diſtinction, and uſing mean and foul Scurrilities.*

Fools

Fools, and *Sons of Whores*, and *d—ned Cowards*, and *confounded Loggerheads*, and *illiterate Whelps*, and *nonſenſical Scoundrels*; that if himſelf had been conſtituted General, thoſe ‡ *preſumptuous Dogs*, the *Antients*, would, long before this, have been beaten out of the Field. *You*, ſaid he, *ſit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant* Modern, *kill an Enemy, you are ſure to ſeize the Spoil. But, I will not march one Foot againſt the Foe, 'till you all ſwear to me, that, whomever I take or kill, his Arms I ſhall quietly poſſeſs. B-ntl-y* having ſpoke thus, *Scaliger* beſtowing him a ſour Look; *Miſcreant Prater*, ſaid he, *Eloquent only in thine own Eyes, thou raileſt without Wit, or Truth, or Diſcretion. The Malignity of thy Temper perverteth Nature, thy* Learning *makes thee more* barbarous, *thy Study of* Humanity, *more* inhuman; *thy* Converſe *among Poets, more* groveling, miry, *and* dull. *All Arts of* civilizing *others, render thee* rude *and* untractable; Courts *have taught thee* ill Manners, *and* polite Converſation *has finiſhed thee a* Pedant. *Beſides, a greater Coward burtheneth not the Army. But never deſpond, I paſs my Word, whatever Spoil thou takeſt, ſhall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile Carcaſs will firſt become a Prey to Kites and Worms.*

B—NTL—Y durſt not reply; but, half choaked with Spleen and Rage, withdrew, in full Reſolution of performing ſome great Atchievement. With him, for his Aid and Companion, he took his beloved *W-tt-n*; reſolving by Policy or Surprize, to attempt ſome neglected Quarter of the *Antients* Army. They began their March over Carcaſſes of their ſlaughtered Friends; then to the Right of their own Forces; then wheeled Northward, till they came to *Aldrovandus*'s Tomb,

‡ *Vid. Homer. de Therſite.*

which

which they paſſed on the Side of the declining Sun. And now they arrived with Fear towards the Enemy's Out-Guards; looking about, if haply, they might 'ſpy the Quarters of the Wounded, or ſome ſtragling Sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the reſt. As when two *Mungril Curs*, whom *native Greedineſs*, and *domeſtic Want*, provoke and join in Partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the Folds of ſome rich Grazier: They, with Tails depreſſed and lolling Tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow; mean while, the conſcious *Moon*, now in her *Zenith*, on their guilty Heads, darts perpendicular Rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent Viſage, whether ſeen in Puddle by Reflection, or in Sphere direct; but one ſurveys the Region round, while the other ſcouts the Plain, if haply, to diſcover, at Diſtance from the Flock, ſome *Carcaſs* half devoured, the Refuſe of gorged Wolves, or ominous Ravens. So march'd this lovely, loving Pair of Friends, nor with leſs Fear and Circumſpection; when, at Diſtance, they might perceive two ſhining Suits of Armour, hanging upon an Oak, and the Owners not far off in a profound Sleep. The two Friends drew Lots, and the Purſuing of this Adventure fell to *B-ntl-y*; on he went, and in his Van *Confuſion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the Rear. As he came near, behold two Heroes of the *Antients* Army, *Phalaris* and *Æſop*, lay faſt aſleep: *B-ntl-y* would fain have diſpatch'd them both, and, ſtealing cloſe, aim'd his Flail at *Phalaris*'s Breaſt. But, then the Goddeſs *Affright* interpoſing, caught the *Modern* in her icy Arms, and dragg'd him from the Danger ſhe foreſaw; both the dormant Heroes happen'd to turn at the ſame Inſtant, tho' ſoundly ſleeping, and buſy in a Dream. † For *Phalaris* was

† *This is according to* Homer, *who tells the Dreams of thoſe who were kill'd in their Sleep.*

juſt

juſt that Minute dreaming, how a moſt vile *Poetaſter* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *Bull*. And *Æſop* dreamed, that, as he and the *Antient Chiefs* were lying on the Ground, a *wild Aſs* broke looſe, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their Faces. *B-ntl-y*, leaving the two Heroes aſleep, ſeiz'd on both their Armours, and withdrew in Quett of his Darling *W-tt-n*.

He, in the mean Time, had wander'd long in Search of ſome Enterprize, 'till, at length, he arrived at a ſmall *Rivulet*, that iſſued from a Fountain hard by, call'd in the Language of mortal Men, *Helicon*. Here he ſtopped, and parched with Thirſt, reſolved to allay it in this limpid Stream. Thrice with profane Hands he eſſayed to raiſe the Water to his Lips, and thrice it ſlipped all thro' his Fingers. Then he ſtoop'd prone on his Breaſt, but, e're his Mouth had kiſs'd the liquid Chryſtal, *Apollo* came, and in the Channel held his *Shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the Fountain, ſo that he drew up nothing but *Mud*. For, altho' no Fountain on Earth can compare with the Clearneſs of *Helicon*, yet there lies at Bottom a thick Sediment of *Slime* and *Mud*; for ſo *Apollo* begg'd of *Jupiter*, as a Puniſhment to thoſe who durſt attempt to taſte it with unhallow'd Lips, and for a Leſſon to all, not to *draw too deep*, or *far from the Spring*.

At the Fountain-Head, *W-tt-n* diſcern'd two Heroes; the one he could not diſtinguiſh, but the other was ſoon known for *Temple*, General of the *Allies* to the *Antients*. His Back was turned, and he was employ'd in drinking large Draughts in his Helmet, from the Fountain, where he had withdrawn himſelf to reſt from the Toils of the War. *W-tt-n*, obſerving him, with quaking Knees, and trembling Hands, ſpoke thus to himſelf: *Oh, that I could kill this Deſtroyer of*

our Army! What Renown ſhould I purchaſe among the Chiefs? But to iſſue out againſt him, * *Man for Man, Shield againſt Shield, and Launce againſt Launce, what Modern of us dare? For he fights like a* God, *and* Pallas, *or* Apollo, *are ever at his Elbow. But,* Oh, Mother! *if what Fame reports be true, that I am the Son of ſo great a Goddeſs, grant me to hit* Temple *with this Launce, that the Stroke may ſend him to Hell, and that I may return in Safety and Triumph laden with his Spoils.* The firſt Part of his Prayer the Gods granted, at the Interceſſion of his *Mother*, and of *Momus*; but the reſt, by a perverſe Wind, ſent from *Fate*, was ſcattered in the Air. Then *W—tt—n* graſped his Launce, and, brandiſhing it thrice over his Head, darted it with all his Might, the *Goddeſs* his *Mother*, at the ſame Time, adding Strength to his Arm. Away the Launce went hizzing, and reach'd even to the Belt of the averted *Antient*, upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the Ground. *Temple* neither felt the Weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and *W--tt--n* might have eſcaped to his Army, with the Honour of having remitted his Launce againſt ſo great a Leader, unrevenged; but, *Apollo*, enraged, that a Javelin, flung by the Aſſiſtance of ſo foul a *Goddeſs*, ſhould pollute his Fountain, put on the Shape of ———, and ſoftly came to young *Boyle*, who then accompanied *Temple*: He pointed firſt to the Launce, then to the diſtant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young Hero to take immediate Revenge. *Boyle*, clad in a Suit of Armour which had been *given him by all the Gods*, immediately advanced againſt the trembling Foe, who now fled before him. As a young Lion in the *Libyan Plains*, or *Araby Deſart*, ſent by his aged Sire to hunt for Prey, or Health, or Exerciſe; he ſcours along, wiſhing to

* Vid. Homer.

meet

meet ſome Tyger from the Mountains, or a furious Boar: If chance a *Wild Aſs*, with Brayings importune, affronts his Ear, the generous Beaſt, though loathing to diſtain his Claws with Blood ſo vile, yet much provok'd at the offenſive Noiſe; which *Echo*, fooliſh Nymph, like her *ill-judging Sex*, repeats much louder, and with more Delight than *Philomela*'s Song: He vindicates the Honour of the Foreſt, and hunts the noiſy long-eard Animal. So *W-tt-n* fled, ſo *Boyle* purſued. But *W-tt-n* heavy arm'd, and ſlow of Foot, began to ſlack his Courſe; when his Lover *B-ntl-y* appeared, returning laden with the Spoils of the two ſleeping *Antients*. *Boyle* obſerved him well, and ſoon diſcovering the Helmet and Shield of *Phalaris*, his Friend, both which he had lately with his own Hands new poliſh'd and gilded; Rage ſparkled in his Eyes, and leaving his Purſuit after *W-tt-n*, he furiouſly ruſhed on againſt this new Approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different Ways: † And as a Woman in a little Houſe, that gets a painful Livelihood by Spinning; if chance her *Geeſe* be ſcattered over the Common, ſhe courſes round the Plain from Side to Side, compelling here and there the Stragglers to the Flock; they cackle loud, and flutter over the Champain. So *Boyle* purſued, ſo fled this Pair of Friends: Finding at length, their Flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themſelves in *Phalanx*. Firſt, *B-ntl-y* threw a Spear with all his Force, hoping to pierce the Enemy's Breaſt: But *Pallas* came unſeen, and in the Air took off the Point,

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† *This is alſo after the Manner of* Homer; *the Woman's getting a painful Livelihood by Spinning, has nothing to do with the Similitude, nor would be excuſable without ſuch an Authority.*
Vid. Homer.

and clapp'd on one of *Lead*, which, after a dead Bang againſt the Enemy's Shield, fell blunted to the Ground. Then *Boyle*, obſerving well his Time, took a Launce of wondrous Length and Sharpneſs; and as this Pair of Friends compacted ſtood cloſe Side to Side, he wheel'd him to the Right, and, with unuſual Force, darted the Weapon. *B-ntl-y* ſaw his Fate approach, and flanking down his Arms cloſe to his Ribs, hoping to ſave his Body; in went the Point, paſſing through Arm and Side, nor ſtopped, or ſpent its Force 'till it had alſo pierc'd the valiant *W-tt-n*, who, going to ſuſtain his dying Friend, ſhared his Fate. As when a ſkilful Cook has truſs'd a Brace of *Woodcocks*, he, with iron Skewer, pierces the tender Sides of both, their Legs and Wings cloſe pinioned to their Ribs: So was this Pair of Friends transfix'd, 'till down they fell, join'd in their Lives, join'd in their Deaths; ſo cloſely join'd, that *Charon* would miſtake them both for one, and waft them over *Styx* for half his Fare. Farewel, beloved, loving Pair; few Equals have you left behind: And happy and immortal ſhall you be, if all my Wit and Eloquence can make you.

AND, now * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * *Deſunt cætera.*

FINIS.

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A

DISCOURSE

Concerning the

MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

SPIRIT.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND.

A

FRAGMENT.

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ΠΙΣCOUKSE

Y

THE

BOOKSELLER's

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Diſcourſe came into my Hands perfect and intire: But there being ſeveral Things in it, which the preſent Age would not very well bear, I kept it by me ſome Years, reſolving it ſhould never ſee the Light. At length, by the Advice and Aſſiſtance of a judicious Friend, I retrenched thoſe Parts that might give moſt Offence, and have now ventured to publiſh the Remainder. Concerning the Author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the ſame with That of the two foregoing Pieces, the Origi-

nal having been ſent me at a different Time, and in a different Hand. The Learned Reader will better determine, to whoſe Judgment I intirely ſubmit it.

THE Following Diſcourſe came into my Hands perfect and intire: But there being ſeveral Things in it, which the Author would not very well bear, I kept it by me (as Time ſerves) reflecting if ſhould never ſee the Light. At length, by the Advice and Affiſtance of a judicious Friend, I determined to publiſh it: And have now ventured to

A DIS-

A

DISCOURSE

Concerning the

MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE

SPIRIT, &c.

For T. H. *Esquire, at his Chambers in the Academy of the* Beaux Esprits *in* New-Holland.

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my Head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my Health, that the World should be informed in. For, to tell you a Secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some Time, to resolve what would be

This Discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best Parts of it being omitted; whether the Book-seller's

be the moſt proper Form to ſend it abroad in. To which End, I have been three Days courſing through *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and St. *Paul*'s *Church-Yard*, and *Fleet-Street*, to peruſe *Titles*; and, I do not find any which holds ſo general a Vogue, as that of *A Letter to a Friend*: Nothing is more common than to meet with long Epiſtles addreſſed to Perſons and Places, where, at firſt Thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether ſo neceſſary or convenient; ſuch as, a *Neighbour at next Door*, *a mortal Enemy*, *a perfect Stranger*, or *a Perſon of Quality in the Clouds*; and theſe upon Subjects, in Appearance, the leaſt proper for Conveyance by the Poſt; as, *long Schemes in Philoſophy*; *dark and wonderful Myſteries of State*; *laborious Diſſertations in Criticiſm and Philoſophy*; *Advice to Parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the Method in preſent Wear. (For, let me ſay what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publiſh this *Letter*, as ſoon as ever it comes to your Hand.) I deſire you will be my Witneſs to the World, how careleſs and ſudden a Scribble it has been; that it was but Yeſterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into Diſcourſe on this Matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the Poſt is in ſuch Haſte, I have had no Manner of Time to digeſt it into Order, or correct the Style; and if any other modern Excuſes, for Haſte and Negli-

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ſeller's Account be true, that he durſt not print the reſt, I know not, nor, indeed, is it eaſy to determine, whether he may be relied on, in any Thing he ſays of this, or the former Treatiſes, only as to the Time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the Diſcourſes themſelves, than his Relation.

gence,

gence, ſhall occur to you in Reading, I beg you to inſert them, faithfully promiſing they ſhall be thankfully acknowledged.

PRAY, Sir, in your next Letter to the *Iroquois Virtuoſi*, do me the Favour to preſent my humble Service to that illuſtrious Body, and aſſure them, I ſhall ſend an Account of thoſe *Phænomena*, as ſoon as we can determine them at *Greſham*.

I HAVE not had a Line from the *Literati* of *Tobinambou*, theſe three laſt Ordinaries.

AND now, Sir, having diſpatched what I had to ſay of Forms, or of Buſineſs, let me intreat, you will ſuffer me to proceed upon my Subject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther Uſe of the Epiſtolary Style, 'till I come to conclude.

SECT. I.

'TIS recorded of *Mahomet*, that, upon a Viſit he was going to pay in *Paradiſe*, he had an Offer of ſeveral Vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery Chariots, wing'd Horſes, and celeſtial Sedans: But he refuſed them all, and would be borne to Heaven upon nothing but his *Aſs*. Now, this Inclination of *Mahomet*, as ſingular as it ſeems, hath been ſince taken up by a great Number of devout *Chriſtians*; and doubtleſs, with very good Reaſon. For ſince that *Arabian* is known to have borrowed a Moiety of his religious Syſtem from the *Chriſtian* Faith, it is but juſt he ſhould pay Repriſals to ſuch as would challenge them, wherein the good People of *England*, to do them all Right, have not been backward. For tho' there is not any other Nation in the World ſo plentifully provided with Car-

Carriages for that Journey, either as to Safety or Eaſe; yet there are Abundance of us, who will not be ſatisfied with any other Machine, beſides this of *Mahomet*.

For my own Part, I muſt confeſs to bear a very ſingular Reſpect to this Animal, by whom I take Human Nature to be moſt admirably held forth in all its Qualities as well as Operations: And therefore, whatever in my ſmall Reading occurs, concerning this our Fellow-Creature, I do never fail to ſet it down, by Way of Common place; and when I have Occaſion to write upon Human Reaſon, Politics, Eloquence, or Knowledge; I lay my *Memorandums* before me, and inſert them with a wonderful Facility of Application. However, among all the Qualifications aſcribed to this diſtinguiſh'd Brute, by Antient or Modern Authors, I cannot remember this Talent of bearing his Rider to Heaven, has been recorded for a Part of his Character, except in the two Examples mentioned already; therefore, I conceive the Methods of this Art, to be a Point of uſeful Knowledge in very few Hands, and which the Learned World would gladly be better informed in: This is what I have undertaken to perform in the following Diſcourſe. For, towards the Operation already mentioned, many peculiar Properties are required, both in the *Rider* and the *Aſs*; which I ſhall endeavour to ſet in as clear a Light as I can.

But, becauſe I am reſolved, by all Means, to avoid giving Offence to any Party whatever, I will leave off diſcourſing ſo cloſely to the *Letter*, as I have hitherto done, and go on for the Future by Way of Allegory, tho' in ſuch a Manner, that the judicious Reader may, without much Straining, make his Applications as often as he ſhall think fit. Therefore, if you pleaſe, from hence forward, inſtead of the Term, *Aſs*, we ſhall make Uſe of *Gifted*, or *Enlightened Teacher*; and

and the Word, *Rider*, we will exchange for that of *Fanatic Auditory*, or any other Determination of the like Import. Having ſettled this weighty Point; the great Subject of Enquiry before us, is to examine, by what Methods this *Teacher* arrives at his *Gifts*, or *Spirit*, or *Light*; and by what Intercourſe between him and his Aſſembly it is cultivated and ſupported.

In all my Writings, I have had conſtant Regard to this great End, not to ſuit and apply them to particular Occaſions and Circumſtances of Time, of Place, or of Perſon; but to calculate them for univerſal Nature, and Mankind in general. And of ſuch Catholic Uſe, I eſteem this preſent Diſquiſition; for I do not remember any other Temper of Body, or Quality of Mind, wherein all Nations and Ages of the World have ſo unanimouſly agreed, as that of a *Fanatic* Strain, or Tincture of *Enthuſiaſm*; which improved by certain Perſons or Societies of Men, and by them practiſed upon the reſt, has been able to produce Revolutions of the greateſt Figure in Hiſtory; as will ſoon appear to thoſe who know any Thing of *Arabia*, *Perſia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*. Farther, it has poſſeſſed as great a Power in the Kingdom of Knowledge, where it is hard to aſſign one Art or Science, which has not annexed to it ſome *Fanatic* Branch: Such are the *Philoſopher's Stone*; † *The Grand Elixir*; *The Planetary Worlds*; *The Squaring of the Circle*; *The Summum Bonum*; Utopian *Common-wealths*; with ſome others of leſs or ſubordinate Note; which all ſerve for nothing elſe, but to employ or amuſe this Grain of *Enthuſiaſm*, dealt into every Compoſition.

But, if this Plant has found a Root in the Fields of *Empire* and of *Knowledge*, it has fixed deeper, and

† *Some Writers hold them for the ſame, others not.*

ſpread

ſpread yet farther upon *Holy Ground.* Wherein, tho' it hath paſſed under the general Name of *Enthuſiaſm*, and, perhaps, ariſen from the ſame Original, yet hath it produced certain Branches of a very different Nature, however often miſtaken for each other. The Word, in its univerſal Acceptation, may be defined, *A Lifting up of the Soul, or its Faculties, above Matter.* This Deſcription will hold good in General; but I am only to underſtand it, as applied to *Religion*; wherein there are three general Ways of ejaculating the Soul, or tranſporting it beyond the Sphere of Matter. The firſt, is the immediate Act of God, and is called *Prophecy* or *Inſpiration.* The ſecond, is the immediate Act of the Devil, and is termed *Poſſeſſion.* The third, is the Product of natural Cauſes, the Effect of ſtrong Imagination, Spleen, violent Anger, Fear, Grief, Pain, and the like. Theſe three have been abundantly treated on by Authors, and therefore ſhall not employ my Enquiry. But, the fourth Method of *Religious Enthuſiaſm*, or Launching out of the Soul, as it is purely an Effect of Artifice and *Mechanic Operation*, has been ſparingly handled, or not at all, by any Writer; becauſe, tho' it is an Art of great Antiquity, yet having been confined to few Perſons, it long wanted thoſe Advancements and Refinements, which it afterwards met with, ſince it has grown ſo Epidemic, and fallen into ſo many cultivating Hands.

It is therefore upon this *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at preſent performed by our *Britiſh Workmen.* I ſhall deliver to the Reader the Reſult of many judicious Obſervations upon the Matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole Courſe and Method of this *Trade*, producing parallel Inſtances, and relating certain Diſcoveries that have luckily fallen in my Way.

I HAVE

I HAVE ſaid that there is one Branch of *Religious Enthuſiaſm*, which is purely an Effect of Nature; whereas, the Part I mean to handle, is wholly an Effect of Art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain Natures and Conſtitutions, more than others. Beſides, there is many an Operation, which, in its Original, was purely an Artifice, but, thro' a long Succeſſion of Ages, hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates* tells us, that among our Anceſtors, the *Scythians*, there was a Nation called † *Long-heads*, which at firſt began by a Cuſtom among Midwives and Nurſes, of moulding, and ſqueeſing, and bracing up the Heads of Infants, by which Means, Nature, ſhut out at one Paſſage, was forced to ſeek another, and, finding Room above, ſhot upwards, in the Form of a Sugar-loaf; and being diverted that Way, for ſome Generations, at laſt found it out of herſelf, needing no Aſſiſtance from the Nurſe's Hand. This was the Original of the *Scythian Long-heads*, and thus did Cuſtom, from being a ſecond Nature, proceed to be a firſt. To all which, there is ſomething very analogous among Us of this Nation, who are the undoubted Poſterity of that refined People. For, in the Age of our Fathers, there aroſe a Generation of Men in this Iſland, called *Round-heads*, whoſe Race is now ſpread over three Kingdoms, yet, in its Beginning, was merely an Operation of Art, produced by a Pair of Sciſſars, a Squeeze of the Face, and a black Cap. Theſe Heads, thus formed into a perfect Sphere in all Aſſemblies, were moſt expoſed to the View of the Female Sort, which did influence their Conceptions ſo effectually, that Nature, at laſt, took the Hint, and did it of herſelf; ſo that a *Round-head* has been ever ſince as familiar a Sight among Us, as a *Long-head* among the *Scythians*.

† *Macrocephali.*

UPON theſe Examples, and others eaſy to produce, I deſire the curious Reader to diſtinguiſh, Firſt between an Effect grown from *Art* into *Nature*, and one that is natural from its Beginning: Secondly, between an Effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural Foundation, but where the Superſtructure is intirely Artificial. For, the firſt and the laſt of theſe, I underſtand to come within the Diſtricts of my Subject. And having obtained theſe Allowances, they will ſerve to remove any Objections that may be raiſed hereafter againſt what I ſhall advance.

THE Practitioners of this famous Art proceed in general upon the following Fundamental: That, *the Corruption of the Senſes is the Generation of the Spirit*: Becauſe the *Senſes* in Men are ſo many Ayenues to the Fort of *Reaſon*, which in this Operation is wholly block'd up. All Endeavours muſt be therefore uſed, either to divert, bind up, ſtupify, fluſter, and amuſe the *Senſes*, or elſe to juſtle them out of their Stations; and while they are either abſent, or otherwiſe employ'd, or engaged in a civil War againſt each other, the *Spirit* enters and performs its Part.

Now, the uſual Methods of managing the Senſes upon ſuch Conjunctures, are what I ſhall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the Honour to be initiated into the Myſteries of every Society, I deſire to be excuſed from divulging any Rites, wherein the *Profane* muſt have no Part.

BUT here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous Objection muſt, if poſſible, be removed. For, it is poſitively denied by certain Critics, that the *Spirit* can by any means be introduced into an Aſſembly of modern Saints; the Diſparity being ſo great in

many

many material Circumſtances, between the Primitive Way of Inſpiration, and that which is practiſed in the preſent Age. This they pretend to prove from the ſecond Chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both, it appears; Firſt, that *the Apoſtles were gathered together with one Accord in one Place*; by which is meant, an univerſal Agreement in Opinion, and Form of Worſhip; a Harmony (ſay they) ſo far from being found between any two Conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two Heads in the ſame. Secondly, the *Spirit* inſtructed the Apoſtles in the Gift of ſpeaking ſeveral Languages; a Knowledge ſo remote from our Dealers in this Art, that they neither underſtand Propriety of Words, or Phraſes, in their own. Laſtly, (ſay theſe Objectors) the modern Artiſts do utterly exclude all Approaches of the *Spirit*, and bar up its antient Way of entering, by covering themſelves ſo cloſe, and ſo induſtriouſly a-top. For, they will needs have it as a Point clearly gained, that the *Cloven Tongues* never ſat upon the Apoſtles Heads, while their Hats were on.

Now, the Force of theſe Objections ſeems to conſiſt in the different Acceptation of the Word, *Spirit*; which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural Aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the Objectors have Reaſon, and their Aſſertions may be allowed; but the *Spirit* we treat of here, proceeding intirely from within, the Argument of theſe Adverſaries is wholly eluded. And upon the ſame Account, our Modern Artificers find it an Expedient of abſolute Neceſſity to cover their Heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent Perſpiration, than which, nothing is obſerved to be a greater Splendor of Mechanic Light, as we may, perhaps, farther ſhew in convenient Place.

To proceed therefore upon the *Phænomenon* of *Spi-*

ritual Mechaniſm, it is here to be noted, that in forming, and working up the *Spirit*, the Aſſembly has a conſiderable Share, as well as the Preacher. The Method of this *Arcanum* is as follows: They violently ſtrain their Eye-balls inward, half cloſing the Lids; then, as they ſit, they are in a perpetual Motion of *See-Saw*, making long Hums at proper Periods, and continuing the Sound at equal Height, chuſing their Time in thoſe Intermiſſions, while the Preacher is at Ebb. Neither is this Practice, in any Part of it, ſo ſingular and improbable, as not to be traced in diſtant Regions, from Reading and Obſervation. For, firſt, the † *Jauguis*, or enlightened Saints of *India*, ſee all their Viſions, by Help of an acquired Straining and Preſſure of the Eyes. Secondly, the Art of *See-Saw* on a Beam, and Swinging by Seſſion upon a Cord, in order to raiſe artificial Extaſies, hath been derived to us from our ‡ *Scythian* Anceſtors, where it is practiſed at this Day, among the Women. Laſtly, the whole Proceeding, as I have here related it, is perform'd by the Natives of *Ireland*, with a conſiderable Improvement; and it is granted, that this noble Nation hath, of all others, admitted fewer Corruptions, and degenerated leaſt from the Purity of the old *Tartars*. Now it is uſual for a Knot of *Iriſh* Men and Women, to abſtract themſelves from Matter, bind up all their Senſes, grow viſionary and ſpiritual, by Influence of a ſhort Pipe of Tobacco, handed round the Company; each preſerving the Smoke in his Mouth, 'till it comes again to his Turn to take in freſh; at the ſame Time, there is a Concert of a continued gentle Hum, repeated and renewed by Inſtinct, as Occaſion requires, and they move their Bodies up and down,

† *Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.*
‡ *Guagnini Hiſt. Sarmat.*

to a Degree, that ſometimes their Heads and Points lie parallel to the Horizon. Mean while, you may obſerve their Eyes turned up in the Poſture of one, who endeavours to keep himſelf awake; by which, and many other Symptoms among them, it manifeſtly appears, that the reaſoning Faculties are all ſuſpended and ſuperſeded, that Imagination hath uſurped the Seat, ſcattering a thouſand Deliriums over the Brain. Returning from this Digreſſion, I ſhall deſcribe the Methods, by which the *Spirit* approaches: The Eyes being diſpoſed according to Art, at firſt, you can ſee nothing; but, after a ſhort Pauſe, a ſmall glimmering Light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your Body up and down, you perceive the Vapours to aſcend very faſt, 'till you are perfectly doſed and fluſtered like one who drinks too much in a Morning. Mean while, the Preacher is alſo at work; he begins a loud Hum, which pierces you quite thro'; this is immediately return'd by the Audience, and you find yourſelf prompted to imitate them, by a meer ſpontaneous Impulſe, without knowing what you do. The *Interſtitia* are duly filled up by the Preacher, to prevent too long a Pauſe, under which the *Spirit* would ſoon faint and grow languid.

THIS is all I am allow'd to diſcover about the Progreſs of the *Spirit*, with relation to that Part, which is borne by the *Aſſembly*; but in the Methods of the Preacher, to which I now proceed, I ſhall be more arge and particular.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the Books of thoſe illuſtrious and right eloquent Penmen, the modern Travellers; that the fundamental Difference in Point of Religion, between the wild *Indians* and us, lies in this: That we worſhip *God*, and they worſhip the *Devil*. But, there are certain Critics, who will by no means admit of this Diſtinction; rather believing, that all Nations whatſoever adore the *true God*, becauſe they ſeem to intend their Devotions to ſome inviſible Power, of greateſt *Goodneſs* and *Ability* to help them; which perhaps will take in the brighteſt Attributes aſcribed to the Divinity. Others, again, inform us, that thoſe Idolaters adore two *Principles*; the *Principle of Good*, and that of *Evil*: Which, indeed, I am apt to look upon as the moſt univerſal Notion, that Mankind, by the meer Light of Nature, ever entertained of Things inviſible. How this Idea hath been managed by the *Indians* and us, and with what Advantage to the Underſtandings of either, may well deſerve to be examined. To me, the Difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their Knees by their *Fears*, and we by our *Deſires*; that the former ſet them a *praying*, and us a *curſing*. What I applaud them for, is their Diſcretion, in limiting their Devotions and their Deities to their ſeveral Diſtricts, nor ever ſuffering the Liturgy of the *white* God, to croſs or to interfere with that of the *black*. Not ſo with us, who pretending by the Lines and Meaſures of our Reaſon, to extend the Dominion of one inviſible Power, and contract that of the other, have diſcovered a groſs Ignorance in the Natures of Good and Evil, and moſt horribly confounded the Frontiers of both. After Men have

have lifted up the Throne of their Divinity to the *Cælum Empyræum*, adorned with all ſuch Qualiries and Accompliſhments, as themſelves ſeem moſt to value and poſſeſs: After they have ſunk their *Principle* of *Evil* to the loweſt Center, bound him with Chains, loaded him with Curſes, furniſhed him with viler Diſpoſitions than any *Rake-hel* of the Town, accountred him with Tail, and Horns, and Huge Claws, and Sawcer Eyes; I laugh aloud, to ſee theſe Reaſoners, at the ſame time engaged in wiſe Diſpute, about certain Walks and Purlieus whether they are in the Verge of God or the Devil, ſeriouſly debating, whether ſuch and ſuch Influences come into Mens Minds from above or below, whether certain Paſſions and Affections are guided by the Evil Spirit or the Good:

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi. ——————

Thus do Men eſtabliſh a Fellowſhip of *Chriſt* with *Belial*, and ſuch is the Analogy they make between *cloven Tongues* and *cloven Feet*. Of the like Nature is the Diſquiſition before us: It hath continued theſe hundred Years as an even Debate, whether the Deportment and the Cant of our *Engliſh* Enthuſiaſtic Preachers were *Poſſeſſion*, or *Inſpiration*, and a World of Argument has been drained on either Side, perhaps, to little Purpoſe. For I think, it is in *Life* as in *Tragedy*, where, it is held a Conviction of great Defect, both in Order and Invention, to interpoſe the Aſſiſtance of preternatural Power, without an abſolute and laſt Neceſſity. However, it is a Sketch of Human Vanity, for every Individual, to imagine the whole Univerſe is intereſted in his meaneſt Concern. If he hath got cleanly over a Kennel, ſome Angel unſeen, deſcended on Purpoſe, to help him by the Hand; if he hath knock'd his

Head againſt a Poſt, it was the Devil, for his Sins, let looſe from Hell on purpoſe to buffet him. Who, that ſees a little paultry Mortal, droaning, and dreaming, and drivilling to a Multitude, can think it agreeable to common good Senſe, that either Heaven or Hell ſhould be put to the Trouble of Influence or Inſpection upon what he is about? Therefore, I am reſolved immediately, to weed this Error out of Mankind, by making it clear, that this Myſtery, of vending ſpiritual Gifts, is nothing but a *Trade*, acquired by as much Inſtruction, and maſtered by equal Practice and Application, as others are. This will beſt appear by deſcribing and deducing the whole Proceſs of the Operation, as variouſly as it hath fallen under my knowledge or Experience.

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Here the whole Scheme of ſpiritual Machaniſm was deduced and explained with an Appearance of great Reading and Obſervation, but it was thought neither ſafe nor convenient to Print it.

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Here it may not be amiſs, to add a few Words upon the laudable Practice of wearing *quilted Caps*; which is not a matter of meer Cuſtom, Humour, or Faſhion, as ſome would pretend, but an Inſtitution of great Sagacity and Uſe. Theſe when moiſtened with Sweat, ſtop all Perſpiration, and, by reverberating the Heat, prevent the Spirit from evaporating any Way, but at the Mouth; even as a ſkilful Houſewife, that

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covers her Still with a wet Clout, for the ſame Reaſon, and finds the ſame Effect. For it is the Opinion of a Choice *Vertuoſi*, that the Brain is only a Crowd of little Animals, but with Teeth and Claws extreamly ſharp, and therefore cling together in the Contexture we behold, like the Picture of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, or like Bees in perpendicular Swarm upon a Tree, or like a Carrion corrupted into Vermin, ſtill preſerving the Shape and Figure of the Mother Animal. That all Invention is formed by the Morſure of two or more of theſe Animals, upon certain capillary Nerves which proceed from thence, whereof three Branches ſpread into the Tongue, and two into the right Hand. They hold alſo, that theſe Animals are of a Conſtitution extreamly cold; that their Food is the Air we attract, their Excrement Phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call Rheums, and Colds, and Diſtillations, is nothing elſe but an Epidemical Looſneſs, to which that little Common-wealth is very ſubject, from the Climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing leſs than a violent Heat, can diſentangle theſe Creatures from their hamated Station of Life, or give them Vigour and Humour, to imprint the Marks of their little Teeth. That, if the Morſure be Hexagonal, it produces Poetry; the Circular gives Eloquence: If the Bite hath been Conical, the Perſon, whoſe Nerve is ſo affected, ſhall be diſpoſed to write upon the Politics; and ſo of the reſt.

I SHALL now diſcourſe briefly, by what Kind of Practices the Voice is beſt governed, towards the Compoſition and Improvement of the *Spirit*; for without a competent Skill in tuning and toning each Word and Syllable, and Letter, to their due Cadence, the whole Operation is incompleat, miſſes intirely of its Effect on the Hearers, and puts the Workman himſelf to continual Pains for new Supplies, without Succeſs. For

it is to be underſtood, that in the Language of the Spirit *Cant* and *Droning* ſupply the Place of *Senſe* and *Reaſon*, in the Language of Men: Becauſe, in Spiritual Harangues, the Diſpoſition of the Words, according to the Art of Grammar, hath not the leaſt Uſe, but the Skill and Influence wholly lie in the Choice and Cadence of the Syllables; even as a diſcreet *Compoſer*, who in ſetting a Song, changes the Words and Order ſo often, that he is forced to make it *Nonſenſe*, before he can make it *Muſic*. For this Reaſon, it hath been held by ſome, that the Art of Canting is ever in greateſt Perfection, when managed by *Ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the beſt Muſical Inſtruments were made from the Bones of an *Aſs*. And the profounder Critics, upon that Paſſage, are of Opinion, the Word, in its genuine Signification, means no other than a *Jaw-Bone*; tho' ſome rather think it to have been the *Os Sacrum*; but in ſo nice a Caſe, I ſhall not take upon me to decide; the Curious are at Liberty, to *pick* from it whatever they pleaſe.

The firſt Ingredient, towards the Art of Canting, is a competent Share of *Inward Light*; that is to ſay, a large Memory, plentifully fraught with Theological Polyſyllables, and myſterious Texts from Holy Writ, applied and digeſted by thoſe Methods, and Mechanical Operations already related: The Bearer of this *Light* reſembling *Lanthorns*, compact of Leaves from old *Geneva* Bibles; which Invention Sir *Humphry Edw-n*, during his Mayoralty, of happy Memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it ſays, *Thy Word is a Lanthorn to my Feet, and a Light to my Paths.*

Now the Art of *Canting* conſiſts in ſkilfully adapting the Voice, to whatever Words the Spirit de-

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livers, that each may ſtrike the Ears of the Audience, with its moſt ſignificant Cadence. The Force, or Energy of this Eloquence, is not to be found, as among antient Orators, in the Diſpoſition of Words to a Sentence, or the Turning of long Periods; but agreeable to the modern Refinements in Muſic, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and dilating upon Syllables and Letters. Thus it is frequent for a ſingle *Vowel* to draw Sighs from a Multitude; and for a whole Aſſembly of Saints, to ſob to the Muſic of one ſolitary *Liquid*. But theſe are Trifles; when even Sounds inarticulate are obſerved to produce as forcible Effects. A Maſter Workman ſhall *blow his Noſe ſo powerfully*, as to pierce the Hearts of his People, who are diſpoſed to receive the *Excrements* of his Brain, with the ſame Reverence as the *Iſſue* of it. Hawking, Spitting, and Belching, the Defects of other Mens Rhetoric, are the Flowers, and Figures, and Ornaments of his. For, the *Spirit* being the ſame in all, it is of no Import through what Vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a Point of two much Difficulty, to draw the Principles of this famous Art within the Compaſs of certain adequate Rules. However, perhaps, I may one Day oblige the World with my Critical Eſſay upon the Art of *Canting, Philoſophically, Phyſically, and Muſically conſidered.*

But, among all Improvements of the *Spirit*, wherein the Voice hath borne a Part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the Sound through the Noſe*, which, under the Denomination of * *Snuffling*, hath paſſed with ſo great Applauſe in the World.

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* *The* Snuffling *of Men, who have loſt their Noſes by lewd Courſes, is ſaid to have given Riſe to that Tone, which our Diſſenters did too much affect.* W. Wotton.

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The Originals of this Inſtitution are very dark; but having been initiated into the Myſtery of it, and Leave being given me to publiſh it to the World, I ſhall deliver as direct a Relation as I can.

THIS Art, like many other famous Inventions, owed its Birth, or, at leaſt, Improvement and Perfection, to an Effect of Chance; but was eſtabliſhed upon ſolid Reaſons, and hath flouriſhed in this Iſland ever ſince, with great Luſtre. All agree, that it firſt appear'd upon the Decay and Diſcouragement of *Bag-Pipes*, which, having long ſuffer'd under the Mortal Hatred of the *Brethren*, totter'd for a Time, and at laſt fell with *Monarchy*. The Story is thus related.

As yet, *Snuffling* was not; when the following Adventure happen'd to a *Banbury Saint*. Upon a certain Day, while he was far engaged among the Tabernacles of the *Wicked*, he felt the outward Man put into odd Commotions, and ſtrangely prick'd forward by the inward: An Effect very uſual among the Modern Inſpired. For, ſome think, that the *Spirit* is apt to feed on the *Fleſh*, like hungry Wines upon raw Beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual Game at *Leap-frog* between both; and ſometimes the *Fleſh* is uppermoſt, and ſometimes the *Spirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the State of a *Rider*, wears huge *Rippon* Spurs, and, when it comes to the Turn of being *Bearer*, is wonderfully head-ſtrong and hard-mouth'd. However it came about, the *Saint* felt his *Veſſel* full extended in every Part (a very natural Effect of ſtrong *Inſpiration*;) and the Place and Time falling out ſo unluckily, that he could not have the Convenience of evacuating upwards, by Repetition, Prayer, or Lecture; he was forced to open an inferior Vent. In ſhort, he wreſtled with the Fleſh ſo long, that he at length ſubdued it, coming off with honour-

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able Wounds, all *before*. The Surgeon had now cured the Parts, primarily affected; but the Diſeaſe, driven from its Poſt, flew up into his Head; and, as a skilful General, valiantly attack'd in his Trenches, and beaten from the Field by flying Marches, withdraws to the Capital City, breaking down the Bridges to prevent Purſuit; ſo the Diſeaſe repell'd from its firſt Station, fled before the *Rod* of *Hermes*, to the upper Region, there fortifying itſelf; but, finding the Foe making Attacks at the *Noſe*, broke down the *Bridge*, and retir'd to the Head-Quarters. Now, the Naturaliſts obſerve, that there is in human Noſes an *Idioſyncracy*, by virtue of which, the more the Paſſage is obſtructed, the more our Speech delights to go through, as the Muſic of a Flagelate is made by the *Stops*. By this Method, the Twang of the Noſe becomes perfectly to reſemble the *Snuffle* of a Bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *Britiſh* Ears; whereof the Saint had ſudden Experience, by practiſing his new Faculty with wonderful Succeſs in the Operation of the *Spirit*: For, in a ſhort Time, no Doctrine paſs'd for Sound and Orthodox, unleſs it were deliver'd through the Noſe. Strait, every Paſtor copy'd after this Original; and thoſe, who could not otherwiſe arrive to a Perfection, ſpirited by a noble Zeal, made uſe of the ſame Experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *Saints* owe their Empire to the *Snuffling* of one *Animal*, as *Darius* did his, to the *Neighing* of another; and both Stratagems were performed by the ſame Art; for we read, how the † *Perſian Beaſt* acquired his Faculty, by *covering a Mare* the Day before.

I SHOULD now have done, if I were not convinced,

† *Herodot.*

that

that whatever I have yet advanced upon this Subject, is liable to great Exception. For, allowing all I have ſaid to be true, it may ſtill be juſtly objected, that there is, in the Common-wealth of *artificial Enthuſiaſm*, ſome real Foundation for Art to work upon in the Temper and Complexion of Individuals, which other Mortals ſeem to want. Obſerve but the Geſture, the Motion, and the Countenance, of ſome choice Profeſſors, tho' in their moſt familiar Actions, you will find them of a different Race from the reſt of human Creatures. Remark your commoneſt Pretender to a Light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*: As Lanthorns, which the more Light they bear in their Bodies, caſt out ſo much the more Soot, and Smoke, and fuliginous Matter to adhere to the Sides. Liſten but to their ordinary Talk, and look on the Mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing ſome antient Oracle, and your Underſtanding will be *equally* informed. Upon theſe, and the like Reaſons, certain Objectors pretend to put it beyond all Doubt, that there muſt be a Sort of preternatural *Spirit*, poſſeſſing the Heads of the Modern Saints; and ſome will have it to be the *Heat* of Zeal, working upon the *Dregs* of Ignorance, as other *Spirits* are produced from *Lees*, by the Force of Fire. Some again think, that when our earthly Tabernacles are diſordered and deſolate, ſhaken and out of Repair; the *Spirit* delights to dwell within them, as Houſes are ſaid to be haunted when they are forſaken and gone to Decay.

To ſet this Matter in as fair a Light as poſſible; I ſhall here, very briefly, deduce the Hiſtory of *Fanaticiſm*, from the moſt early Ages to the preſent. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental Point, wherein the chief Profeſſors have univerſally agreed, I think we may reaſonably lay hold

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on that, and assign it for the great Seed or Principle of the *Spirit*.

THE most early Traces we meet with, of *Fanatics* in antient Story, are among the *Ægyptians*, who instituted those Rites, known in *Greece* by the Names of *Orgya*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*, whether introduced there by *Orpheus* and *Melampus*, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all Likelihood, at any Time for the future. † These Feasts were celebrated to the Honour of *Osyris*, whom the Grecians called *Dionysius*, and is the same with *Bacchus*: Which has betrayed some superficial Readers to imagine, that the whole Business was nothing more than a Set of roaring, scouring Companions, over-charg'd with Wine; but this is a scandalous Mistake, foisted on the World by a Sort of Modern Authors, who have too *literal* an Understanding; and, because Antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their Books at the wrong End, as if Learning were a Sort of *Conjuring*. These are the Men who pretend to understand a Book, by scouting thro' the *Index*, as if a Traveller should go about to describe a *Palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *Privy*; or like certain Fortune-tellers in *Northern America*, who have a Way of reading a Man's Destiny, by peeping into his *Breech*. For, at the Time of instituting these Mysteries, ‡ there was not one Vine in all *Ægypt*, the Natives drinking nothing but *Ale*; which Liquor seems to have been far more antient than Wine, and has the Honour of owing its Invention and Progress, not only to the ‖ *Ægyptian Osyris*, but to the *Grecian Bacchus*, who, in their fa-

† *Diod. Sic. L.* 1. *Plut. de Iside & Osyride.*
‡ *Herod. L.* 2.
‖ *Diod. Sic. L.* 1. & 3.

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mous Expedition, carried the Receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the Nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself was very seldom, or never drunk: For, it is recorded of him, that he was the first † Inventor of the *Mitre*, which he wore continually on his Head (as the whole Company of *Bacchanals* did) to prevent Vapours and the *Head-ach* after hard Drinking. And for this Reason (say some) the *Scarlet Whore*, when she makes the Kings of the Earth drunk with her Cup of Abomination, is always sober herself, tho' she never balks the Glass in her Turn, being, it seems, kept upon her Legs by the Virtue of her *Tripple Mitre*. Now, these Feasts were instituted in Imitation of the famous Expedition *Osyris* made thro' the World, and of the Company that attended him, whereof the *Bacchanalian* Ceremonies were so many Types and Symbols. * From which Account, it is manifest, that the Fanatic Rites of these *Bacchanals* cannot be imputed to Intoxications by Wine, but must needs have had a deeper Foundation. What this was, we may gather large Hints from certain Circumstances in the Course of their Mysteries. For, in the first Place, there was in their Processions, an intire *Mixture and Confusion of Sexes*; they affected to ramble about Hills and Desarts: Their Garlands were of *Ivy* and *Vine*, Emblems of Cleaving and Clinging; or of *Fir*, the Parent of *Turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *Satyrs*, were attended by *Goats*, and rode upon *Asses*, all Companions of great Skill and Practice in Affairs of Gallantry. They bore for their Ensigns certain curious Figures, perch'd upon long Poles, made into the Shape and Size of the *Virga genitalis*, with its

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† *Id. L.* 4.

* *See the Particulars in* Diod. Sic. *L.* 1. *&* 3.

Ap:

Appurtenances, which were ſo many Shadows and Emblems of the whole Myſtery, as well as Trophies ſet up by the Female Conquerors. Laſtly, in a certain Town of *Attica*, the whole Solemnity, † ſtripped of all its Types, was performed in *pauris naturalibus*, the Votaries not flying in Covies, but ſorted into Couples. The ſame may be farther conjectured from the Death of *Orpheus*, one of the Inſtitutors of theſe Myſteries, who was torn in Pieces by Women, becauſe he refuſed to * *communicate his Orgyes* to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *caſtrated* himſelf upon Grief, for the Loſs of his Wife.

OMITTING many others of leſs Note, the next *Fanatics* we meet with, of any Eminence, were the numerous Sect of *Heretics* appearing in the five firſt Centuries of the *Chriſtian Æra*, from *Simon Magus* and his Followers, to thoſe of *Eutyches*. I have collected their Syſtems from infinite Reading, and, comparing them with thoſe of their Succeſſors in the ſeveral Ages ſince, I find there are certain Bounds ſet even to the Irregularity of Human Thought, and thoſe a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildeſt Ravings; ſo there is one fundamental Point, wherein they are ſure to meet, as Lines in a Center, and that is the *Community of Women*. Great were their Sollicitudes in this Matter, and they never fail'd of certain Articles in their Schemes of Worſhip, on Purpoſe to eſtabliſh it.

THE laſt *Fanatics* of Note, were thoſe which ſtarted up in *Germany*, a little after the *Reformation* of *Luther*; ſpringing, as *Muſhrooms* do at the *End of a*

† *Dionyſia Brauronia.*
* *Vid. Photium in excerptis è Conone.*

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Harveſt: Such were *John* of *Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuſter*, and many others, whoſe Viſions and Revelations always terminated in *leading about half a dozen Siſters apiece*, and making that Practice a fundamental Part of their Syſtem. For Human Life is a continual Navigation, and if we expect our *Veſſels* to paſs with Safety, thro' the Waves and Tempeſts of this fluctuating World, it is neceſſary to make a good Proviſion of the *Fleſh*, as Sea-men lay in Store of *Beef* for a long Voyage.

Now from this brief Survey of ſome Principal Sects, among the *Fanatics*, in all Ages (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might alſo help to confirm the Argument I am about) to which I might add ſeveral among ourſelves, ſuch as the *Family of Love*, *Sweet Singers of Iſraël*, and the like: And from reflecting upon that fundamental Point in their Doctrines, about *Women*, wherein they have ſo unanimouſly agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the Seed or Principle, which has ever put Men upon *Viſions* in Things *Inviſible*, is of a Coporeal Nature: For the profounder Chymiſts inform us, that the Strongeſt *Spirits* may be extracted from *Human Fleſh*. Beſides, the ſpinal Marrow, being nothing elſe but a Continuation of the Brain, muſt needs create a very free Communication between the Superior Faculties and thoſe below: And thus the *Thorn in the Fleſh* ſerves for a *Spur* to the *Spirit*. I think, it is agreed among Phyſicians, that nothing affects the Head ſo much, as a tentiginous Humour, repelled and elated to the upper Region, found by daily Practice, to run frequently up into Madneſs. A very eminent Member of the Faculty aſſured me, that, when the *Quakers* firſt appeared, he ſeldom was without ſome Female Patients among them, for the *Furor*——Perſons of a viſionary

ry Devotion, either Men or Women, are in their Complexion, of all others, the moſt amorous: For, *Zeal*, is frequently kindled from the ſame Spark with other Fires, and, from inflaming Brotherly Love, will proceed to raiſe that of a Gallant. If we inſpect into the uſual Proceſs of Modern Courtſhip, we ſhall find it to conſiſt in a devout Turn of the Eyes, called *Ogling*; an artificial Form of Canting and Whining by rote, every Interval, for Want of other Matter, made up with a Shrug, or a Hum; a Sigh or a Groan; the Stile compact of inſignificant Words, Incoherences, and Repetition. Theſe, I take, to be the moſt accompliſh'd Rules of Addreſs to a Miſtreſs; and where are theſe performed with more Dexterity, than by the *Saints*? Nay, to bring this Argument yet cloſer, I have been informed by certain Sanguine Brethren of the firſt Claſs, that in the Height and *Orgaſmus* of their Spiritual Exerciſe, it has been frequent with them * * * * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *Spirit* to relax and flag of a ſudden with the Nerves, and they were forced to haſten to a Concluſion. This may be farther ſtrengthened, by obſerving, with Wonder, how unaccountably all Females are attracted by Viſionary or Enthuſiaſtic Preachers, tho' never ſo contemptible in their *outward Mien*; which is uſually ſuppoſed to be done upon Conſiderations purely Spiritual, without any carnal Regards at all. But I have Reaſon to think, the *Sex* hath certain Characteriſtics, by which they form a truer Judgment of Human Abilities and Performings, than we ourſelves can poſſibly do of each other. Let That be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however Spiritual Intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others;- they may branch upwards towards Heaven, but the Root is in the Earth. Too intenſe a Contemplation is not the Buſineſs of Fleſh and Blood; it muſt by the neceſſary Courſe of Things, in a little Time, let

go its Hold, and fall into *Matter*. Lovers, for the Sake of Celeſtial Converſe, are but another Sort of *Platonics*, who pretend to ſee Stars and Heaven in Ladies Eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the ſame *Pit* is provided for both: And they ſeem a perfect Moral to the Story of that Philoſopher, who, while his Thoughts and Eyes were fixed upon the *Conſtellations*, found himſelf ſeduced by his *lower Parts* into a *Ditch*.

I HAD ſomewhat more to ſay upon this Part of the Subject; but the Poſt is juſt going, which forces me in great Haſte to conclude,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

Pray burn this Letter as ſoon as it comes to your Hands.

FINIS.

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BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

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